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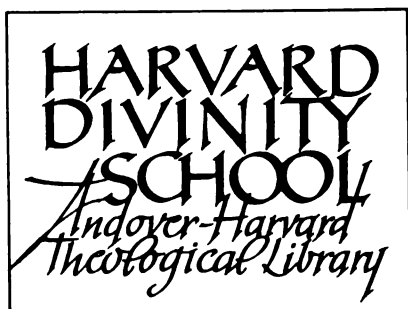
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AND

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THE
CHRISTIAN EXAMINER
AND
RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

JULY, 1855.

ART. I. — AMERICANS AND THE MEN OF THE OLD
WORLD.*

NEVER, during the three centuries and a half since Columbus returned to Spain with the startling tidings that a new world had been discovered, have the thoughts of Europe and America been so intent upon each other as now. Every man, every boy, has become a cosmopolite, and is trying to weigh the hemispheres against each other in the scales of his judgment. Without being conscious of any partisan prejudice, without claiming aught of the statesman's sagacity, or presuming, as so many do, to a prophet's vision, we propose to give some illustrations of the aspects of America and Europe at the beginning of our colonization and at the present time. Our wish is to exhibit in some manner, however imperfect, the Providential Relations of the New World to the Old, and es-

* 1. *Select Speeches of KOSSUTH. Condensed and abridged, with Kossuth's Express Sanction, by FRANCIS W. NEWMAN.* New York: C. S. Francis & Co. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1854.

2. *Speech of HON. E. BROOKS, on the Church Property Bill. The Papal Power in the State, and the Resistance to this Power in the Temporalities of the Church, as recently seen in the United States and Europe. In the Senate of New York, March 6, 1855.*

3. *The Church Property Question. Letter from ARCHBISHOP HUGHES, in Relation to the Petition of St. Louis Church, Buffalo, and to Mr. Putnam's Anti-Catholic Church Property Bill.* New York. March 28, 1855.

pecially to illustrate the present European influences at work in the United States.

We will take as our starting-point the colonizing of New England, alike from the familiarity and the significance of that fact. When the *Mayflower* left Delft Haven on that adventurous voyage, her passengers little knew the errand upon which God was sending them. They meant much by their daring and self-sacrifice, but God meant far more. The manhood of Columbus went with them more far than with the statelier Spanish fleets who were their pioneers, and stood by the helm of their frail vessel. From their open Bible the free faith of Luther and the free press of Gutenberg looked out upon them in a promise greater than they knew how to interpret. In the cabin where they signed that simple compact of self-government, they put the best rights of the Old World into their signature, and little as they may have thought of it at the time, Alfred the Great with his jury and the Barons of Runymede with *Magna Charta* held for them the pen.

More than any others, we believe, the founders of New England bore to the New World the power that was to react upon the Old World and control the Eastern Hemisphere by the intervention of the Western; more than the founders of New France, for their empire in America has ceased; more than the founders of New Spain, for their sway is fast declining; more than the settlers of Virginia, who were before the Pilgrims in the field, for without Puritan independence the loyalists of the Old Dominion would have been too compromising antagonists to the priesthoods and thrones of Europe. With the Dutch of New Netherlands we will not contrast them, for they were very much alike in respect to religious faith and republican tendencies, and the strength, certainly the commercial strength, of our country has come in no small degree from the union between New England and the New Netherlands. When Hudson's "*Half-Moon*" first parted the waters of our noble "*River of the Mountains*," his vessel of Dutch build, with an English captain, bore in this combination, as well as in its name, the omens of the brightening future of our commercial empire.

Look at Europe as it was when the forefathers left it, — look at America as they found it. Europe had just

entered upon the Thirty Years' War, which turned upon the balance of power between the Protestant and Papal kingdoms. How far the Pilgrims understood the vast significance of that war we cannot safely say, for newspapers, in any modern sense of that term, had not begun, nor had the aspects of the contest become very clear between parties so various and entangled as the leading European powers. In Holland, the means of information as to the affairs of the Continent were as ample as anywhere, on account of the commercial facilities and free spirit of the Dutch people. So far as information could have reached the Pilgrims concerning the issue of the war at the time of their departure, it could only have been to disappoint them; and Bohemia, the first field of the struggle, seemed as prostrate before the house of Hapsburg as her neighbor, Hungary, is now. The strife went on, drawing all Europe into its horrors, except England, then agonized with the birth-throes of her own Revolution. Austria, with such terrible leaders as Tilly and Waldstein, headed the hosts of absolutism; whilst Sweden, with Gustavus Adolphus and Torstenson, led on the armies of constitutional freedom. In this great antagonism between the North and South of Europe, victory leaned to the standards of the freer combatants, although it was not secured for them without other influences quite independent of the principles at stake. Beset on one side by France, whose prime-minister, Richelieu, cared only for his own power,—assailed on the other side by the Turks, already masters of much of Hungary,—the Austrians gave up their crusade against the Protestant states, and the peace of Westphalia closed the Thirty Years' War, in 1648. This great struggle the Pilgrims left behind them, ignorant, probably, of its significance, yet called, in their new home, to build up an empire destined to intervene mightily in that struggle between absolutism and freedom in its final adjustment.

Look upon them as they reached our shores. Their writings show little, if any, trace of ambitious speculation touching the future of the New World or the Old. It is not easy to get at their ideas of the actual condition and extent of this continent. Little comparatively could have been known to them of the relations of America

to Europe. Winslow, who wrote the first letter from New England to Europe that has been preserved, could have had but a short story to tell, if he had tried to tell all the politics of the continent. Except the Virginia colony, which was fourteen years old when he wrote, and not exceeding five thousand persons in population, his own little company of less than a hundred persons represented the whole English power on this continent. To him the French already northward in Acadia, and the Spanish southward in Florida, were as much strangers as if among the antipodes. Westward was the vast wilderness, its mountains and rivers unknown,—the great Mississippi all the more mysterious for being the grave of De Soto, and the Pacific shore hardly less a fabled land from being skirted by the voyage of Drake. Limited as Winslow's vision must have been, the good man's heart was large enough, quite large enough, to see through our eyes, if our prospects had been before him.

Starting from that point of time, let us trace up to the present date some of the providential relations of America, especially our part of it to Europe. We have placed at the head of this article a few publications that suggest the main points of the subject. Kossuth's speeches, so excellently edited by Mr. Newman, represent the affinities between American republicanism and European liberalism; whilst the speech of Senator Brooks upon the Church Property Bill of Senator Putnam in the New York Legislature, in connection with Archbishop Hughes's Letter, illustrates the growing jealousy of the American people towards Romish aggrandizement. We might add a long list of controversial documents that have passed between Mr. Brooks and Bishop Hughes, growing out of the statement in the Senator's speech, that the Bishop held enormous estates in his own name, amounting in value to not far from five millions of dollars. Both men are not slow in controversy; and although we cannot always indorse the Senator's readings of Church history, we are inclined to think that the wily prelate has encountered a far more formidable antagonist than he anticipated. But let us proceed with our general survey.

I. Begin with the most obvious aspect of the subject,

and consider the relations of the very soil of America to Europe. Our country long waited for the race able to use its domain. Says Guyot, "America looks towards the Old World; all its slopes and its long plains slant to the Atlantic, towards Europe. It seems to wait with open and eager arms the beneficent influence of the man of the Old World. No barrier opposes his progress; the Andes and the Rocky Mountains, banished to the other shore of the continent, will place no obstacle in his path." Thus invited by the very inclination of the land, the European came, and took possession of the soil which the red man knew not how to use. What has been the result of the possession? Evil, perhaps, for the red man, but not evil for the human race. The wilderness has become a garden. Who can measure the harvests now gathered from seed brought from Europe, — the sugar-cane, the coffee, the cotton, the spices, the breadstuffs? Who can estimate the influence of the domestic animals that came hither with the colonists, and stand in such connection with our wealth and enjoyment, — such as the swine, the ox, the sheep, the horse? Let the boundless prospect of thriving farms and plentiful homes illustrate God's providence in bringing the European to America. Compare Winslow's account of the first New England harvest with the last returns, scanty though they are called because only sufficient for thirty millions, and the simple fact rises into grandeur, and the figures are rhetorical enough without stretching their plain arithmetic. After telling his "Old and Loving Friend" of the good yield of the twenty acres of Indian corn, and the indifferent success of the six acres of barley and pease, he says: "Our harvest being gotten in, our Governor sent four men fowling, that so we might, after a special manner, rejoice together after we had gathered the fruit of our labors. They four in one day killed as much fowl as, with a little help beside, served the company almost a week. And although it be not always so plentiful as it was at this time with us, yet, by the goodness of God, we are so far from want, that we often wish you partakers of our plenty."

The invitation has been accepted, and this kind wish has been more than fulfilled. Read the answer in the millions for years enjoying the vast harvest won from

the lands then a wilderness. See the answer in the universal plenty that has prevailed for so many years, and which even the last year of disaster has not wholly changed. Think of the advice, given in that same letter, to new-comers as to providing themselves with things essential, among them cotton-wicking for lamps, and, in the absence of glass, paper and linseed-oil for keeping out the rain; then think of the two hundred millions of dollars' worth of our products sent sometimes within a single year to Europe in exchange for her commodities; think of the incalculable amount of our products retained at home, and confess the work of the European upon the American soil. Consider, too, how much all this material wealth means; how much mental and moral discipline has sprung from the farmer's labors, how much culture, refinement, enterprise, and charity have gone with his success; how much the improvement of the soil ministers to the soul, and the hand of man brings out the beauty of nature, making valley, meadow, and hill-side so much lovelier by herds and pastures, home, and church; how fair our country is to the eye, as well as bountiful to our wants, our rivers, lakes, water-falls, mountains, consecrating fertility with grace and sublimity;—and is not all an illustration of the providential relation of America to the European? Our fleets show the same fact, for they sprang from our soil, and to all nations are almoners and interpreters of its affluence. The forests of masts that fringe our cities bear precious fruit from our own and other climes. Remember the year 1614, when Block completed the yacht *Onroost* (*Unrest*), the first vessel built on the island of Manhattan, then look at the fleets in our harbors, and know what the sons of the old sea-kings have been doing on our shores. Bearing our products to every land, our ships return richer by exchange, whilst from polar snows, from tropical isles, from the far Indies, from our own more golden Indies on the Pacific coast, our people come with the gifts of bountiful Providence, and never since time began has the sun seen so much plenty among a nation as that which we commonly enjoy. Add to the trophies of commerce the triumphs of the mechanic arts in the production, manufacture, and transportation of the fruit of the earth, and the very earth and

stones seem to have a tongue to tell of man's power and God's providence on our soil. Conjecture the future political and moral bearings of our national wealth, its power to strengthen freedom and counterbalance European despotism, and the great point at issue between the two hemispheres presses upon us.

II. But without urging this topic further, pass to another, and consider the relation of America to the races of Europe. Our country, we at once see, has been singularly favored in the blood of its chief founders, and in the remarkable balance between the conflicting elements of subsequent migrations.

There has been quite a war of words of late about pre-eminence of race, and the terms Celt and Anglo-Saxon have threatened to be the rallying-cry of a very noisy feud, whilst it is very clear that conflicts of rival races have been, and still are, one of the main sources of national ruin in other lands. Let us rejoice, then, that, whilst the best blood of the strongest race in Europe predominates here, there is such a providential balance of elements, that no one European caste can tyrannize over another.

Do any ask what is meant by the strongest race in Europe, we reply, that we care very little about the words most frequent upon the lips of disputants upon this subject, and are convinced that there is a great deal of folly in the Anglo-Saxon and the Celtic self-glorification. The Anglo-Saxon is merely one tribe of the great race of the Caucasian family, to which our people belong. As known in Europe, the Caucasian family had three great branches, the Celtic, the Teutonic, the Slavonic. Of these three branches, the most efficient in modern history have been the Teutonic and those with whom its blood has been most freely mingled. Now it is clear that the chief portion of our American people came from the Teutonic stock, whether, as in the case of New England, Virginia, and Maryland, that stock went first from Northern Europe to England, and thence to America, and so became Anglo-Saxon, or, as in the case of a portion of the settlers of New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania, it remained in Continental Europe until transplanted hither in the Dutch and Germans. Call the majority of our people Anglo-Teutonic, Anglo-Gothic,

Anglo-Germanic, or Anglo-Saxon, no matter, if we only know what the terms mean, and designate by them the descendants of Northern Europeans who came to America in the track of the English colonies and language.

Two great classes of men appear in history, — the one class impulsive, impassioned, tending strongly to a sensuous ritual and a centralized priesthood and empire, more ready to persuade than to reason, to venture than to persevere, yet full of generous feeling, and by very temperament electric and eloquent; the other class self-poised, deliberate, jealous of priesthoods and despotisms, calculating the end carefully, and slow to yield an inch of their own ground, at once cautious and courageous, fond of comfort, yet readier to starve than beg, suspicious of mere sentiment, and more quick to deeds than words. Of the former class the Celt is the most characteristic specimen, whether full-blooded, as in most of Ireland or in the Scotch Highlands, or modified by other races, as in France, Spain, and Italy. Of the latter class, the Anglo-Teutonic or the Anglo-Saxon, if we must retain a common but incorrect word, is the most conspicuous specimen that we can choose from the great Teutonic or Germanic family to which he belongs. It is he who has given our country most of its character and institutions. The Frenchman on the North with his volatile nature, the Spaniard at the South with his stern, impassioned zeal, were not to rule, and the destinies of North America were to be decided chiefly by the race that founded Jamestown and Plymouth, and gave language and law to our land.

But mark this interesting fact. Although the Anglo-Saxon was the most conspicuous race, its people have been so various in position and history in our country as to prevent their playing the tyrant over others by too close consolidation, and thus America has their energy without their domination. They have been balanced also by other branches of the Teutonic family, like the Swedes, Danes, Norwegians, Germans, and Dutch, who at once confirm their general tendencies and check their pride.

There was room for the other great family, — room for the Celt of every clime, — and Ireland, with other nations of similar pulse and creed, has poured her millions upon

our shores, who have found freedom and plenty here. Her people have done a great work for us, and carried through enterprises else almost impossible. There is a providential aspect of their relation to America, and of the tendencies old and recent which balance their influence. They represent the religion once sovereign in Christendom, and thus hold up for our careful study and practical scrutiny the whole genius and history of ages past, which now stand before us embodied in churches and colleges whose cross rises on every side among our academic halls and city spires. The young, restless heart of the nation is thus confronted and rebuked by the stern rule of Hildebrand, and the new science of Yale and Harvard is startled as if by the spectre of the Old Iona called from her sepulchral sleep in mouldering cells. The Celt brings hither a Church destined to teach the Protestant American many a lesson, whilst it must require a very partial vision to see any prospect of any change in the general tendencies of a nation in its history and progress so indomitably Protestant, thank God! as ours. Well is it that the Celt here has freedom of worship, and that the nation may have the work of his hands and some of the lessons of his Church, — some of its lessons to teach the worth of the divine life, and to point out the curse of spiritual despots. Well is it, too, that the Celt is saved the temptation sometimes so fatal to his race, and that here he cannot if he would take from others the freedom of worship, not easily found where his creed prevails.

So then we remark a providential balance between the races that make up the American nation. A closer view reveals to us some interesting aspects of the two classes who followed the Anglo-Saxon to America, — the Irish and the German, — the Irishman so closely the Anglo-Saxon's neighbor originally, and the German so nearly his kinsman by common Teutonic blood. The Irishman, so impulsive as to be sometimes a troublesome citizen, is kept often within a somewhat wholesome control by Church influences, and his impassioned nature is trained to a conservative order, which promises to act as a powerful check upon the ferocious socialism and Red-Republicanism which are invading us through recent migrations from the European continent. There is something re-

markable in the balance between the Irish and German immigrations, each of which now count millions on our shores. The German brings to us in the best instances great learning, warm social feelings, and domestic refinement, yet in far too many cases he is less favorably represented; and the last quarter or half million that have come over seem infected with the wildest radicalism. Many of their two or three hundred newspapers are so gross and irreverent, as to remind us of what the wittiest of Frenchmen said of a lax writer in his own time, that this man's books always made him feel as if he ought to walk on all fours. Yet of our American Germany, as a whole, we must say that it is a great blessing to us, enlarging our wealth by its decided agricultural taste, confirming our freedom by its decided Protestant tendency, balancing the Celtic immigration by its intellectual independence and industrial pursuits, and promising at last to learn the thrift and quicken the artistic taste and social feelings of the Anglo-Saxon.

Now take all these circumstances together, and we have certainly a most interesting view of the European races in America. There is room for them all, and they are so placed as to be mutual helps and balances. None can tyrannize over the other without danger of reaction upon themselves, and unless an insane ambition or bigotry should succeed in inflaming a miserable feud, no hostile lines will be drawn, and the sons of the fathers of Plymouth and Virginia will join with the children of the Celt and the German in a growing union of interests, and bring friendly feelings instead of angry threats upon the border grounds between them all. The extension of the term of naturalization to fourteen years, as the elder Adams desired, or even to twenty-one years, as the American party wish, is not by any means a proscriptive measure, and has many foreign-born citizens among its advocates.

There is much to approve in the present disposition to watch jealously the aggressions of the Romish hierarchy, and we have no doubt that many patriotic Roman Catholics of the Charles Carroll school will be glad of the passage of the Church Property Bill in New York, which secures to the several congregations the virtual control of their property, and thus puts a powerful check upon the

usurpations of bishops who are bound to render allegiance to the Roman See. France has for centuries set a limit to the Papal prerogative, and surely a republican nation should find some way of entering its protest against priestly absolutism quite as effective as any royal edicts. We see no disposition in our people at large to oppress any class of citizens on account of their religion, and there is, we trust, a general desire to leave all citizens free to worship God according to their own convictions. The St. Louis Church of Buffalo has started the Church Property Bill, and we presume that a large body at least of German Catholics agree with these trustees in their views of ecclesiastical estates.

Remembering that we are all Europeans in America, and that each race has served the nation well in trial and prosperity, and that each has written noble names of its own upon our national history, we will rejoice that the elements of our population are so providentially mingled, call our people by no other name than American, and trust in the time when the union of all races shall present towards the Old World a nation whose blood and features show the blended intelligence and power of every European tribe.

If any exception is to be made in regard to the prospect of a friendly union of European races on this continent, it must be made in respect to the one race that so often confirms and preserves its exclusive nationality by its exclusive religion, and keeps the unity of its Celtic blood by allegiance to the Romish Pontiff. As to the Irish Catholic, it is enough for us to leave him to himself, and to the peaceful enjoyment of his own creed. The sooner he is let alone, and obliged to let others alone, the better for him and for us. Simple justice is the strongest rebuke to his frequent presumption. The general feeling seems to be that we have been too long bamboozled and browbeaten by the braggadocio of foreign ruffians reinforced by our own pot-house politicians. Give both classes the place fairly belonging to them from their number, intelligence, and character; and simple justice will be their most thorough discomfiture, no matter whether an archbishop with his mitre and crosier, or a rowdy with his wide-awake and club, may head the mingled horde. Would that we could speak more hope-

fully of the prospects of the Indian and the African here. Oppressed as they have been by the European, they have had some part in our plenty, and their future so connected with man's conduct cannot be separate from the providential plan which has been working greater things than fancy ever dreamed of in her wildest visions of America.

The coming of the European to the New World is the chief event since the gift of the Christian religion. Thence came the union of the hemispheres so beautifully indicated by the poet among geographers, Guyot. America, lithe and graceful, a woman in form, stood guarded by her twin oceans, and far off and unknown to her was Europe, the continent, square and solid like the figure of man. In God's own time the ocean gates were passed, the European won America for his bride, the winds of heaven in deepest tones and gentlest whispers chanted the marriage hymn, and the people sprung from the union bears the Old as well as the New World's hope in its keeping.

III. Pass on now and glance at an aspect of our country intimately connected with its soil and people, we mean the institutions established here by the Europeans. This is of course a vast subject, and needs to be viewed now but from a single point. This is the simple story. Our ancestors came from Europe to find a home on these shores, and brought with them the essential principles of free government. They kept their faith and confirmed and enlarged their civil rights. Without any common theory, from their own spirit and under the pressure of circumstances, they grew into a nation. To understand our government, we must not begin with the central power and go down to the homes of the people, but we must begin with the households and neighborhoods, and go up to the central power. The scattered colonists wished to follow their business and educate their children in the New World. Hence the laws, schools, and churches of the villages, and in time the confederacy of the States. Our republic grew, and was not formed.

On common ground and under common influences the various branches of our government grew into harmony. The Dutch Republican, the Virginia Loyalist,

the Massachusetts Puritan, the Maryland Catholic, the Pennsylvania Quaker, all grew into an harmonious people, and never since time was, has there been such a national commentary on the text, "There are diversities of gifts, but the same spirit," as in the formation of the American Union. It secured to all its citizens individual liberty and social order, it vested in the township power adequate to its responsibility, and delegated to the central government no more than the needed authority. Thus wiser than France, so cursed by centralization as to leave the whole nation at the mercy of Paris; wiser than Switzerland and Germany, so broken by separate dynasties as often to offer no common front, the United States of America enjoy a confederacy without centralization, and state and town and individual rights without disintegration or anarchy. They are at once free and strong, independent yet united. Thank God for our Union, and for the soil, races, and principles that have made it essentially what it is! Thank God for our Union! it is of itself the greatest commentary upon the providential relation of the New World to the Old. We are to look well to it, that this admirable balance be not destroyed by any foreign ultraisms, whether by Celtic centralization or by German anarchism. The Jesuit's black cap and the Communist's red cap are not our own true blue. The hand of Providence itself has fixed the just equilibrium, and we keep our birthright when we keep this balance true between the central power and individual liberty. The hand of Providence, too, will not fail to point out some remedy for the one great danger that threatens the nation; and surely, if the Free States are true to themselves, slavery must be driven from its aggressive inroads upon freedom, and be kept within its own bounds, as a merely local institution. Better than any reasoning, the facts of our history show what the European has done in America.

IV. Does it show anything more? does it promise to tell what the American is to do in Europe? Here is one of the questions of the age,—the question never so anxiously agitated as of late. The American at first went to Europe to beg for protection as a dependent; again he went to claim independence as an equal; and

now comes a new age, when he may be called to go as a superior, and lead on the reaction of the New World against the Old, as the representative of the rights of nations.

Upon this opening chapter of history, men are very ready to play the prophet. We can at least shun that error, although at the expense of the usual rhetoric and bravado, so far from wisdom it seems to be to say what the hemispheres are to do, whilst each year's results strangely break the promise of the last. Many of Kosuth's admirers in this country were ready to promise him a hundred thousand bayonets to help him against the united powers of Austria and Russia; yet now our Young America looks jealously upon the propagandists of European republicanism, and is far more fond of the old Continental cocked hat than of the Magyar plume, whilst Russia has parted company with Austria, and is ogling our republic with somewhat affectionate eyes. If affairs may so change between Europe and America within three years, what sober-minded man will be willing to predict what issues ten years may bring?

America must be something to Europe, — something, too, in this great antagonism. What that something is to be, only the Omniscient can tell. Yet it is easy to see what our nation is to do to meet the great future.

We are, first of all, resolutely to guard the welfare of our own country, as the most sacred trust ever committed to a people, — a trust precious to our whole race as to ourselves. Our prosperity is not only valuable to ourselves and to the crowds who find a home in our land, but it is of itself an aggressive power against foreign absolutists. Our country thus carries on a constant crusade of peaceful industry, and ideas of popular right go to every nation where our flag waves its stars. Late years in their peaceful intercourse have been more strongly marked than any years of threatened warfare. The mere fact of the success of this government is the best propaganda of republican principles, and every essential improvement made by us of the Free States in self-control, education, arts, letters, religion, and in resistance to the extension of the slave power, tells more against despotism than any battle ever did. No ship of war ever opened such a broadside against feudalism as

the Macedonian did with her cargo of bread, which told Europe that we had of our own raising food enough and to spare, and hearts to spare it. Those loaves of bread did better execution at Cork than Commodore Hollins's balls at Greytown. No revolutionary fund ever raised in behalf of struggling revolutionists has done so much for constitutional freedom as the money with which Pennsylvania paid her debt and redeemed her honor. The Hotspurs of Mississippi might serve liberty by doing likewise better far than by snatching at the treasures of Cuba. No manifesto ever carried with it more amazement than our last census, with its plain facts and figures. We are to guard the welfare of our country, for its peace, prosperity, and union are the world's best blessing.

We believe in intervention, universal and unlimited. We cannot exist and prosper without it; for our nation by its existence teaches the nature of its principles, and by its prosperity illustrates and urges their power. Europe needs, more than our bayonets, the calm study of what is best in our institutions, and is too ready to study only what is worst. Europe is full of folly, and crowned heads by no means have a monopoly of tyranny. European revolutionism has been as mad as absolutism, and as ignorant of the republicanism which protects every citizen's rights, by local institutions guards the minority from the wilfulness of the majority, and secures liberty without anarchy and unity without centralization. Our own country in the hands of our own people, the two great historical parties agreeing essentially in constitutional principles, is doing quite as much to sober European liberals as to check European despots.

Deeply have all of our most cherished convictions of the mission of our country been confirmed by the words of the romantic personage who was of late our nation's guest. His own visit to us gathered about it the chief lessons of history, and showed the leadings of Providence. Native of the country most conspicuous as the bulwark of Christendom against the Mahometan, exile in a land the arena of the struggle of the Greek against the Persian, chief in the conflict against the great modern absolutism which blends the Persian's pride and the Mahometan's fanaticism, Kossuth represents the two

principal strifes between despotism and freedom, and is himself hero, or at least the orator, of the third, now in progress. He belongs, at least by profession, to the school of constitutional statesmen, and his work is part of that which our own fathers carried on against the Stuarts, the helpers of that very house of Hapsburg whose foot is now on Hungary, as in 1620 on Bohemia.

It is very clear that our people listened to him with their judgment as well as their enthusiasm, and did not allow the glow of his eloquence to blind their practical sense to the daring sophism of his principal point of agitation. He has shown much sagacity in predicting the mishaps of England in the existing war; but surely we cannot put the prophet's mantle on the adventurous orator who invited us to throw down our gauntlet before Austria and Russia, under the assurance that Russia is not a very strong power, and could be easily kept from throwing her arms against the republican cause. He has changed his tone in respect to Russia, and may have cause to change it again. It is no longer necessary to question the expediency of committing our country to his schemes.

His mission to this country was more successful than if all his wish had been granted. His principles of national rights and international duties are brought, where they belong, before the bar of public opinion, and will be received essentially as the prospective laws of civilization, that wait due time to be carried into the counsels of nations. All that truth and humanity call our people to say, we trust that in due time they will say. Our hope is, that at least our Northern senates — no strangers to language of plain-dealing with domestic wrongs, ready to rebuke the slavery propagandist and the filibuster — will not fear to speak their mind upon foreign oppressions, and that whatever ought to be said in reference to oppressed nations and races will be said without exaggeration, without rash menace, and without fear. There is no call for threat, no clear prospect of any present measure of coercive intervention, although what may come the future only can show. It may be that the two worlds may meet in strife, and that some blow struck at national rights may array the whole West against Eastern absolutism, and our flag will go

with the standard of Saint George into the last great struggle against the aggression of Orientalism. But before that, and after that, or, better, without that, our great work as propagandists of liberty lies in the peaceful progress of our industrious civilization; the force of our example, the light of our ideas, the charm of plenty secured by toil and consecrated by faith and humanity. Here at home, probably, the principles of European despotism must be met, and put under check, before any great reaction can be brought about in the Old World. Here at home, we are to set bounds to both kinds of absolutism that curse Europe, the absolutism of the radical terrorist, and of the despot, whether priest or king. Our own healthful development under our organic laws will be the best adjustment of our foreign relations. Such healthful development may not only harmonize our own people, but also win, by its own attractive force, domain now held by European powers; and without warfare, Canada and Cuba may perhaps become parts of our country by a kind of propagandism that does not impoverish Europe by enriching America.

In peace our country enters upon this year, so marked by warfare in Europe. A century more of peaceful progress, with careful watch over our domestic dangers, and no throne on earth will be unchecked, no people unsolaced, by the nation to whom God has given a continent and two oceans for a heritage, and for their guide in liberty and law the Constitution of Washington, the open Bible, the free School, and free Church. Let that peaceful progress come, and the New World will more than repay her filial debt to the Old. Held in the hands of the God of humanity, the two hemispheres, like the twin cymbals held by the Levite in the temple choir, when they strike each other, shall strike in blessing, not in cursing, and all the tribes of the earth shall with their anthems swell the strain.

S. O.

ART. II. — UNITARIANISM AND FOREIGN MISSIONS.*

To a young clergyman of the Church of England, who was disposed to question the value of Foreign Missions, it is related that the Duke of Wellington, that stern hero of duty, made answer, "Young man, look to your marching orders: 'Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature.'" The retort was both witty and wise. There was the most delicate vein of satire in it, as if the Duke would insinuate that the ministerial ought at least to render as implicit obedience as the military officer. To characterize the great commission as "marching orders" was a happy generalization, when we remember that Jesus is called by the Apostle the Captain of our salvation, and his disciples soldiers, and the virtues and graces arms and armor, and a Christian life the battle and fight of faith; while the single-eyed deference to authority, regardless of consequences, for which the Iron Duke was celebrated, shone out in this speech, and teaches us how much more true and beautiful it is, in matters of such high import, to obey than to criticize. Duty is in morals and religion what a straight line is in geometry, — the shortest distance between two points; and those points are the will of the Ruler, and the will of the subject, — one as regnant, and the other as compliant. Men of the world have sometimes a straightforward and practical robustness of conscience, which may well shame refined casuists and speculatists, even within the pale of the Church. In truth, the significance of faith is this very yielding up to a higher and wiser Power, that, for good and sufficient reasons, we are earnestly convinced ought to have the rule over us, "asking no questions for conscience' sake."

The subject of Foreign Missions, now for some years lying in a state of abeyance among us Unitarians, has received, by providential circumstances, a new and forcible interest. An Oriental voyage, undertaken to recruit an invalid brother in the ministry, has opened a new

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page in the records of our denominational association; and what was sickness and weariness to him may prove to be healing and invigoration to many. In the weaving of that mighty web in which nations are but warp and centuries wool, and Infinite Providence drives the shuttle to and fro, it is safe to believe that nothing is in vain, and that every fibre holds a place of use, and every motion tends to the common result.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries."

We, as a Christian people, may be standing, at such a crisis, where two ways meet; at the present time, and on our right conception of our position and duties, and faithful and fearless submission to the call of Providence, may hang everlasting consequences, to us, to the truth, and to the millions of the race. The striking coincidence that the Indians of the East and the Indians of the West should make their appeal to us in the same year, and that the same sessions of the officers of the Association which were occupied with the duty of making provision for the Hindoos should be animated with the consideration of the spiritual wants of a quarter of a million of North American Indians, is not without its rhetorical, perhaps its spiritual signification. To be sure, our Mahometan or our Pagan brethren may little ween how feeble a folk we are, how small in numbers, how inconsiderable in reputation in the world, and how bad in odor in the nostrils of Evangelical saints, so called. But they have prayed, as the architect builded, wiser than they knew. For God can make the youthful David, with his sling and five smooth stones (not five sharp points) out of the brook, mightier than all the armed hosts of Israel to prevail against Pagan Goliath and the uncircumcised. Victory is not in numbers, but in valor and skill. Power is not in masses or organizations, but in ideas. Though we are small in the census, we inherit names that are a host in themselves, and we feel that our principles have that gravitation of truth which can overbalance a world of mixed composition, however ponderous. For the efficacy of religious influences depends not upon quantity, but upon quality. The forest

may loom up vast and unconquerable, but a single spark of fire, judiciously applied, can reduce all its magnificence to ashes. In fact, the very freedom and lack of consolidation in ceremony and in creed, which have been thought by some to be our weakness at home, may be all the more effective abroad, and make us the flying light-artillery of the Christian forces, operating at the critical points, and becoming a species of missionaries to the missionaries themselves, and converting them over again from their bald doctrinal or emotional faith to a new and profounder sense of religion, and to a more interior, refined, and living piety and charity. At least, small or large, weak or strong, we will obey our "marching orders," and hear, as astonished ears of old heard, the wonderful command of a piety that had no fracture of doubt to question God, and of a philanthropy that "walked large" over such misgivings as "Am I my brother's keeper?" — a command bearing on its front its own justification and truth in its sublime boldness and originality, — "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature."

The terms of this commission can admit of no doubt or qualification, for they are explicit and exhaustive. As if saying "all the world" were not enough, it adds "every creature." Jesus, unlike modern philosophers and political economists, made no exception on account of the degradation of many tribes and races, — set aside not even idolaters, cannibals, or the nations that practise *suttees* or infanticide. Looking with clear and deep eyes into the inner world of the soul, he saw that the ethnography of the Gospel included all who wear "the human face divine," however feebly the light of the divine may glimmer in it, — the New-Hollanders living on trees, as well as the Esquimaux buried in the snow; the Indians haunting caves and dens in the earth, as well as the Hottentots burrowing in the sand.

The dream of universal empire has rioted in the brain both of priests and heroes. Confucius in China, Zoroaster in Persia, organized vast systems of faith and worship, which, like their own banian-trees, have spread from single centres to an incredible circumference, and endured for ages. Mahomet and his successors once disputed the world with the kingdom of Christ. The

Jews believed that their Messiah would make Jerusalem the metropolis of the globe, and that literally all nations would flow unto Mount Zion, as the head-quarters of the faith and worship of mankind. The Roman Catholic Church has gloried in its universality, and the Greek Church, with Nicholas of Russia, the ablest of sovereigns, so lately at its head, is not exempt from the same fond ambition. Indeed, whatever really lives, and has faith in itself, seeks extension, growth; and it stops not until it arrives at the eternal barriers, where God and Nature say, "Thus far shalt thou come, and no farther."

But the counsels of men come to naught;—"the truth is great, and it shall prevail." The reasonableness of Christ's world-wide kingdom is its identity with the purposes of God, so that, without any side views of his own glory, he could pray, "Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven." Not Christ's reign only, but God's will, his supremacy in humanity, as in nature, is concerned in the diffusion of the Gospel. So, and so only, can the dark and guilty earth be washed white, and reconciliation to Heaven and peace among men prevail against sin and moral anarchy and violence.

The instruments with which his missionaries were to be armed in their holy warfare are in keeping with the spiritual dominion they were to spread from land to land. No sword was St. Peter to draw, and we doubt even as to his keys. Perhaps a pilgrim's staff might support their steps, but with no weapons, offensive or defensive, were they to fight the good fight of faith. The arms of the Christian apostle are *teaching*, *preaching*, and *baptizing* in the august and affectionate names of the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost. Innocent and defenceless as he seems to go with only these into the fierce and warring world, a lamb among wolves, he is strong in the Lord and in the power of his might, and more than a match for the hosts of violence and brute strength. Mere abstract truth, though pure as heavenly light, was not relied on by Jesus to evangelize the world. He sent teachers and preachers, he instituted rites and ceremonies, he founded a Church, and he symbolized the everlasting truths of the spirit in figures of speech and in the objects of nature and society. And as marriage has its ring of union, sovereignty its sceptre of

command, and patriotism its starry banner, so he, with infallible wisdom, which the ages have justified and illustrated, gave to faith its baptismal font; to love, its commemorative cup and bread; and to self-sacrifice and its immortal reward, the cross of suffering and the broken tomb of the resurrection. Happy beyond measure would it have been for the heralds of salvation, if they had always kept to the letter of their instructions, nor mingled strange fire with the sacrifice of the altar, nor used carnal weapons to do a spiritual work. Not by hate, or force, not by sword and fire, not by craft or menace, persecution or error, can the good kingdom be built up. The work of God must be done in the spirit of God.

Nor is there any evidence that Jesus intended to limit the injunction of missionary labor, even of the most foreign kind, to his immediate Apostles. They did what they could. The adventurous Paul planned a journey to Spain, and would thus in a single generation have borne Christianity as far as the Pillars of Hercules to the west, while tradition assigns Central Asia on the east as the point where others fell martyrs in the great cause. There was to be no limit nor pause to the expanding and converting process, as long as one soul was bowed under the yoke of ignorance, or suffered in the tragedy of sin.

But human agency was required to carry on the divine work. The truths of Christianity had been embodied in speech, and recorded in histories, biographies, and letters, but the immortal book in which this lore of salvation is treasured up had no wings or feet of its own to hasten to the extremities of the earth. The Saviour's visible presence had ceased from among men, and his voice would no more be heard speaking as man never spake. In this case, human tongues must learn to lisp the glad tidings as well as they might, and human feet must run on the errands of mercy. As the Father sent him, so he sends apostles, evangelists, martyrs, and confessors, to convert the world. While, then, we may query as to the best time, mode, and men to do this work, it would appear that no option was left us as to engaging in the work itself, in some way promotive of the great end in view, the evangelization of the whole family of man. For if we possess a true Christian

faith and spirit, and have tasted the good word of the Lord, and found it sweeter than honey, the delight of the soul and the joy of the heart, we can no more refrain from communicating it to others, than he who has heard a piece of good news can lock it up in his own breast, and not tell it to his neighbor. Religion dies out of the soul that selfishly monopolizes its truths and promises, as a special treasure to be hoarded for its own private behoof; while he who almost forgets whether he has a soul to be saved or lost himself, but who yearns, prays, toils, suffers, to redeem others from sin and woe, is already on the high-road to the heavenly kingdom.

Then there is not only the original command, and the intrinsic reasons both from the nature and condition of man to justify it, but missionary labors are sanctioned by the highest precedents of history. Every church has been, on a larger or smaller scale, a missionary society. To wish to expand and grow would be a natural ambition, even if it were not more,—a devout and philanthropic zeal. Not a year has been added to the Christian calendar that has not witnessed the going forth of men in the name of Jesus, to turn from idolatry and sin the multitudes that sit in darkness. The popular novelist may convulse his readers with laughter at Mrs. Jellyby, and transfix Borrioboola Gha with his satirical dart, but it is poor, mean jesting after all. For it has ever been found, in the history of benevolence, that those who do most abroad do most at home also, while those who do little abroad do little at home. The nations that lead in foreign missions lead also in all the enterprises of domestic philanthropy and the advancement of religion within their own bounds. And it is perfectly natural that it should be so, for the distinction between foreign and domestic missions is a difference, not in kind, but only in degree, in space. A minister who goes to California goes farther even, and fares harder perchance, though he is called a domestic missionary, than one who goes to Canada or to Jamaica, though he is called a foreign missionary. We must not be cheated by names. The reality of the thing is alike in both cases, and that is the proclamation of the Glad Tidings to all who are destitute of them, whether they live at our own doors or are antipodes. The field is the world;

the globe, in this cause at least, is our country, and all mankind our countrymen.

The Roman Catholic Church early adopted the principle of foreign missions, and the orders of St. Augustine, St. Francis, St. Dominic, and the Jesuits penetrated to the depths of China, and of North and South America. The crucifix is found even among savage tribes; and few are the plains or mountains, even of the most inhospitable parts of the globe, that have not been made beautiful by the feet of them that brought good tidings of good, and published peace. The earliest Protestant movement seems to have been the Society for the Propagation of Christianity in Foreign Parts, founded in 1701, in London, and the Royal Danish Missionary Society, by Frederic the Fourth, in 1704. The United Brethren, or Moravians, began their missions in 1732, and soon embraced in their earnest plan the less promising races of the Greenlanders, Esquimaux, Hottentots, Negroes, and Calmuc Tartars. The London Missionary Society was founded in 1794, the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions in 1810, the American Baptist Board in 1814, the Presbyterian in 1818, and the Methodist in 1819. The American Unitarian Association was formed in 1825.

It is a curious piece of history, and one that bears pertinently upon our discussion, that, when the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions applied to the Legislature of Massachusetts for a charter, they were at first refused, on the ground that the State had no religion to spare, — no more than it wanted at home. But the society was at last formed, and what has been the result? Of the 380 ordained missionaries and male assistants who have been sent out, more than one fifth of the whole number have gone from this State; and of the four millions of dollars raised, one million has been the gift of the same State. Of the 257 Baptist missionaries sent out, 66, or more than one quarter, have been Massachusetts men; and of the nine hundred thousand dollars contributed, one fifth has been Massachusetts money. And none looking upon our common, beloved country would say that Massachusetts was behind any of her sister States in domestic improvements, or her moral and religious condition. We may be quite

confident that she is no poorer to-day in faith, good works, and home prosperity, for all she has done for the poor heathen abroad. Blessing others, idolaters, cannibals, and savages, she has herself been blessed; watering the waste places of the earth, she has herself been watered, and her rough hills have smiled with a livelier green. The prophet's word was good; the liberal soul has been made fat.

In advocating foreign missions, we are treated at once to the shrewd maxim, "Charity begins at home." We concede that charity begins at home, but it ends not at home. For by its very nature it is expansive, diffusive, universal. It would soon die, if it had not room, and breathed not the great atmosphere of the world. Why, it is objected, do you not send missionaries, if you have so much extra zeal, to the heathen of the Five Points and to the savages of Ann Street? But we are doing precisely that thing continually. City Missionaries, Ministries at Large, Hospitals, Asylums, Houses of Refuge, Homes for the Friendless, City Infirmaries and Dispensaries, Reform and Ragged and Industrial Schools, Children's Aid Societies, Relief Unions, Widows' Homes, Temperance and Employment and Emigration Societies,—why, it would require a dictionary or an encyclopædia to make a bare enumeration of the countless Christian agencies at work to civilize and evangelize the heathen at our own doors. They permeate society in every direction, and leave not a form of sin, misery, ignorance, or superstition in any sex, age, nation, or character without some provision for it,—some giving, some working, some praying, some sacrificing, or some counselling for its relief or cure. But it would be a tame and selfish spirit that would say, We will restrict our efforts wholly to our own soil, and wait until our own city or country is perfect, before we tempt the wilderness or cross the deep. Not so did "the glorious company of the Apostles." They compassed land and sea, and, bursting the bands of Judæa, made Holy Land in one generation from Ganges to the Tiber, and from Ethiopia to Illyricum. Certainly it is not for an enterprising age like this to shrink from danger or distance in a good cause. Charity is in very truth *at home* in every part of the earth, and all missions are home missions;

and the word *foreign* smacks of that kind of paganism which the Latins put into their word *hostis*. We do not use any of these narrow and contracting proverbs to detain our young men from business expeditions to China, Australia, or Japan; why should we, to "cabin, crib, and confine" our ampler Christianity? Is Christ less comprehensive than Mammon? Has the counting-room a larger heart than the Church? We are not to neglect home to astonish the world by splendid displays of benevolence in distant climes, but we may often work most effectually for home by working abroad. Many a home in the midst of us has been filled with comfort, refinement, and education by fortunes gathered in Europe, Africa, or South America. So in the Church. Foreign missions have not impoverished America one dollar, but, whether in "material aid," political influence, or moral and spiritual strength, they have proved a reduplicating good. The same enlarged philanthropy which, burning in the breasts of a few humble scholars of a New England college, first conceived the sublime plan of evangelizing the world, and raised the Christian ambition of a universal kingdom,—this charity, that was too large and generous to look only at home, and has gone abroad to preach to all nations, has also in its direct and its reflex action invigorated the churches, schools, asylums, and colleges at home with tenfold energy.

It is an important consideration, too, that some men are better fitted to the adventurous life of a foreign missionary than to that of a country parson. They have a gift of tongues, or a love of travel, or a sympathy with new and strange forms of character, or an historical, antiquarian, or ethnographical *penchant*, which alleviates their expatriation, and makes them at home in Thibet or in New Zealand. "Mankind's a family," said our Franklin. The different zones are but so many stories to the house, the countries so many rooms. And while one sits in comfort and affluence in the parlor of Europe, let not another disdain to delve in the kitchen of Africa, or rummage in the attic of South America, or "agitate" in the busy sitting-room of the United States.

It is difficult to understand why this word *foreign* should trouble us so much when it is applied to *missions*,

to religion,—the most expansive of all sentiments, the most universal of all interests,—but should prove no rock of offence in anything else. The more foreign trade, we think, the better. We delegate merchants to Hong Kong and Sydney. Our sails whiten every sea, our anchors are cast in every navigable water in the globe, and there is not a known kingdom to which the Christian traveller does not penetrate. We covet commercial and diplomatic relations with every nation; our consuls, *chargés d'affaires*, commissioners, and ambassadors are in every court and city of eminence. We despatch an almost aggressive fleet to our antipodes of Japan. In literature we put every nation under levy, and we traffic in thought and sentiment with Hindoo or Persian, Arabian or Egyptian. Sir William Jones gathers, with his industrious sickle, a rich harvest of Oriental lore. Stephens muses over the antiquities of the Occident, and unrolls the stony pages of a long-buried civilization in Central America. Layard deciphers the monuments of Nineveh, and opens, in the midst of the nineteenth century, the tomb of three thousand years ago. In science we launch out into every sea, and scour every shore; send Commodore Wilkes to the Pacific Ocean, Lieutenant Lynch to the Dead Sea, Commodore Perry to Japan, and Dr. Kane to the North Pole. We are glad to go abroad for foreign art, sculpture, painting, music, medicine, fashions, and nameless and numberless benefits of civil and social life; and why need we, then, be so dainty of the word *foreign* in connection with the highest department and most controlling agency of thought and action? It is but a poor office Christendom is doing for heathendom, if it send only opium and the slave-ship to the tribes of Africa and the hordes of Asia. It is not fair play, if we wring from every land and sea its choicest and its sweetest,—jewels from the mine, and fleeces from the flock, and feathers from the bird, and spices from the garden, and beautiful woods from the forest,—and pay not back what is better than thousands of gold and silver. The old barriers of exclusiveness are gradually crumbling down; then let not the disciples of a universal Saviour fail to be on the alert, and seize the happy moment to make their faith coextensive with their commerce and their diplomacy. Indeed,

the word *foreign* has a movable signification, and England is less foreign in point of ease, rapidity, or time of intercourse with New York now, than Ohio was fifty years ago. The circumnavigation of the globe, once an astonishing feat, is now an event of yearly occurrence. Burke's description of the New England whalemén, doubling Cape Horn, and pursuing their gigantic prey along the Southern Ocean, sublime in his day, reads rather tame now; for they are doing to-day greater things than these,—discovering antarctic continents, skirting round the North Pole, plunging into the heart of Africa, and sailing up the mighty rivers of South America. Why should we begrudge the mingling with this proud, metallic civilization of the Anglo-Saxon the grace and sweetness of the Gospel, the amenities and righteousnesses of a tender and devout faith, and the melting sense of human brotherhood? Christianity has the precise antidote and neutralizer to qualify this terrible power, that is now careering through the earth, and to raise it from a mere hammer of Thor, smiting all other races and nations with destruction, into an agency of inconceivable beauty and beneficence. What so good to pour into the wounded and exasperated bosom as the love and comfort of the Gospel? What balm of Gilead so healing and soothing as the waters of this Bethesda pool? What is so radically cleansing, so morally tonic, so socially and civilly regenerating, as the lessons of Jesus? What can reform the world, and hold it reformed, but the wisdom and love that have come down from the Father of lights? The Lord of glory confidently took hold of the sceptre of the earth, and in his last words on earth, great for their occasion, and greater for their spirit, he enjoined it as the chief duty of his twelve Apostles, that they should go and teach all nations, and, for the violent and wasting kingdoms of men, initiate the calm, strong, and holy kingdom of God. "For as the lightning cometh out of the east, and shineth even unto the west, so shall also the coming of the Son of Man be." By railroads, steam-ships, and telegraphs the earth is becoming organized into a living whole, and the glad news of salvation will be sent as the lightning, ay, and by the lightning too, from the east unto the farthest west, until the ring shall be complete, and China

and Japan shall cement the Christianity of the Millennium.

Unitarian foreign missions must differ in some important respects from those thus far established. For, in the first place, we cannot regard ourselves as standing between the poor heathen and the everlasting torments of hell-fire. The Creator has not brought innumerable moral and intelligent beings into existence, endowed them, or suffered them to be endowed, with a nature wholly fallen and corrupt, and doomed them to a fate so inconceivably awful as hopeless eternal suffering without any mitigation. We read of no such Deity in the Jehovah of the Old Testament, or the Father of the New; we see no such God in the resplendent face of Nature, mirrored in terrible form in her works, and looking forth from the sky with a frowning visage; and we can believe in, pray to, and love no such Creator. These are the fears of ancient paganism, clinging to the skirts of Christianity, or the illustrative rhetoric of the Scriptures consolidated into formal logic. But because we do not feel that it devolves on us to pluck the Indians, east or west, as brands from an eternal burning, we do not therefore look with insensibility upon their woes and sins, nor fail to see that the Gospel can confer upon them a far higher, happier, and holier life, both for this world and the world to come. Did we entertain the high-strung notions of our Orthodox brethren, we could eat no more good dinners at home, nor sleep well of nights, nor trade, nor till, nor sit in peace and quiet under our own vine; but we should hear the tremendous groans of shuddering Nature, like Rachel, with a voice of lamentation, weeping, and great mourning, weeping for her children, and refusing to be comforted because they are not, and we should hurry post-haste to the work of foreign missions, as the only rational duty which a Christian could feel answered to the call of an infinite destiny of woe or of happiness to the millions upon millions of never-dying souls. Yet we do not behold the believers in Calvinism precipitating themselves *en masse* upon the heathen world, but quietly, coolly, and rather leisurely going to work to establish a post here and there, get up some schools, and gather a few communicants in several years; and we must therefore

be permitted to say, Brethren, you do not believe your own creed, for if you did, if you had any realizing belief in the doctrine that all the heathen are lost who are not converted to Christianity, the little finger of your zeal would then be thicker than the loins of your present missionary interest. Money, ships, lives, colleges, printing-presses, all the agencies of the earth, would be justly cast, in that case, into the contribution-box. A worse doom than that of Ananias and Sapphira ought to be visited upon whoever in that awful crisis of immortal souls kept back anything from the treasury of the Lord. If, then, we are not moved so impetuously towards foreign missions as our brethren, there is a reason for it in the different views we take of the nature of man and the government of God and the future state of retribution. Not but what we see a work of great urgency and value to be done, in raising multitudes of benighted idolaters into the blessed light and worship of the One Living and True God, civilizing them for this life, and sanctifying them for the life to come. Not but what we argue and strive for the universality of Christ's kingdom; yet we would hope to do the greatest good, not by jerking the heathen violently out of all their previous habits and ideas into a totally different element, but by gradual processes of civilization and education, as well as the more decided act of conversion, engrafting a new life upon the decaying stock of heathenism.

For in methods, as well as maxims and principles, our foreign missions must differ from those of the self-styled Evangelical churches. We would go forth with the Gospel in one hand and the axe in the other. We would remember that swords must be changed into ploughshares and spears into pruning-hooks. The once flourishing Christianity of Eastern Africa and Western Asia has dwindled to a shadow, because it had no material basis to rest upon in the changed lives and educated habits of the people, but was only a floating sentiment in the minds of the converts. The Gospel, on the other hand, in Europe and America, has gained an eternal foothold upon the soil in the whole texture of society, in art, literature, government, manners, morals, and education, as well as in faith. James Tanner, the Chippewa missionary, who has come in the name of thousands of the In-

dians of North America to solicit our aid, nor, we trust, come in vain, takes this sensible view of the subject, and while he relies on the Gospel as the great motive power to change the savage into the saint, he would couple with it those potent adjuncts of civilization, that will make the wilderness literally bud and blossom like the rose. Providence has as evidently, in the agencies of the nineteenth century, accumulated the instruments of the temporal amelioration of mankind, as the grace of revelation has deposited in the Scriptures, and breathed in the Holy Spirit, the moral energies that are to regenerate the inner life. We must take men as they are, only we must be sure not to leave them as they are. We must not disdain the humble tools of agriculture, commerce, and mechanics, for they can all be made to bear a part in building the temple of the Lord, and filling it with worshippers, clothed, and in their right mind.

But it is contended by some great sticklers for human rights, that it is not lawful for us to interfere with the religions of other countries; that it is an unjustifiable intervention; and that mankind should be left to themselves, to be as wicked or as wretched as they please. But this is the doctrine of Cain, and Cain's children,

“With heart of cat, and eyes of bug”;

not the feeling of human brotherhood, or so much as a prudential regard to our own welfare and safety. For it is a matter of life and death on both sides; the long and short is, if we do not Christianize the Pagans, then they will heathenize us. Thus far they have had rather the advantage of us, and given us more than we have given them. They have had the *prestige* of numbers. They have given us their wars, their slaveries, their choleras, their superstitions, and their cruelties, while we have too often given them rum and gunpowder in the hold of the same ship that was carrying out Bibles and missionaries in the cabin. We have only projected here and there a slender ray of light into the solid gloom of the heathen night, while they may witness a whole rampant heathendom, flourishing under the droppings of the Christian sanctuary, and within the sound of church-going bells. War, slavery, excess, license, persecution, fraud, mammon, crime, are not, alas! obsolete ideas anywhere, so

that our religion needs constant conversion, and our civilization to be recivilized. We feel no scruples in both giving and taking in the commerce, art, literature, and laws of the world. If we have anything better in education or the mechanic arts than our neighbors, we think it would be the height of absurdity for them to refuse to profit by it, because it was not their lucky invention or discovery. On the contrary, Live and let live, Give and take, Learn all we can and teach all we can, — these are the mottoes of a Christian age. Especially in the superlative interests of the soul, in the remedy for sin, the true reconciliation of mankind to God, and a life and character moulded and growing after the Divine likeness, no option is left us: "Freely ye have received, freely give." "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature." We are not to stand on ceremony and say, Please, Mr. Calmuc, or Mr. Bearhead, do you want, and will you accept, our faith? No, we are to take it for granted that they *want* Christianity, even if they do not *wish* for it, and go and act on that presumption. In moral and spiritual economy, the demand does not create the supply, but the supply *must* awaken the demand. "The whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now, waiting for the manifestation of the sons of God." But it has been a blind feeling after God, if haply they might find him; a dumb, inarticulate cry of the heart and flesh for they knew not what of unknown good. It devolves on the disciples of Jesus to interpret that instinct into spiritual insight, and feed their hunger and thirst after righteousness with the bread of heaven. Nature and society are all constructed on a beneficent system of interferences and interpositions, and religion adopts the same style. The sun, moon, and stars are daily and nightly interfering with us, and putting us to bed, and calling us to work, with little standing upon ceremony, or deference to our whims or sloth. Intervention is the life of nations. The Justinian code is constantly interfering with our laws, the old Greeks dictating our vocabulary, Hindoos and Arabs teaching us how to count, and Jews how to pray. In the name of mercy, where should we be, if we were laid under as strict an embargo law as some of our objectors propose to be adopted in matters of faith towards the poor hea-

then? No, there is no law against doing good, speaking and spreading the truth, saving souls, and redeeming the world from sin and misery; or if there were such a law, it would be repealed as soon as passed, for such a law would be itself an intervention, and cut its own fingers; "for we can do nothing against the truth, but for the truth."

The success or failure of foreign missions thus far will be judged and decided by different minds according to their antecedent views and points of observation. In the judgment of some persons nothing ever has succeeded. A distinguished Orthodox divine, the President of one of our New-England colleges, has pronounced Christianity itself a failure, and not a few declare our American republicanism a humbug, though they confess that the wild beast of human nature has shown his teeth rather earlier than they expected. But if there is any success anywhere, if there is any good thing in the world, anything to love or to live for, it surely is just here, in doing good, in imitating at a humble and infinite distance the good God, in giving light for darkness, and blessing men by turning them from their iniquities. And in this light, where is there more success than in missions to the heathen? Judson might be hard at work for seven years before he could make a single convert; but who can say now that he has lived in vain, either for the heathen, or for his countrymen?—for the heathen among whom he has established points of moral radiation and spiritual warmth in the midst of their dark, cold superstitions; and for his countrymen, to whom he has bequeathed a new, splendid historic name, of saintly virtue and martyr memory, to act for ever as an inspiration of good, and stir the heart with trumpet sound, not to deeds of violence, but for the good fight of faith.

Considering the low and degraded idolatry of the Sandwich-Islanders forty years ago, we believe they have succeeded as well in personal and public progress, under the American missionaries, as any civilized nation during the same period, be it even France, England, or the United States. It is one of the five points of some men's creed, that a negro, an Indian, or a Polynesian cannot be improved, though you should concentrate upon him all the light and heat of the Gospel, and bring

all the agencies of civilization to bear. But there is no reason to doubt the capacity of any race, or any individual, to rise in mental and moral character, if the right measures of influence and culture are adopted. Bancroft has well put the case, in the third volume of his *History of the United States*, respecting the North American Indians, and we have long entertained the same opinion with regard to the so-called failure of West India emancipation. The blacks of Hayti or of Jamaica have made as good progress during their brief period of freedom, as can be claimed for Frenchmen, Italians, Spaniards, Germans, or Hungarians. China was once thought to be bound in an iron conservatism; but the blood is beginning to circulate in her sluggish veins, and new and higher forms of government and religion are already supplanting the old effete ones. We see by this example, too, how deep an interest we have in the conversion of the remotest nations; for they may become, at an unexpected moment, our next-door neighbors, and fill our land with their immigration. Half a dozen years ago the Chinese were at the ends of the earth to us, and it might be asked, What possible interest can we have whether they are Christians or Pagans? But now the scales are turned, and the Chinese are working side by side with our fathers and brothers and sons in the gold-fields of California, and building temples to their false gods, and worshipping in them. Their religion, their life, their knowledge or ignorance of God and Christ, and obedience or resistance to their laws, are working for weal or woe, and we cannot long hesitate to decide for which, on a new State of our Union, and a new page of American history, strange as a tale of romance, and filled with a wonderful hope. In fine, when we consider the low and degraded plane on which the Christian nations themselves live and move, and from which they act on the mind of the Pagan world, we shall probably come to the conclusion, that they win all the success in foreign missions which they earn or deserve.

We especially regret, however, — and the communications from the Eastern world, published in the *Quarterly Journal of the American Unitarian Association*, by Rev. Charles T. Brooks, of very remarkable interest, have made our regret more poignant than before, — that a purer

Christianity has not been carried abroad than Romanism, Calvinism, or Trinitarianism,—a Gospel so heavily laden with the traditions of men, so obscured by human creeds, and twisted out of proportion and perspective by additions of Pagan and Jewish philosophy. We deem the Trinity an error as monstrous as the doctrines of Braminism, though Trinitarians themselves may escape the legitimate consequences of their own views. For the Trinity is founded on tradition, not on the Bible; on philosophy, not on revelation; on the Ptolemaic system of astronomy, and never could have arisen if the Copernican system had been known, that reduces our earth to so humble and modest a station among her sister stars. We heard, not a long time ago, a distinguished preacher, at the ordination of a missionary to the heathen, declare that God came into this world and died. It is sad indeed, that such an awful and impious thought as that, if we will only examine it for five minutes, and really conceive what it means, should be carried abroad, and preached to Jews, Mahometans, and Pagans as the Gospel of Jesus Christ. No wonder that foreign missions are not successful. No wonder Rammohun Roy rejects it, and converts his own master and teacher to a purer faith than he brought from Scotland. No wonder the Indian of the West, James Tanner, cannot accept so thorny a dogma as that, and appeals to Unitarians to come over and help him. No wonder the Mahometans of Hindostan cry for help to uphold the common cause of the Unity of God, and Jews turn shuddering from those who would nullify the principal value of the whole Mosaic revelation.

But the alternative lies here. If the Liberal churches of England and America, various bodies but one soul, they who have disowned creeds and confessions, and fallen back upon the Bible and upon the inner light,—if they who say and think they have the truth in a purer form, though doubtless still discolored with many stains,—will not adventure upon the missionary enterprise, they must not complain or criticise if others assume the responsibility. The Mormons are sending their elders into Europe, Asia, and Africa. The Romanists compass land and sea to make proselytes. The Orthodox churches have dotted their stations on every par-

allel of latitude, and every degree of longitude. Let not then the Churches of the Future, Unitarians, Christians, and others, more liberal, more rational, more zealous for the simplicity of Christ, object to these movements of their brethren, or to the strange doctrines they teach, if they do not lift a finger to fulfil the direction of Jesus, and go forth to baptize all nations into his faith. On the contrary, let it from this time forward *become the settled and received policy of these liberal bodies to carry on foreign missions*, and to do it heartily and with all their might, and we need not the gift of prophecy to foresee that it would raise them into a power and life at home commensurate with their zeal and exertions abroad. For it is not by contraction, but by expansion, that the Church of Christ gains in energy and in spiritual vitality. When we have aired our doctrines on the banks of the Ganges, and the prairies of the Upper Mississippi, and tested the simple lessons of Jesus on the hearts of the untutored children of the wilderness and the desert, they will come back to our own breasts with fresh unction, and press upon us with a new weight of conviction.

No nation on earth has so imperative a duty, likewise, as the Americans, to promote foreign missions. We are made up of all kindreds, tongues, and nations, and owe a debt to all countries out of which we have issued, to find here a goodly heritage of freedom, religion, and brotherhood. In going abroad, too, we can carry, what no other nation can, republicanism, and, what few other nations can, the useful arts at their best estate, and all beneficent implements of a new civilization, as well as the doctrines of God the Father, Jesus the Saviour, Man the Brother, and the Spirit as Immortal, to "create a soul under the ribs of death," and organize the heavenly kingdom.

In days when men are skeptically asking wherein did Jesus speak better than the sages of the Academy or the Lyceum, it is well to revert to such a sentence as these "marching orders" of the crusade, not to recover an empty, though hallowed sepulchre, but to conquer sin and evil. As the eminent historian of our own country has said, "To have asserted clearly the unity of mankind was the distinctive glory of the Christian religion." But what is even more, that unity was not left as a cold and

unpractical theory on the Evangelical page, but set there as a living motive to warm and quicken all generations to love and work for one another as brethren. Let, then, the heavenly counsel stand, and let all the disciples of Jesus heed its grave import: "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature."

A. A. L.

ART. III.—MIGRATIONS, AND THEIR OBJECTS.

WHEN Ponce de Leon set forth in search of the Fountain of Youth, he was an old man. He had seen a long life of military service; in the flush of early youth he had won his spurs beneath the walls of Granada, and when the adventurous spirits of the age—and that spirit intensest in his own countrymen—sought for a new world in which to expend their energies, he was only second in the race. And in that western Indian sea his bravery won for him an almost absolute sceptre; but from that elevation to which his sword had cut the way he saw and coveted another throne;—attaining this too, he excited the envy of rival aspirants, and in his old age was displaced from his seat of power, to make way for another dynasty.

But Ponce de Leon was not the man to die willingly. Around him lay an archipelago of thrones, and at his left another hemisphere; should he yield, then, to the seeming fiat of fate, and resign himself to oblivion without an effort? Not so. Yet he could not but perceive that his physical frame, like his fortune, was decaying; his eye had lost something of its keenness, his limbs their strength and elasticity. Could he but recover the pristine force of those natural gifts which had imparted brilliancy to the exploits of his youth, and glory to his maturer years, there was still for him a future. O for some elixir of life, to bring back the strength he so much needed! And even while he dreamed, in day-visions, the voice of enchantment whispered, and traditional legends blended with rumors of the day affirming that

such there was, in the New World, had he the courage to seek, and the good fortune to find it. And the veteran soldier, nothing daunted, set forth, with earnest diligence, to seek for the Fountain of Youth. Bright was his earliest omen of success; Ponce de Leon touched with his bark's keel the region of flowers, where was believed to be hidden the glorious fountain, on the anniversary of the resurrection morn, — *Pascua Florida*, — the expressive symbol of a new life. But fate was stronger than hope, and death surprised the seeker ere the renovating fount was discovered.

Perhaps of all the migrations of single heroes none is more sadly fascinating than this legend of the Spanish adventurer, who, in this last fatal expedition, is a patent symbol of men and nations. Millions have failed on substantially the same hope as did he. His aim was a renewal of the means of enjoyment, and the extension of his waning power. In all change, men seek the more perfect development of some real or fancied good. This is the mainspring of all the migrations which have marked the world's history since Abraham went forth from Ur of the Chaldees, not knowing whither he went, but having faith in the heavenly voice, believing that he should receive a spiritual, if not a material compensation.

But though the acquisition of some kind of good, not before enjoyed, is the moving impulse in all migrations, yet the variations and different degrees in which noble and worthy objects have been the inducement, and in which only the baser passions and propensities have operated, is a subject worthy of analysis. The movement of dead matter concerns us only as it affects living spirits; the concentration of the primal gases, the chemical affinities formed, the gravitation of the original molecules which first gave a semi-consistency to our planet, the subsequent upheaval of the continents, the scooping out of the sea valleys, the rushing of the diluvial torrents, the monstrous earth-drifts and glaciers of the ancient world, interest, not by the novelty or magnitude of the operations, but only as we see in them the great preparatory movements which fitted the earth for the habitation of man. It is because *mind* set this matter in motion, for the use and benefit of mind, that we can study with delight the history of the lowest fossil, or follow with un-

tiring attention the devious movements of the meanest pebble. Were there no central life visible in all this, the changes of the past would be denuded of all their attraction. And so in the voluntary movements of sentient beings, our interest concentrates on them in proportion to the infusion of mind which we discover, and the evident supremacy of intelligence which dictates the change. It is the lights and shades of human character, so openly exhibited in their migratory movements, which give to them their chief attraction. When made with a purpose, they lift the veil from the obscurity of the times, and show us at a glance, whether spirit or sense, material progress only or spiritual and mental freedom, is the predominant thought.

From a cursory view of the movements and counter-movements of nations, these often appear like the effects of a blind impulse; but a narrower scrutiny shows them to have been based on known facts, or on a faith as confident of results as of realities. Large masses of people are seldom moved without a definite object; and this object, almost invariably, embodies the very form and spirit of the age. These movements also exhibit, with great fidelity, the degree of progress attained by the people among whom they originate. This will be instantly perceived if we try to imagine the transposition of any of these in order of time, or transfer that from one people which actually belongs to another. We shall then see how impossible it is for extensive migrations to be induced, by motives inappropriate to the moral condition of the actors. Set before the greedy followers of Pizarro the motives which weighed with the friends of Winthrop and Carver, and with what contempt would the proposal to unite with them have been dismissed! Looking only at the career of the former, we perceive, without the possibility of mistake, that they were the growth of a sordid military ambition, fostered by the example of despotic power, which had exerted its malignant influence over the minds and hearts of these its subordinate exponents. From the mode in which the Spanish power was planted beyond the Andes, if we knew nothing of the source from whence it sprang, we could not fail to infer that the military *emigrés*, who settled, vulture-like, on the treasures of the Incas, were the offshoots of a society dis-

tinguished for a supercilious contempt of man as man, viewed apart from his extrinsic surroundings, and that the great ideas of liberty, equality, and a universal fraternity were thoughts more foreign to their imaginations than the remarkable beings whom they encountered only to plunder them. Spain could not by any possibility have produced Puritans; these were the result of a far different past,—a past which had borne within its centuries a continual struggle between the prerogative of power and place and the natural rights of man, claimed in the earliest times, and never waived or wholly relinquished by their ancestors. Their great movement can by no stretch of the imagination be transferred to other ages, or to another people.

Few countries have supplied more than one or two movements which can be considered as representative. Of them all, America furnishes the greatest variety of examples. All the earlier nations of the Old World were influenced in their migrations by a common purpose. They were merely "prospecting parties" on a large scale, selecting their claims to national sites, in the same way that the pioneer miners of California selected their respective "diggins," by the supposed favorable indications of the soil. But these primeval emigrations, being rather of an instinctive than reasoning character, need not occupy our attention beyond the mere recognition of their existence. Of those subsequent ones most remarkable in history, several, occurring after an interval of centuries, present strong points of resemblance with those taking place so long before, though each has salient peculiarities of its own.

The warlike migrations of the Northern barbarians towards Southern Europe, in the fifth century, were not the result of ambition, of love of dominion, or dislike of their native homes, but of the simple, unalloyed desire of gratifying their bodily wants with less exertion than their Northern climes demanded. They hoped to secure, without the labor of production, the comforts and luxuries which ages of accumulation had stored in a more genial clime, only to fall a prey to those who had stronger proclivities to plunder than to work. For, unsubdued by steady cultivation, their gloomy forests proved unequal to the support of the increasing myriads which de-

manded food and shelter ; and instead of endeavoring to increase the supply by more continuous and better directed labor, they set forth, nations in a body, to find a land where sensual gratification could be had at less cost. The descent of these strong-handed robbers on the plains of Italy is paralleled, so far as the object was concerned, in the western migrations of the Irish nation during the last ten years. Our Atlantic shores were to that starving peasantry the Italy they longed for ; and for successive seasons were as emphatically "overrun" by them as was Southern Europe by the hungry Goths. Their object was precisely the same, — to procure the maximum of gratification for the minimum of effort. For the civilized world is agreed, that Ireland needs only a wisely directed industry to make her, not only the garden of Europe, but of the world. But her people would rather emigrate than renovate themselves in their old places, and their movements for the last decade differ mainly from those of the followers of Alaric in the peaceableness of the means employed, not at all in the object to be attained.

A not very dissimilar migration has taken place within our own country, and nearly within the same period. The migratory fever which boiled in the veins of our California gold-seekers was but "mealy potatoes" in another form ; it was no less material and sensuous than that of Erin's sons who fled from famine to the hoped-for plenty, and was more sordid, being less the effect of necessity than was theirs. It "had no relish of salvation in it." The great army rushed on without even a pretence of philanthropy or patriotism. The cry of "Gold!" drew thousands of eyes and hearts earthward that were just then vacillating between Ormuzd and Ahriman ; and, choosing the latter, they went forth avowedly to provoke a wrestling-match with Nature, and see who of all the train could force her to yield most abundantly of her buried stores of gold. They went not to make the desert blossom with the roses of freedom, or to offer to the aborigines a better life than that from which they forced them. Their watchword was but "Dust," and their only deity "the visible god, which soldier'st close impossibilities."

The sordid object of the mass of the first emigrants to California will be found to have impressed as indelible

marks on the character of the "Eureka" State, as did the peculiar characteristics of the Puritans on New England. And if we desired to find the most glaring contrast in the settlement of Christian states, we could not select one more widely different than is furnished in the eastern and western borders of our national confederacy. In nothing is this difference more striking, than in the scrupulous care of the one, and the utter indifference of the other, as to the moral character of the first-comers. So eager in wielding the muck-rake were the first adventurers at the *placers*, that they hardly noted who came or went, until they found themselves surrounded, on the one hand, by effete and demoralized pagans, on the other by desperate escaped criminals, and on all sides by the moral offscourings of the earth. And the subsequent condition of social life in that community comports well with its beginning. Many years passed in Massachusetts before any person was capitally punished, and universal subordination and good order prevailed; but among the El Dorado emigrants, but a few months had elapsed ere semi-judicial murders were among the ordinary proceedings of the heterogeneous communities forming on the banks of the Sacramento and San Joaquin. The trifling derelictions from duty marked in the records of the Eastern colonists sink into utter insignificance beside the long list of violent crimes and general dissoluteness of manners, not yet extinguished amid the hills and valleys, and in the empire city, of the West. And inseparable from the spirit which led them thither, and stimulated by it, has appeared in hideous size and feature the spirit of mercantile gaming, producing successive fits of chills and fever in the monetary and social condition of the community, sadly symbolizing the irrational and fatal struggle for wealth which marked its origin, — an origin destitute of all predetermined plan, the primal elements of which were found cohering rather by the powerful instinct of self-preservation than by any deliberate purpose to rescue those fair Pacific shores from an inchoate civilization, and its scattered, half-taught, and untaught inhabitants from their ancient superstitions.

The primary object of the Puritans being the free exercise of that religious faith and worship in which they

believed was concentrated all necessary religious truth, and the building up of a pure church to perpetuate that faith, their first efforts were necessarily directed to a strict scrutiny of all new-comers; this was essential to their preservation, and the only means of preventing the Puritan migration from becoming an utter failure; and thus nothing was permitted within the jurisdiction of the patent inimical to their grand design. Schismatics were forewarned to take their heresies elsewhere; the colonists held out no false hopes; they frankly and boldly enunciated their own opinions, and gave all to understand, that those who did not sympathize with them were not desired as permanent residents. And it was the pertinacity of some who differed from them, and who, despite of the known wishes of the pioneers, insisted on coming into, and remaining within, the jurisdiction of the Company, that caused the oft-quoted "persecutions" of the early times. A careful investigation of the early records will show, that a retreating offender was never pursued; the most obnoxious proclaimer of "novile doctrines" was perfectly safe from molestation if he forbore to enter the fold. Nor did ever vindictive mandate issue for the return of an offending member who voluntarily withdrew. The whole land was before the dissenter, and he might freely choose his place and his notions, so that he did not annoy or endanger the church transplanted with so much care and toil, or infringe on the civil establishment erected on similar foundations. But this purity and stability, the great object of the Puritanic emigration, was not attained exclusively or chiefly through the coercion of stringent laws; but through that remarkable force and concentration of public sentiment which made a residence among them to a worldly and irreligious trifter, to say nothing of more abandoned characters, intolerable. Everywhere the paramount importance of religious and civil duties met the sordid, the selfish, and the thoughtless. Society frowned on idleness and ignorance, and the emigrant who had so far mistaken the movement as to see in the escape from tyranny at home only the opportunity for the exercise of unchecked licentiousness under the shadow of the colony, was quickly undeceived, winnowed out from the mass, and placed without the camp, as an unclean

thing, if he could not be restrained from offending within it. Though utterly unlike the Californian emigration in its rage for wealth, the policy of the Puritans inflexibly pointed to the cultivation of industrious habits. And their sentiments on this subject were so strenuously and perseveringly inculcated, that two centuries have failed to exhaust its influence. In no community can be found so large a proportion of persons engaged in business whose pecuniary condition acquits them from such necessity as among the descendants of the Puritans; while among the gold-fever emigrants, to accumulate quickly, and spend lavishly, was the *summum bonum*, the end of all their aspirations.

In the treatment of the "heathen people," also, the great emigration of the seventeenth century takes precedence of that of the nineteenth. The former was more humane and kindly in its spirit; the improvement of the moral and religious condition of the Indians was a weighty, though secondary, motive with many of the first settlers of Massachusetts; in California, firebrands and revolvers have been most relied on for their subjugation. Indeed, the low nature of the Californian emigration forbade the prevalence of a high-toned morality, or the existence of religious zeal, nor will any subsequent importation of the virtues obliterate the original impress. Considered in regard to its object, the California emigration must ever rank among the lowest which have occurred among civilized nations.

But our country has witnessed another migration much more remarkable than this, and which finds its nearest prototype in the propagation of Mahometanism. The emigration connected with Mormonism was originally a systematic scheme for appropriating terrestrial possessions in the name of the Lord; the very same doctrine which Mahomet promulgated to his five hundred adherents who flocked to him at Medina, and who were the first exemplars of it. Over these, like Joseph Smith over his followers, Mahomet assumed a regal and sacerdotal influence, and in the city of his adoption built the first mosque, and mainly originated the Koran. The original doctrine of the Mormons was very similar to his; though circumstances speedily compelled them to modify their claims to "possess the land" as "the

saints of the Lord," — the theory of the first collection of Mormons in Illinois. Both Mahomet and Joseph Smith professed to be reformers; but from the evidence extant we must believe the Arabian to have been the honester man, for he substituted a better religion than that which he found, while his imitator in the Western hemisphere did the reverse. Both professed to be immediately inspired and heaven-directed; both treated with a secondary reverence the mission of Christ, while maintaining the superiority of their own; both took care in the end to provide for their individual elevation, and to secure, by means of the religion which they promulgated, a law-protected indulgence of the lowest passions; and their principal point of difference arises more from their different circumstances than from their variant desires.

The comparative weakness of the surrounding nations permitted Mahomet to force a way for his followers with his sword, while Joseph Smith, at Nauvoo, was worsted by the numerical strength of his adversaries; and instead of conquest and occupation of his foes' territory, such as the Arabian prophet effected, he was fain to accept the alternative of stimulating emigration from all parts of the Old, to the Mecca of the New World. But had the condition of the country permitted the faintest hope of success, there is ample evidence to the point, that the mighty but peaceful emigration now tending to Salt Lake would have been a military conquest of the United States, similar in character and object to the conquests of Mahomet. As it is, the success of the Mormon prophet, and of those who have acceded to his influence, in turning such a powerful stream of voluntary emigration to the centre of his hopes, and enabling him in a great measure to consummate them, appears almost inexplicable, and would be quite so were his converts limited to his countrymen. Considering the times, the character of the people first influenced, and the apparently inadequate, not to say puerile, means employed, the extent of the Mormon emigration is one of the most extraordinary that the world has seen. Mahomet found a natural ally to his pretensions in the luxuriant imaginations and susceptible temperaments of his auditors. But the Mormon leader had to deal with

what we are wont to think of as sterner stuff, — with Anglo-Americans of the most practical stamp; men not given to the nourishment of dreams and visions, miracles, and mysteries, but who might be expected to look at all pretensions, if not with the most rigid scrutiny, at least in a common-sense and practical way. Indeed, so opposed was his scheme to the general tendency of the age, and the genius of the country, that we must regard it as an exception to the general rule found applicable to emigrating bodies, and which we have elsewhere advanced, that affirms the migrations of all ages to be representative of the age in which they occur. The Mormon emigration, in this respect, appears to stand unique in history. Such a movement could not have been predicated on any known facts, previous to its actual occurrence; and the only explanation we can offer for its apparent chronological and geographical misplacement is the variety of motives offered in the exhibition of the Mormon tenets, and the diversity of peoples who have been invited to join in the migration. Had the Mormon leader been limited in his appeals to his personal pretensions as an inspired prophet, the responses must have been few, as indeed they proved, until his social system was fully developed; then, the proffer of sanction and protection in a truly Oriental form of sensuality, such as is nowhere else tolerated within the limits of Christendom, had its effect. But even this proved inadequate to swell the numbers fast enough for the ambitious projects of the leading Mormons. So long as the emigration was dependent on the States of this confederacy, the number was neither alarming nor astonishing. The sources of the rapid growth of Utah will be found, not within the United States, but without them. Propagandists of the new faith have been sent through Great Britain, Germany, and other foreign parts, and motives are there presented which have no novelty, and therefore little influence, on Americans. In addition to the supernatural claims made in behalf of the Mormon faith abroad, more effectual arguments are adduced, — the freedom of the public lands, the universal toleration of religious and political opinions of every shade and color, the certainty of plenty in exchange perhaps for a pinched and haggard existence, and all those extra-spiritual mo-

tives which might be supposed to influence the restless and uneasy, who are to be found in every community. Hence the Mormon emigration, though taking its rise in this country, which is wholly chargeable with furnishing the germ for this upas of the West, is, in its immense expansion, the product of that Europe which has poured such mighty floods upon the roots of that tree, and without which, we believe, it would ere this have withered away, and been well-nigh forgotten. The Mormon emigration represents not fairly this age, or this country, but rather the unseasonable flowering of those floating seeds of unrest, sensuality, and credulity, which have been forced into a determined current, and hastened to an unnatural maturity, by designing and ambitious hands. And though neither the age nor our own country is to be interpreted by it, it will ever stand a monument of reproach to the sagacity, honesty, and purity of the times, which had not intelligence nor virtue enough to make it an impossibility.

We shall institute but one more comparison, that between the emigration of Roger Williams and his followers from Massachusetts to Rhode Island, and the present emigration to Kansas from the free States of the Union. Though the romancers of history may have veiled the real issue between Massachusetts and Roger Williams, and painted him as a martyr whom they might have drawn as an intruder on the private rights of a corporation, — and though the popular sympathy for the individuals concerned in the contest may have been misplaced, — none of these militating circumstances can obliterate the great central fact, that in this movement was given to the world, if not the first, the most *influential* publication of the maxim, that it was safe and right for a Christian state to tolerate the widest latitude of religious opinion, and to allow the free expression of the same. And we take it to the credit of human nature, that, in striving to do honor to this truth, its most prominent promulgator has been arrayed in a whiter vesture than a rigid inspection would have warranted. And if the conduct of this “unquiet, un-lamb-like spirit,” (as a reverend contemporary described Roger Williams,) was marred in his earlier years by ill-advised proceedings, which made him a “sore affliction” to his friends, does

not the establishment of a new and invaluable principle in Christian statesmanship, under such auspices, and inseparable as it must have originally appeared from the errors of the individual, show more emphatically the power of truth than if it had been proclaimed by one immaculate in conduct and judgment, and possessing the popular virtues of the age? If an idea, new to the times, and foreign to the past, can bear the companionship of fanaticism, precipitancy, and arrogance, and survives the relation, it argues a vitality and intrinsic value, which could not be predicated from the success of an opinion propagated by men of cautious and conservative habits, and possessing the confidence and respect of the community. When a truth enunciated by unpopular lips lives, the glory is all its own; it takes no tinge of light, no element of strength, from its paternity; its power is all intrinsic. Hence when the Puritans in heart and life, as well as creed, struck the shackles from their own limbs, the world could see that the faith and life were harmonious, and the extension of their principles was an immediate and natural result. But when the founders of Providence sunk the conscience-fetters beneath the waters of Narragansett Bay, the best and purest, the strongest and most hopeful, feared that licentiousness had outrun freedom, and liberty had shaken hands with anarchy. But the great truth involved in the movement, and then boiling and seething in the caldron heated by that heterogeneous collection of "fire-brands," expelled, many of them, from the older settlements, finally emerged triumphant from the trial, and, once emancipated from the imperfections of its godfathers, speedily took its rightful place among the revered axioms of an enlightened Christian philosophy. The emigration to Massachusetts, and that from it to Rhode Island, differed in this, that the first aimed at freedom for self, the latter for self and all mankind; and in this peculiarity it has no parallel except in that to which we are witnesses,—the great movement toward Kansas in behalf of freedom.

It is comparatively easy to acknowledge the virtues and heroisms of other times, and of long-buried ancestors; but it requires a keener judgment and a stronger imagination to do anticipative justice to our contempo-

rarities. We see the men who are to be the heroes of posterity, under the microscope of personal knowledge and association, with their minutest faults revealed, and their greatest exaggerated by political antipathies and social prejudices. Men frequently act from mixed motives, and their most noble attitudes may be finally assumed under the immediate pressure of a trivial incident, which takes from the honor of the result in our eyes, but which escapes the attention of the later observer, who sees the deed only, not the vacillating heart of the doer. We see, or think we see, among the helpers of the wheels of progress, in this man, a latent, personal ambition, in that, a greed for pelf; in another, mere constitutional susceptibility to novelty or love of action, in others still, a hypocritical or morbid philanthropy; in all, human errors and human imperfections. And, above all, there intervenes too often a selfishness which slights the nobleness it will not practise, and which misjudges the motives of actors, who compete for the public favor, which the critic desires to monopolize.

Looking back upon the champions of civil and religious liberty, upon the philanthropists of other times, and all the "goodly array of martyrs," we see those who were to their own age a mere nebula of erratic spirits, shapeless and unsymmetrical, resolved, under our distant telescopic view, into stars of the first magnitude. We see the light which they originated or reflected, and the multitudes of weary, wandering mortals who have been guided to certainty and peace by the aid of their far-penetrating rays, but we do not see, we do not want to see, the coarse and very earth-like materials of which they were, after all, composed. The great movements of the past are revealed to us, in all their massive grandeur, by the light of their results. The changes going on in our own time, and conducted by ordinary mortals on our own level, are colored by the involuntary prejudices which intimacy and detail excite, and are examined by the varying light of our own interests and passions. Candor is scarcely possible under the circumstances, even if the future is apprehended in the present.

To some there seems little in this age which posterity shall call heroic, or the memory of which they

shall love to cherish; yet there is a movement now in progress, which we believe is destined to stand recorded in future ages as second to none in the purity and nobleness of its object, or in the vast results to humanity involved in its ultimate success. Goths, Celts, and Anglo-Americans have been impelled to distant migrations by the hope of spoils; religious propagandists by force and fraud have changed old lands for new; and the slaves of taskmasters, and the victims of conscience-binders, have alike fled for refuge to the wilderness; some for physical, some for spiritual compensation. But it was reserved to the present age, and the present period, to afford the sublimer spectacle of an extensive migration *in vindication of a principle*;—a principle which is to benefit, not the emigrants, but others, and those others of a degraded race and a different color.

The future will not have to record of the emigrants to Kansas, that they were forced out of their old homes by dissensions, oppressions, or even such incompatibility of sentiment with the communities they left as made their position uncomfortable to themselves or others. Neither the blight of famine, nor an over-crowded population darkened their prospects in the home of their fathers. Neither pressure from without, nor the beckonings of ambition, nor the monitions of avarice, control the great Kansas migration. Not for themselves, or for those identified with their interests, not even for their peers or ancient allies, to whom association and mutual remembrances have attached them,—no; none of all these things move them. The great motor power is the love of freedom, and its special impetus, the sympathy of a superior race (certainly as far as condition is concerned) with an inferior; and for a people who can neither appreciate nor repay the sacrifice. In the unselfishness of the object lies its claim to the highest regard, and its right to the highest place in the history of migrations. The genuineness of the movement is evidenced by the entire absence of coercive circumstances, such as have aided other migrations in which the love of freedom was a principal ingredient. And in this unselfishness the Kansas migration is representative of the age. Not that selfishness is dead, or disinterested benevolence a universal, or even a very extended, basis of action; but

the philanthropy of the present has far more of this character than had that of any former age. It has, by its varied and extended enterprises in behalf of suffering and degraded humanity, fairly vindicated its claim to the most expansive benevolence yet exhibited, in the history of the Church or the world. This spirit has been exemplified by the admission of numerous classes to the sympathies and charities of the Christian world, which were formerly excluded from the friendly care, ay, even from the thoughts and prayers, of the best and purest minds of other times. It is also representative of the age in that it is eminently practical. The narrow ideas formerly entertained, as to the only legitimate and orthodox mode of extirpating moral and social evils, have rapidly yielded beneath the experiments of the last twenty years. Exclusively theoretical remedies have been wisely renounced, in favor of means more appropriate to the desired end. It is no longer attempted to exorcise physical degradation by spiritual appliances, nor social distempers by ghostly vigils, nor national wrongs by empty declamation. In the improved tactics of modern philanthropy, physical degradation is met by sanitary remedies; criminal tendencies, by moral instruction, and the means of reform; the pinched heart of poverty is expanded by participation in a larger and more genial beneficence, while spiritual consolation, once the universal panacea for all conceivable wrongs as well as sufferings, is now reserved for its appropriate objects. The Kansas migration is the boldest exponent of this enlightened philanthropy. It meets a gaunt and dismal fact, by creating a more vital and self-perpetuating fact. The spirit of freedom which it embodies is no longer content to meet a usurpation with a "resolution," but goes out in its strength to unseat the intruder. In the appropriateness of the means is the earnest of victory.

Nor may the participators in enterprises such as this be justly depreciated by the suspicion of mixed motives. Few indeed are the actions of men which result from an isolated impulse, opinion, or thought; complexity of motive is almost inseparable from human action; nor is it always easy to define with precision the exact weight attached to each motive. But in judging of those great movements which affect humanity, and in deciding on

the just meed of praise due to the participators, it is sufficient to know, that, had the greatest and best motive been absent, their co-operation would have been wanting; that, whatever collateral influences were brought to bear on them, the great central idea was paramount, without which all others would have proved ineffectual. Will not after ages then decide, that the Kansas migration was purer and more unselfish even than that which found its haven at Plymouth Rock? The old homes of Old England were abandoned in obedience to the mandates of conscience, the old homes of New England are deserted in vindication of the Christ-like principle of universal love. The pioneer band who have planted their standard in the centre of the confederacy, that they may redeem a continent to freedom, shall never find their laurels paling, even beside the glory-crowns of those who first planted free institutions on its eastern slope.

E. V. S.

ART. IV.—ERNEST'S TRANCE.

"Je meurs ! De leur froide haleine
 M'ont touché les sombres vents ;
 Et j'ai vu, comme une ombre vaine,
 S'évanouir mon beau printemps."

MILLEVOYE.

"For the NIGHT cometh, wherein no man can work."

[ARGUMENT. — A beautiful youth, absorbed in the pursuits and pleasures of his age, is surprised by some heavy affliction, the nature of which very little concerns either the writer or the reader. He withdraws himself from his companions, and falls sick. As he lies alone, thinking little of his sickness and much of his sorrow, his mind, as the mind sometimes will, rises upon the ruins of its decaying house to an elevation unknown to it before. All things stand before him in new relations and assume a new aspect. He sees in life no longer a play-ground, but a battle-field, in which good service is to be done for God and mankind, and eternal glory is to be won. Still it seems to him, he knows not why, that the time for this is past with him, and that life and he have nothing more to do with one another. Then he suddenly sees that he is upon the brink of the grave; and for the first time it is declared to him that his sickness is unto death. In a great revulsion of feeling, he passionately implores a longer term of years, which is granted.]

A MAN, one day in early summer-time,
Who scarce had more than manhood's threshold crossed,
Entered a tangled wood, whose climbing boughs
Were in their own brown darkness hid and lost,
And laid him down upon a bank of thyme ;
And, if with pious thought to pay his vows,
Or spent with hunting still elusive game,
Or painfully to rid him of love's dart
Where none should see his throes, he thither came,
Or haply to repent him of some sin,
Whose light embrace no tinge of shame could win
Save from the vestal Conscience' purest cheek,
'T were hard to guess. He lay and did not speak.
Lips beautiful as his not often need —
Breathing as his of love and loyalty —
Long in sweet hopeless eloquence to plead
With earthly, sure, or heavenly deity.
Some inward grief was playing on his heart,
Sweeping its strings discordantly, 't was plain ;
Yet his young noble countenance did wear,
In all its pain, nor anger, nor despair ;
But there enthroned a lofty patience sat,
Triumphant queen, and, bidding him disdain
E'en to the deaf-eared dryads to complain,
Spake that, had all the bitterness of fate
Pressed in one brimming cup been given to him,
He with a blessing would have kissed the rim,
And in the hideous dregs new vigor found.

Thus while he lay, the huge trees crowding round
Did screen him from the glowing world without.
They reared their shafts of fibrous granite hoar,
With fretted lichens stuccoed crisply o'er,
Like monumental columns all about,
And o'er him waved their sombrous canopy,
Dark as the shaking curtains of a hearse ;
And o'er him crept a chillness and an awe,
Within him a bewilderment and strife.
Within him powers seemed stirred, that ne'er till then
His loftiest wish had dreamed of, struggling all
Beneath the torpid pressure of a pall ;
Like cradled, dozing babes, that wake and cry
At first, when rocks and sings the officious nurse,
Then helplessly to heavier slumber yield.
He felt, and mused, and marvelled, drowsily.
He saw the true nobility of life

As he had never seen that hour until, —
Fair, bright, and soft, and unattainable,
Like a fair city on a sunset hill,
Seen from a low, damp vale long miles away,
Across a bridgeless stream without a boat.
His soul seemed raised, his body sinking fast,
And all was changeful, undefined, and new.
Time flapped his dying wings ; then Time was not.
Eternity rose on his wildered view
And beckoned him. He suddenly beheld
That 't was a cypress grove wherein he lay.
The sounding silence rang a stilly knell.
On him a horror of thick darkness fell.
He sprang ; he shook himself, and, staring, saw
The stealthy Night, that seals the eyes of men
In sleep that never wakes to earthly morn,
Bent over him ! A poppy-wreath she held
In one hand ; in her left a torch was borne
Inverted, folding her in choking smoke,
Which all his sense confused in torpor numb.
Through its grim volumes dimly were revealed
Her marble features inexpressible,
Fixed as a statue's, or a scarce cold corse',
And on them, 'neath a shade of fond remorse,
The unutterable breathlessness and hush
Of one that sees tremendous things to come.
When thus to her, amid the mighty rush
Of feeling that pursued him from the past,
With tongue that scarce could frame its speech, he spoke
His passionate suit unto the awful-nun ;
And thus his incoherent suit he won : —

“Not yet, untimely Night,
Strangle with fingers black the beauteous day ;
Nor scare my manhood's blessed heat and light
With bats and hooting screech-owls all away !
The narrow house is not the house for me.
My deeds have graven yet no monument.
Avaunt ! I may not yet thy captive be,
Within a nameless grave's lone darkness pent.
How shall my swelling thoughts and hopes find room
In the strait compass of a narrow tomb ?

“My work is not yet done.
At merry dawn I rose, o'er violet turf
To chase the butterflies. Where billows run

With mighty shouts, I ran amid the surf,
Along the shallow shore, with shouts as gay,
To catch the rainbow hues that in them play,
And bounded back with cold and empty hands
And flying steps along the slippery sands;
Then o'er earth's purest lakes and streams I hung,
And gazed into the glassy depths below,
To seize the bright reflections in them flung
By heavenly things, and let their substance go;
And then I roved for flowers the woodland round;
Some withered soon, and some they poisoned me.
My rose-leaves fell, and I with thorns was crowned.
So did my morning and my spring-time flee.
The high sun hangs the basking landscape o'er,
Poised on wide wings of noontide plumed with rays;
And I am learn'd, but not in heavenly lore;
And I have sung, but tame and puerile lays,
Unmeet to offer to my Master's praise;
And I have toiled, but plied my fruitless toil
Scarce in his clustered vineyard's fertile soil.
Wouldst drag me to his presence bearing naught?
No sacrifice? — mine offering all unwrought?

“Blind Night; canst thou not see
My days have but a preparation been? —
But not for thee! I cannot stay with thee! —
A stammering prologue only have they said
To life's grand drama, nor one act have played.
But lately I was forth amidst the din
Of toil and pleasure with my comrades free;
And how I hither came I know not well.
These groves are cool; and I was worn and warm;
I had no thought of sojourn long nor harm;
I knew not that thy dread resort was here,
Hid from life's sunny ways and yet so near,
Nor ever did with wilful foot intrude,
Nor call thee from thy hallowed solitude
With noise of wild debauch or brawlings fell.
Release me! Loose thine unprovoked spell.
Go still the peevish cries of fretful pain,
To coward souls thy dull nepenthe give;
I must, though bleeding, to the fight again.
Loose me, for I am bold and dare to live.
Take ready saints, and let me by delay
Become to thee at last a worthier prey.

"Grant me reprieve ! I ask not full discharge,
But promise duly to return at length,
And sue no more on earth to go at large.
Fevered my veins, yet full of feverish strength.
The air without is full of June and life,
Of song, and bloom, and springing perfume rife.
I hear the rushing of the whetted scythe,
Swept wide, with sturdy stride, through thick, rich grass ;
I hear the birds' and mowers' chorus blithe ;
And unseen waters warbling near me pass.
On these still banks of painless sickness laid,
The free wind comes to me with balmy breath ;
E'en the dark waving of thy cypress shade
Seems wooing me to healing sleep beneath,
More than unto the mouldy sleep of death.

"Thou canst not be my foe !
Night, ministrant of heavenly rest, O no !
Thou didst but o'er me bend a little space,
A faint and frightened waif in thy domain,
That my light soul in gazing on thy face
Some touch of awe and soberness might gain.
Now shall thy shadow pass from me ; and I,
Composed, collected, active, and serene,
As one whose nightly slumbers sweet have been,
Shall cheerly forth among mankind again.
Forgive my chiding, — 't was the voice of dread
Run wild with roaming o'er the barren past ;
Nor turn from me for ever ; but at last,
When the broad harvest-moon looks solemnly
On hushed and stubbled fields, and from the mead
White ghostly mists soar upwards, vanishing ;
When the low-tolling curfew-bell doth ring ;
When I have helped my fellow-husbandmen,
And gifted them, and kindly bid good-e'en ;
When my full-growing wains
Wait laden for the garnerers of my King
With store of golden grains,
Sprinkled with dropping red and yellow leaves,
And my tired limbs lie on the rustling sheaves ;
When the first hoar-frosts twinkle in my hair ;
No more untimely then nor grim as erst,
Come thou, the Night supreme,
Floating with downy foot down heaven's long stair
On spangled blue, dark pinions, dim at first,
As if from distance, then distinct and clear.

Lull me with songs unearthly to my rest,
And bear me upward on thy slumberous breast,
Smiling and lost in an Elysian dream,
To wake and find reality more dear."

E. F.

ART. V. — GREECE, AND THE GREEK CHURCH.*

ADDITIONAL to its real extent, great antiquity, and apparent permanency, there are many reasons for giving the Greek Church more attention than it has yet received. The many errors circulated concerning it in books of authority, the invitation which its possession of the Scriptures presents to Protestant effort, the prominence given to it in the present war, — a war ostensibly for its independence of Turkish and Latin oppression, — the hope which it has awakened as an element for the reconstruction of the future of Greece and generally of the Orient, provoke our regard. Unfortunately, the right kind of books to satisfy public curiosity do not as yet exist. The reports of travellers are hasty, partial, contradictory, and limited to a few points of observation.

*1. *The Rites and Ceremonies of the Greek Church in Russia.* By JOHN GLEN KING, D.D. London. 1772. 4to. pp. 477.

2. *Present State of the Greek Church in Russia.* By PLATON, late Metropolitan of Moscow. Translated by ROBERT PINKERTON. New York: Collins & Co. 1815. 12mo. pp. 276.

3. *Kritische Geschichte der neugriechischen und der russischen Kirche.* Von HERRMAN JOSEPH SCHMITT. Mainz. 1840. 8vo. pp. 585.

4. *The Greek Church. A Sketch.* By the Author of "Proposals for Christian Union." 2d Edition. London: James Darling. 1851. 12mo. pp. 116.

5. *The Condition and Prospects of the Greek or Oriental Church; with some Letters written from the Convent of the Strophades.* By GEORGE WADDINGTON, D.D. New Edition. London: John Murray. 1854. 12mo. pp. 111.

6. *Diary in Turkish and Greek Waters.* By the Right Honorable the EARL OF CARLISLE. Fourth Edition. London: Longman, Brown, Green, and Longmans. 1854. 12mo. pp. 353.

7. *The War in the East.* By the Right Reverend HORATIO SOUTHGATE, D.D., late Missionary Bishop at Constantinople. New York: Pudney and Russell. 1854. 24mo. pp. 93.

8. *A History of Greece, from the Earliest Times to the Roman Conquest.* By WILLIAM SMITH, LL.D. *With Notes, and a Continuation to the Present Time,* by C. C. FELTON, LL.D. Boston: Hickling, Swan, and Brown. 1855. 8vo. pp. 670.

The laborious work by Schmitt is written altogether upon the Roman Catholic side, as the *feuilleton* by Waddington, and the pamphlet by the author of "Proposals for Christian Union," are intended to sustain the Church of England view, — and, of course, are equally unsatisfactory because so one-sided. Those that could have really enlightened us have been slow to speak; and those who have handled the subject at all have found it easier to rehearse the past than to illustrate the present or prophesy the future. So that the most contradictory opinions prevail, even amongst those who have visited Greece and enjoyed the best opportunities of intelligence.

A necessary preliminary to a satisfactory view of the Greek Church is a view of the Greek people, — their possibilities and probabilities, their genius and spirit. If they merit the common reproach of scoundrelism, no religion embosomed in such general corruption can be expected to flourish. If, on the other hand, they justify Philhellenist eulogy, no nation so quick-sighted, self-willed, vainglorious, and ardently progressive will long content itself with an ignorant hierarchy, nor pretend to enjoy the drowsy mummery of an effete ritual. It is just here that, in presenting a middle view, we shall satisfy neither party, while we hope to approve ourself to the common sense of the unprejudiced. We believe in the continuance of Greek Catholicism, because it is adapted to Greek nationality. We believe in its development, because we are confident that the people are advancing, however slowly. We are very sure that it cannot amalgamate with Roman Catholicism, nor indeed with any existing church, because it honors itself as the only "Orthodox" Christianity; because it is popularly regarded as the essence of Greek nationality; because some of its peculiarities it believes, like its Oriental robes and its baptism by trine immersion, to be peculiarly Apostolic.

When, in 1833, Otho succeeded with his absolute monarchy to the despotic presidency of Capo d'Istria, he found an exhausted people, a bleeding country, a degraded nationality, a fiery factiousness, a fearful spirit of brigandage: — but, on the other side of the picture, he found the most flexible, artistic, hopeful people in existence, for whom everything needed to be done, but who

were ready to suffer everything for the glory of Hellas. They expected taxation, but it was to be for education, for road-making, for political elevation. They knew that, instead of the coveted republic, they were to possess a monarchy, — a foreign prince sustained at first by foreign bayonets; but they expected of the superior enlightenment of the Allied Powers one who would rule for their good, — in a spirit of wise forecaste, if not of unselfish philanthropy. The mistakes which any other royal puppet might have committed this boy-king from Bavaria did not escape. He surrounded himself with Bavarian ministers, who cared not to know the language of the country; who transplanted their German politics to the uncongenial soil of Attica; who acted as if a long-enslaved race needed to be kept down, not to be lifted up. The first thing which they set about was a crowning blunder: the millions borrowed of the great powers were lavished upon a hospital-like palace, of immense extent, for a childless pair, but glittering in peerless marble, on a point little less conspicuous than the renowned Acropolis; but they have never built more than one road, and that of a few miles' extent, and manifestly for the royal comfort, from the Peiræus to Athens. The already bankrupt nation Otho has burdened with a debt to foreign governments, for even the interest of which he was unable to make any provision; as, thanks to his army establishment, the government plunges itself annually deeper and deeper into hopeless embarrassment. He erected, to be sure, a school system of acknowledged excellence, headed by a university, under all the circumstances truly noble; but he has left robbery and murder to go on nearly the same, has abandoned many parts of the country to utter insecurity, and frequently pardons out of prison convicted highwaymen. He has yielded to the public demand a constitution very attractive upon paper, and highly lauded by Professor Felton; but remarkable for a provision which puts the national legislature completely under the thumb of this autocratic king. The Senate is of royal appointment: that ought not to surprise us: but three representatives have to be elected in each qualified community, only one of whom is selected by the king as the actual member. With the unlimited bribery which Otho has exercised

both before and after election, this constitution is nothing less than an insult. Yearly, a hundred legislators assemble at the Capitol to waste nearly a twelvemonth in voting through every government measure, in providing profitable jobs for their friends, in entirely disregarding crying national wants, and, most of all, in magnificent orations to their own vainglory.

If the best-administered government is generally the best, Otho's may claim to be what Young Athens calls it, the worst. During these twenty-two years it has succeeded in changing universal enthusiasm into almost as universal contempt; it has conferred not a single blessing upon its subjects which was not almost certain without its help; it has hindered national development as much as its timid bureaucracy dared to stem the tide; it has crushed the public resources under a wantonly aggravated and perfectly hopeless debt; it does no manner of justice to national character, probably not being able to perceive what is excellent in this rising race, but gives the utmost vigor to the violence of faction, the licentiousness of debate, the lawlessness of the ruder peasantry, the tendency to deeds of blood.

Possibly it may be thought, that Grecian emancipation was a political blunder, and that the people deserved nothing better than Turkish serfdom; some are even found to argue, with Urquhart, that it is the duty of the Allied Powers to replace them beneath the Ottoman yoke; and that the battle of Navarino, which insured independence, was what Wellington thought it, a monstrous error. Such persons represent the whole race as utterly degenerate: in face of the substantial progress made during a quarter of a century's emancipation, in spite of the whole nation's remarkable thirst for knowledge, their spiritual freedom, their noble aspirations, their willingness to sacrifice for the public good, they are said to be composed of three vile elements, "liar, robber, slave."

The first charge, that of falsehood, is the most serious. Two centuries of the bitterest bondage were enough to have made honesty somewhat rare, had not the Greek been remarkable for ingenuity rather than accuracy of statement, for versatility more than integrity of character. From the Apostle Paul, who writes to Titus that "one of themselves" called "the Cretans always liars,"

an unbroken testimony reaches our time in proof of this national infirmity. Michael the Eighth, pronounced by the historian a fac-simile of the Greek emperors, was "an inborn liar"; while a Greek satirist of the fourteenth century asserts of his own people, that "their tongue spoke one thing, their mind meditated another, and their actions accorded with neither." The noble story of their Revolution is often sullied with treachery, as where the Turkish garrison were promised a safe passage out of the Saint Spiridion monastery, but were nearly all murdered as they came forth.* The only thing in which there is any approach to an agreement among travellers regards the general mendacity of the Greek wherever he is found, from the boatman, hardly content with four times his proper fare from the American he professes to venerate, to the Consular Agent of the United States, who was wont to provide the traveller with a contract which he was obliged to pay for, and was certain to find a fraud when it was too late.†

But then, as a nation, the Greeks are brave, eloquent, hospitable, intelligent, and zealous to improve. So long as the gallant defence of Missolonghi is remembered, and such names as Miaulis and Maurocordato are treasured as household words, not a word need be said about their national bravery. Another quality, their boasted "englottia," is really without a parallel. In the marketplace, the coffee-house, the legislative assembly, flows the Pactolus of eloquent speech. Recovering rapidly their ancient tongue, more than any other people they aspire after purity of diction, are eager to banish every foreign word, and strive together to adapt the language of Demosthenes to their new wants, rather than borrow an iota from a culture inferior to their own. The English suggest that this "liberty of prophesying" is excessive; that the Athenian parliaments ought to be abridged; that these endless talkers had better be at work. But Greece finds, as America does, that this earnest discussion is not all an evil; that through an

* Felton and Smith's History of Greece, Chap. LIII. § 14.

† Upon complaint to the Department at Washington, these rogues have generally been replaced by American citizens, the only persons that ought ever to have been made our foreign representatives.

unfettered press it educates the public mind, directs attention to notorious abuses, gives a safe vent to indignant feeling, indicates to intelligent administrators the path which they ought to pursue, and is infinitely to be preferred to that apathy which stifles hope and deadens the soul. The great Revolution is considered as having given the decisive tendency to a pure Hellenism; and a great part of Greek scholarship is successfully directed to the entire recovery of a language whose preservation is one of the most remarkable facts in literary history. An English Professor of Greek describes the present dialect of Athens as the only form of speech at once thoroughly ancient and thoroughly modern, invaluable to Europe as an unbroken link between the most ancient civilization and the most modern, invaluable to the Greeks as a nervous system of national life, and a finely ramified network of homogeneous culture.

There is no other land which welcomes the stranger so warmly, especially if he is an American. There is no other where even the poorest of the poor counts it a privilege to share his scanty meal with the wayfarer; and the "well-off" resent compensation for bed or board as an insult. The fashion of entertaining the guest first and asking his name afterwards still prevails, as if to present the traveller a faithful picture of classic times. And the spirit of those Grecian homes proves that the iron of servitude did not rust into their souls: their purity is in strange contrast with the defilement of Italy under the same sky; fraternal affection is as touchingly manifested as in Germany; reverence to parents is far enough from being extinct, and through all their destitution of what we esteem necessities, contentedness and good cheer prevail.

Lord Carlisle's "Diary in Greek Waters" dwells upon the interesting fact, that many house-servants at Athens are poor boys from the country, working for their food, that they may attend upon a University-class. In no country are greater sacrifices made to obtain an education. "One meal a day," in order to keep a family at school, is no idle word among the country poor; Greek merchants doing business in foreign ports have frequently sent home generous contributions to this good cause. Professor Felton gave particular attention to this sub-

ject while recently in Greece, and his report is the more valuable because of his familiarity with the public-school system among us, and the prominent facts must have surpassed all his expectations. A national movement is taking place in this direction which does not depend upon the government, and which is certain finally to react on the Church. Besides the thirty newspapers now issued from the Greek press in perfect freedom, besides the literary journals, the historical works, and the popular songs, a single one of the book firms at Athens issues annually six hundred thousand text-books for the schools, the gymnasia, and the University, — a vast amount, considering how many families are too poor even to own a chair or a table, perhaps a fork or a metal spoon.

Inasmuch as this point bears powerfully on the Church of the Future, we are tempted to dwell upon it a moment longer. During all the Moslem sway, the Greek looked down upon his tyrant as a stupid beast; the first thought in casting off this groaning load was of universal education: the old love of artistic culture seems never to have grown cold. And now, in the most beautiful and aristocratic street of the regenerated city, stand these two beautiful and perfectly significant structures, the Panepistemeion and the Parthenogogeion, — both of them national institutions, welcoming all the earnest young men and young women of Hellas, both fully attended and ably conducted, and exerting in every respect an admirable influence. For a million of recently emancipated serfs, it is something to possess and support a University of forty professors and six hundred students, a full public High School for Females, in addition to Dr. Hill's flourishing seminary, three hundred and ten schools of mutual instruction, called "Demotic," eighty-five "Hellenic," and seven Gymnasia. "Can you doubt," says Saripolos, "that this Greek spirit, so agile and subtle, will one day dominate the thick and hard Muscovite intellect?"

The most signal failure of King Otho has been in his neglect of agriculture.* When, in riding over a naturally fertile soil, you ask why these ancient grain-fields

* In the very first royal proclamation, February 6, 1833, particular reference was made to the "wasted fields" of the kingdom of Hellas.

are all a waste, the answer is, "The bad government, Sir!" It is perfectly absurd to expect a country destitute of navigable streams to yield abundant crops, where no roads exist for their transportation to market; and in Europe highways are always a government enterprise, the people no more venturing on their construction than upon the erection of a palace or a prison. It was rather ominous, that the king* who lies under the reproach of having spent on frescos and galleries the sums for which the Bavarian highways were crying aloud, should have given a sovereign to a land whose first necessity was that very facility of communication which Munich has wanted so much. Agriculture, not art, the farm, not the palace, should have been the first thought and the leading measure of Otho's administration. Those borrowed millions, invested in draining the swamps, bridging the streams, restoring the ancient highways, supplying modern ploughs and better breeds of cattle, would have yielded an immense return in national income, would never have been the theme of patriotic indignation, nor opened an abyss of debt threatening to bury in its grave one newly risen from the dead. But after all these years of constitutional and unconstitutional royalty, the desert is a desert still, the marshes breed just as much malaria, tillage is quite as barbarous, the farmer is if possible more oppressed than ever by merciless taxation, and national imports frightfully exceed exports. True, there has been some improvement on the days of semi-barbarous servitude; but this is mostly upon the surface, is confined to favored regions, is without even the concurrence of government, which has meddled with everything else, and given over this great interest to antiquated customs and financial destitution.

In one respect the government could not hinder, though it does not appear to have helped, national progress. There is hardly a better sailor in existence than the Greek. Surrounded by that ever-lovely sea, he takes to it as the duck to the nearest pond. That little Syra, where the Mediterranean steamers stop regularly on the

* Otho's father had been the first to take an interest in the Greek struggle, and had furnished substantial material aid.

route to and from Constantinople, is rather a marvellous exhibition of this commercial prosperity. In 1830, says Macculloch, in his valuable *Gazetteer*, the island numbered forty-five hundred inhabitants; but, owing to its central situation and its superior harbor, it now contains about twenty-seven thousand. The official report of the Greek marine gave a tonnage of some sixty-one thousand for the whole kingdom in 1821, against more than two hundred and forty-seven thousand tons in 1852. In the great cities of the world, in London and Trieste, in Venice and Odessa, in Alexandria and Constantinople, are to be found exceedingly prosperous Greek merchants, who have not forgotten their native land, and will yet augment its brightening future. A great part of the carrying trade of the Mediterranean, when not performed by the Austrian and other steamers, is in the hands of Hellenists; and all accounts agree in representing them as admirable sailors, agile, hardy, and full of enterprise. As this is a providential direction, and not in any degree a government affair, as it has a double foundation in their mobility of character and their position in the bosom of the *Ægean*, we may expect to see Grecian commerce becoming more and more conspicuous, until the glory belonging to better days shall rest upon its rising flag again. Already far advanced in comparison with their old masters, the scale will turn still more, until no Turkish vessel will presume to face them on an element so peculiarly their own. Had the Sultan dared to trust himself to the "perfidious Greek," he might have been as strong as he is feeble in this department of service; possessing, as he does, the finest seaports, and one of the most central sea-coasts, in the world.

Having thus seen that there are materials enough in Greece, only not yet wrought into shape, but rapidly taking available form in education and in commerce,—what shall be said of that Church so prominent in the most interesting struggle of our day? Here again there is abundant opportunity for the most opposite opinions; and we shall be obliged to side with either party to a degree. One traveller sees nothing but a disgusting routine, an endless ritual, a tawdry ceremony, a stupid priesthood, an indifferent public, a doctrine not much

better than the faintest shadow of Christianity, — and of course, when his book is written, it is full of amazement, if not indignation, that anything should be hoped from this Nazareth.

Another visitor, fresh from Moslem stupor, finds the free circulation of the Scriptures, occasional preaching, no doctrine of indulgences, a married and therefore virtuous, an honest if uneducated clergy, nothing akin to the ambitious despotism of Rome, or the political intrigues of Jesuitism; and so he thanks God and takes courage, and writes his book predicting the restoration of a purified cross to the magnificent dome of Saint Sophia, and is ridiculed by his brother Britons as a crazy Philhellenist.

In all such conflicting statements, as in every considerable quarrel, there is truth on either side. Superficially regarded, the Greek Church might be ranked below Islamism, and is frequently so rated upon the spot by disgusted observers; yet in its doctrines, its government, its whole position, there is everything to hope.

The worst daubs in the world are those pictured saints which hang around many a Greek shrine; — there is said to be a kind of piety in making them as homely as possible, as Egypt felt itself forbidden by superstitious reverence to make its sculptured deities as graceful as its horses; — and the limbs as well as “the glory” of a Greek St. George are sometimes a huge piece of silver or gold covering over half the portrait, and making rather a ludicrous impression on the foreign sight-seer. As to the public ceremonial, either at Athens or Jerusalem, either in the ordinary mass or upon high festivals, it is disgusting beyond description, — the most repulsive worship anywhere found short of actual heathenism, — in a word, a perpetual snore. The prayers, which fill twenty folios, are rattled off as rapidly as possible, because of their interminable length, sometimes without any auditory, often with but a score of hearers. In the Russian-Greek Church we were assured that the prayer for the royal family could not be finished in half an hour; and we suppose that in the exclusively national Church King Otho is remembered at equal length on festival-days, especially on that great day for royalty, “Orthodox Sunday.” And yet, three times every day this ceremony

must be despatched, at matins, vespers, and before noon, at exhausting length, the priest within the folded gates of the inner sanctuary reciting nasally what was intended for a choir, and in such haste, that only a word can be distinguished here and there. The most ancient ritual, that of St. James, is used only once a year; that of St. Basil, composed about A. D. 370, is chiefly used during Lent; the common one is ascribed to St. Chrysostom, and varies from day to day, and from one part of the day to another. All the attendant ceremonies, baptism by immersion, the visitation of the sick, the burial rite, when each person holds a lighted candle, occupy so much time, that, when we take into account the poverty of the priests, their characteristic humility and want of education, hope from this quarter seems to wax faint, and we can hardly restrain our surprise that our worthy countryman, Dr. King, braving so many perils and making so many sacrifices for Protestant Christianity, has found so little foothold even in courtly Athens.

But then, by way of compensation, is the free circulation of the Scriptures, which Protestants, whom the constitution prohibits from proselyting, devote themselves to with wise zeal. And there is the pulpit, an instrument of regeneration among a people naturally eloquent, which cannot always wear this droning muzzle. The statement has been made in high quarters, that there is no preaching at present; but the Russian portion of the Greek Church discourse commonly from a manuscript upon the desk, and in the National Church of Greece a portion of the priests are regularly appointed to this added duty, and enjoy the privilege of the pulpit to the exclusion of their weaker brethren.

And next, the theology of the Greek Church is not so bad as might appear. During the dark ages, Transubstantiation, which was no part of its primitive persuasion, crept in through Romish subtlety; and the communion service, which bears exclusively the name of "Liturgy," reads, "that every true Christian ought to be assured that, in this most exalted mystery, he does not partake of the simple bread and common wine, but of the real body of Christ himself." But the communion is freely administered in both kinds to the people, nor has there ever been any sale of indulgences, nor any doc-

trine of purgatory, so profitable to a mercenary priesthood; and from the fact, that, before any ceremony is performed, a hard bargain is commonly driven with the poor* clergymen regarding the fee which is almost his only livelihood, and that this clergyman is dependent upon the people of his charge for the support of a family as well as of himself, we see that any approach to a Romish despotism is nipped in the bud. Their monasteries† have always borne a blameless reputation, are generally reduced in finances as well as numbers, and might, without serious difficulty, return their cheerless drones to those walks of industry where they are so much needed. In the Romish system, the monk is essential to the Pope; in papal lands the monastery has still vast power. It is the reverse in the Greek Church; the Patriarch, not coveting temporal dominion, does not seem to lean on this organized fanaticism; the National Church does not agree with it, and every step of recent progress is hostile to its existence.

But the grand distinction of the Eastern from the Western Church is one which pledges to it a brighter future. Because there was always a supreme civil head to the nation, there could not be a spiritual one; the existence of a Greek emperor nullified a Greek pope. One side of the Adriatic was the throne of a despotism which pretended to govern the civilized world; on the other side sat a similar superstition, upon a humble footstool, beneath a sometimes unfriendly government, and therefore never able to stifle spiritual freedom, never disposed to usurp temporal power, but commonly poor as Rome was rich, indolent as Rome was zealous, lowly as Rome was proud, and local as Rome was universal. So that the obstacle to progress presented by a body so intelli-

* The extreme destitution which we have ourselves witnessed among the Oriental clergy is some apology for facts like the following. Cyril Athanasius, the Bishop of Bakaah, sent after the English ' , Dr. Elliott, whom he had lodged, demanding payment for his 's stay. A single piece of gold was sent back in answer to the unreasonable request, with which the prelate professed not to be compensated for the expense of the entertainment, but afterwards owned the falsehood and asked forgiveness.

† It is an interesting fact, that the vast increase of monks was a main cause of the surrender of Constantinople to the Turks, — "thirty monasteries being reckoned on the banks of one canal of the city," — and only six thousand soldiers engaging in the defence of the very extended walls. Dr. King's Rites and Ceremonies, p. 367.

gent, united, zealous, persevering, and isolated as the priests, need never be feared in the Oriental Church; nor is there any part of its system which can be turned to good account by Romanism.

The orthodox Greek, and he esteems himself the most orthodox of Christians, hates the Pope little less than the Devil; for at one time a rival patriarch was nominated at Rome, and sent with a corps of bishops to take possession of the See of Constantinople, a usurpation resented even by the Turks; and a little later, in the seventeenth century, the French monks persuaded the Sultan to destroy the first printing-press ever carried among the Greeks, and thus "blasted the first bud from the seared tree of learning." And later events have only brought this hatred, often so intense among those who believe most nearly alike, into glaring prominence before the civilized world.

In the present war Russia was not wholly wrong. Religious privileges,* belonging to that Church which has no other royal protector save the Czar, were rudely torn from its accustomed hands, and made the exclusive enjoyment of its envious enemy, the Latin Catholic. Insults were inflicted upon it,—filth, for instance, thrown upon those who were passing in to worship at the Holy Sepulchre,—which no persons that respected themselves could tolerate. The protest made by Russia, in the name of Greek Christianity,† was a necessity; its demand of protection against future injury was proper enough, in treating with so feeble and easily swayed a Sultan as Abdul Medjid.‡ A guaranty might

* Dr. Southgate, once Missionary Bishop of Constantinople, takes the ground that the Greeks are right in the controversy regarding the Holy Places. "There can be no reasonable question that they belong of right to the Eastern Church, both because their original foundation and first possession were Oriental, and because they fall within the dioceses of Oriental bishops."—*War in the East*, p. 6.

† The doubt which some affect to feel regarding Russia's being the acknowledged champion of the Greek Church, ought to vanish before such facts as the Greek clergy's forming the escort with which Menschikoff made his triumphal entry into Constantinople, when the demand was made which paved the way to the present strife. *War in the East*, p. 11.

‡ As by a treaty, dated 1673, the Sultan granted to Louis XIV. "that the king of France be recognized the sole protector of the Catholics in the East," that is, of the Latin subjects of the Ottoman power, the similar demand of the Czar for a Protectorate of the Greek Christians could not be resisted on the ground of any special injustice.

have been given, to be sure, which would not have shaken the integrity of the Ottoman empire; but none such was proposed; and the commencement of the present war seems to have been, as Europe is now governed, inevitable.

As we scan the Greek religion more closely in comparison with the Latin, every difference seems to be in favor of the weaker and humbler party. The marriage of the clergy does very much to unite the priest with the people, though we cannot enough regret the Oriental dress, the long beard, and flowing hair, which keep up a professional costume, separate the clergy from the commonalty, abridge freedom of intercourse, and continue the prejudice of caste, as if they were indeed mediators, as they are termed. But there is no doubt of the public attachment to the existing Church; even that sonorous snivel, so often accompanied with a clerical smile, is received with profoundest reverence. And the Church itself is regarded as the bond of national union. "Notre religion est personification de notre nationalité," says Saripolos. It has identified itself with the holy cause of freedom: it has even marched in the van of the army of martyrs. The venerable Patriarch of Constantinople, with three bishops and eight priests, were the earliest victims of the Revolution, being executed without trial, and upon mere suspicion, immediately after high mass, and with every circumstance of indignity. The Archbishop of Patræ became one of the popular leaders in the war of independence, and the clergy as a body distinguished themselves as patriots, participated in the hardships and shared the peril of that fearful year, 1821. A Church thus identified with the noblest struggle for national existence since our own, — a Church adorned with purity of life and humility of bearing, — can hope everything from the affections of its subjects. A far-seeing government would, we think, confer more power on a body of men, as remote as possible from ambition, and ever true to national interests; but especially would educate the sadly ignorant priesthood,* lighten the load of ceremony, more oppressive than

*Dr. King gives rather a rich anecdote of the degraded state of the Russian clergy. At the end of Lent the priest goes round from house to house

in any part of Christendom, supplant the mechanical drone by the Latin chant, — provided that no better approach can be made to an intelligent, improving, congregational offering.

Writers of the English Church make the contrast between the Eastern and Western Churches as marked as possible; Waddington even considers the Greek “a half-way house” from Oxford to Rome: he exults in the fact, that the Patriarch, from his dependent position, and the clergy, from their general poverty, can hardly become ambitious, — are likely to take part in any popular movement, — and, as it seems to us, if fairly persuaded that their own intellectual culture would vastly accelerate the elevation of their country, would not be content with being mere organ-grinders of a ritual nowise imposing, graceful, improving, or profitable, but would by their own adaptation to these enlightened times strike a note that would be felt to the remotest bounds of Grecian Christendom.

And now to answer in a few words the natural question, “What is to be done with Greece in the present crisis?” The most wholesome advice is the easiest to be reduced to practice. It is high time that she was let alone; that no more *faineant* kings, no more French constitutions, no more Russian insurrections, should be imposed upon her. She has been cheated, insulted, crushed, misguided, long enough. Individuals have made generous offerings at her classic shrine, but foreign governments have behaved infamously towards this long-suffering sister, have curtailed her proper proportions, wrenched from her grasp the fairest islands, suppressed the natural uprisings against the remaining Turkish thralldom, and vilified her name before the world. Under the pretence of preserving the Ottoman power, an Anglo-French in-

giving a benediction, which protects the family from the bad effects of too eager feeding after so much fasting. One poor fellow failed of receiving his blessing, because of some difficulty with his parish priest; but, rather than lose the grand surfeit, such a present was carried to his reverence as induced him to come to terms with the offender. Still the distance was such as to preclude a clerical visit; but the priest got over this difficulty by saying a prayer into the peasant's cap, and ordering him to carry it safe into his house, and there open it to each of the four corners, adding to it a personal benediction.

vation has very lately extinguished the watch-lights of freedom in her oppressed North.

First of all, then, she deserves, as she demands, to be let alone, that she may develop her own resources, unfold a national character, become a self-governed, self-consistent nationality.

And, as these meddlesome "high powers" leave a soil where they have no more business than upon our own, we would have them administer such a lesson to the man of straw they have seated on her young throne as even he cannot forget, — warning him that some nobler use can be made of exhausted finances than political corruption, apprising him that the civilized world looks with amazement upon his utter incapacity, pointing his blind Bavarianism to those rich fields now as deserted as when the huzzas of the world ushered him to his Athenian throne. Had he been at all true to his enviable opportunity as the Moses of an emancipated people, had he understood any element of national prosperity or progress, not a doubt would remain as to the proper disposal of the vexed "Eastern Question." It would be felt that the original heirs of the soil, bound to it by every suffering, every memory, every hope, by literature as well as religion, were the only people deserving, or capable of succeeding to, the sceptre of the waning crescent in that gorgeous capital of their ancient empire; and

"That Greece should guard, by right divine,
The portals of the Eastern world."

F. W. H.

ART. VI.—NORTON'S TRANSLATION OF THE GOSPELS.*

IN a recent number of this journal,† we reviewed, from the sheets then in our possession, a posthumous work by the late Mr. Norton, on "The Internal Evidences of the Genuineness of the Gospels." We announced at the

* *A Translation of the Gospels. With Notes.* By ANDREWS NORTON. In Two Volumes. Vol. I. *The Text.* (pp. 443.) Vol. II. *Notes.* (pp. 565.) Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1855. 8vo.

† Christian Examiner, January, 1855.

same time that the press was performing its office upon the Translation of the Gospels, with Notes, which the same eminent scholar had left as the sacred legacy of a life of faithful toil, to be given to the world after his removal from it.

"Stat sua cuique dies; breve et irreparabile tempus
Omnibus est vitæ; sed famam extendere factis,
Hoc virtutis opus."

We must use the Roman *fama* and *virtus* in their noblest and purest sense if we would express by them this Christian scholar's aim and the moral qualities by which he sought to win its high reward. The two works now appear together. The Anniversary Week, which draws to this city the great company of Christian ministers, offered to them many attractive volumes published in season to meet the Pentecostal time; but we apprehend that none of the new books drew more wistful eyes than were turned upon the three volumes now before us. Upon their mechanical execution the most faithful skill of the type-founder, the paper-maker, and the printer has been bestowed, and they never spent their efforts upon a work more worthy of them. There is no impropriety in filling out the announcement made by the initial letters appended to an Editorial Note, and in informing our readers that Mr. Charles Eliot Norton, the only son of the author, and Mr. Ezra Abbot, Jr., both of them men of high culture and accurate scholarship, have superintended the publication of the volumes. We happen to know something of the diligent and conscientious pains which they have spent, by day and by night, for many months, in the work which addressed itself to them by the strongest appeals upon their loving and self-rewarding zeal. This fact must add emphasis to the remark which ought first to be uttered over these volumes, as the thought which suggests it will first present itself to the mind of every considerate reader. These volumes contain the results of the most cautious, deliberate, and mature study, and on every page they bear witness to that religious conviction of their author, that he who would write or publish his views upon a subject involving the sacred interests of man ought to devote his lifetime to the work of preparation, and avoid a hasty or

ill-considered utterance as an offence against the cause of truth. We know not how the language of rebuke could convey a sharper reproach upon those who despatch in a week, a month, or a year their essays or discourses upon the fundamentals of religion and revelation, than is offered in the fact that these volumes appear only *now*. Thousands of persons have died who had either heard of them as in preparation, or would have sought with avidity to peruse them; but so long as their author was able to learn more of truth, he shrunk from every needless and remediable imperfection in its utterance. It was consistent with the whole method of his task in his own life, that the fruits of it should be most cautiously and laboriously made public.

Mr. Norton was first appointed to an office of instruction in Cambridge in 1811. During the seven years that had intervened between that date and his completion of his own undergraduate course in the College, sacred studies had engaged his heart and mind. He was revising one of the Notes to his Translation of the Gospels when, in the summer of 1853, his long-enfeebled constitution yielded to the last assault of disease. He never had any other professional task than that of teaching, and his teaching was almost exclusively confined to Biblical literature, and thus we have in our hands a work which is the product of half a century of such scholarly zeal as there are but few to imitate, and as none can surpass. These new volumes abound in references to, and contain many extended quotations from, the previously published works of the author, which reach over a period of many years. A significant token of one of his most marked characteristics is observable in these citations of his own earlier words and opinions. We cannot call to mind any parallel case of such persistency in views once expressed. And even in cases in any degree similar, in which men who have uttered important conclusions on important subjects have been studious to preserve their self-consistency after an interval of years, there are generally some indications of a holding to a previous self-committal as a matter of pride, at the expense of candor. The caution and deliberation with which Mr. Norton formed his opinions, and the general moderation with which he ex-

pressed them, saved him from the necessity of modifying in latter years the opinions to which he had before committed himself. His thorough conscientiousness might have relieved such a necessity of all that is mortifying in taking back one's own words, but the same conscientiousness, felt at the right time, happily insured him against that trial of a scholar's pride. As he refers his readers now to the works which they had on their shelves from his pen, he has no need to make the difficult though honest avowals implied in such sentences as these: "Here I was wrong"; "This I wish to qualify"; or, "I have found reason to change an opinion once expressed by me." He was constantly reviewing his opinions; but those of them which he had uttered had been too carefully weighed to require revision.

The reader will at once be reminded that the volumes before him, while they present to him under their title a retranslation into English of the Text of the Gospels with Notes, involve equally the two other great themes of sacred criticism,—namely, a reconsideration of the evidences of the Christian religion, and an exposition of its doctrinal and didactic substance.

The most venturesome and dubious labor to which the pen of critic or scholar can be devoted is that of making a new version, in the English language, of the Four Gospels. The chances are nearly all against his meeting with even tolerable success, while his risks of offending, not only prejudices and predilections, but some things a great deal more strong and a great deal better than either, are fearfully hazardous. It is a task in which profound scholarship, genius, and piety will by no means insure a felicitous result, even though they are united in their choicest combination. There are so many standards by which the merits and the defects of such a work would be judged, as to justify the assertion, that they are in direct opposition at some most important points with each other, and therefore that it would be impossible to satisfy even the reasonable elements that would be allowed to enter into them. Good taste, religious jealousy, and the heart's strongest and fondest associations, would find materials for complaint and for regret on every page of a new version of the Four Gospels in our mother tongue. It used to be predicted, some

fifty years ago, that, before that period had passed, some one or more of the sects of Protestantism would favor the use in the pulpit of a new version of the Bible. There is less and less likelihood every year that the prediction will be fulfilled; there is a steadily increasing strength of conviction, that it will henceforward be quoted as a mere fancy, and be rejoiced over as a disarmed threat or a dispelled apprehension. We suppose that every theological student, who works with thoroughness and enthusiasm over the written oracles, regards it, in his years of pupilage, as the first necessity in his profession, that there should be a new version. He may even entertain the suggestion, that perhaps he is the person to supply the deficiency, — in preparing a manuscript, at least, for his own private use. We may err in this supposition, by generalizing into a rule the short-lived purposes which may have presented themselves to only a minority of Scripture students. But we have no misgivings as to the truth of a second supposition which we will advance, in intimating that, in nine cases out of ten, a Christian minister, after several years of service in his profession, will pronounce a new English version to be the least called for, the least desirable, and the least to be welcomed, of all the intellectual labors of man. Constant study and perusal do indeed keep before him the defects of our present version, and when he is reading from it in the pulpit, or selecting a text in his study, the wish may become quite familiar that this or that expression or phraseology might be changed. He has a feeling — probably a very strong and just one too — that the perplexities which weigh upon the minds of some hearers, aggravating a sceptical tendency and impeding the work of edification, are in large measure caused by some infelicities or inaccuracies of the Gospel text, and would be sensibly relieved by some very slight emendations. But this same constant study and use of the Scriptures works an effect on the minister's mind and feelings directly counter to that which would dispose him to favor any change. His riper age makes him tolerant of critical imperfections which his quicker sensitiveness in youth so readily apprehended. He becomes oblivious of the niceties of idiom, and the discordances evolved by the effort to construct a harmony. The later sermons of

a minister very seldom rely, for their point or power, upon a rectification of the language of their texts. The use of the Bible for devotional purposes always abates the zeal for any other mode of dealing with it. If a proposition were made in any quarter to change the version of the Bible now in use in the pulpits of English Protestant Christians, it would be met by a storm of objections. We do not mean to imply that all these objections would be reasonable, for some of them doubtless would be futile, and some essentially superstitious and fanciful. But if poor and inconclusive reasons were offered against the proposition, it would not be for lack of other reasons, which the wisest and the best would not shrink from urging.

Our readers must judge whether in this statement we have misrepresented the general opinion prevailing around us. We are mindful of the earnest advocacy with which some individuals have urged the vital importance of a revision of our English Bible. If a convention were called for effecting it, the object might be allowed to be worthy of the debates and the plans of the picked scholars of all Christendom, who would offer a most becoming tribunal, before which controversial issues might be discussed to the best purpose. We can indeed conceive that all the colleges of English Protestant Christians might be invited to send delegates to a convention, designed to sit for five years, weighing critically every proposed emendation of the text of the Bible. The assembly might be even in aspect more august, and would certainly be better warranted in its purpose, than that represented in Raphael's fresco of the Dispute upon the Sacrament of the Real Presence. But we can conceive of no other agency than that of some such scholarly conclave, from all sects and parties, as ever promising to change our common English version of the Bible.

The reasons by which this strong attachment to our present version, and this strong repugnance to the substitution of another in its place, would vindicate themselves, if challenged, are, as we have intimated, many, and contain various degrees of the qualities which constitute a *reason* for or against anything. The general excellence of our own version has been admitted and even insisted upon by the vast majority of those who are

competent to pronounce an opinion on the matter. Alike for prevailing fidelity to the original text, for simplicity, terseness, dignity, tenderness, and force in its renderings, and for the Saxon element which gives it its character, the English Bible, taken as a whole, has received a sentence of approbation which can never be revoked. There was also something more than opportune and remarkable, there was something providential even, in that date in time—considered relatively to many other incidents and events—in which our version came into use. It was just in season to admit of its being brought by the English colonists to this New World, to be made here a bond in the idiom, as well as in the language, of mighty nations, for holding them in as close a relationship, in matters of religious belief and interest, as the conditions of the case will allow. Before the inhabitants of Britain had been sundered into the various sects still existing and multiplying there, and just as the rupture was about to take place, this version was “by royal authority appointed to be read in all churches.” This is the only edict of any monarch which successive generations of Christians have ever regarded, and it is the only one which redeems the name and the reign of James I. from absolute contempt. That our mother country should have given to her own children, about to be sundered into various communions of believers and worshippers, and to those who were about to exile themselves to plant the Gospel in the Western continent, this one common version of the Bible, and that this gift should have been bestowed at the only point of time in which it would have been accepted, may stand as the foremost reasons which warrant the prevailing attachment to it, and resist any substitute for it. And yet these are not the reasons which weigh most with those who are concerned in the matter. There are millions of Christians who are so far from being influenced by these reasons, that they do not even know of the facts on which they are based. Nor have we space for the statement of the other reasons, still less for discussing the degree of good *reason* which these other reasons may proceed upon in the minds and feelings of those who cherish our common English Bible. It is enough to say, that there are reasons given and allowed which warrant the assertion al-

ready advanced as to the venture run by any one who undertakes a new version of what is to us the most valuable portion of the Bible. There is no single sect or denomination of Christians, which, as a whole, would not indorse our statement, that the most venturesome undertaking in any province of critical scholarship is that of making a new version in the English language of the Four Gospels. This indorsement would consist in a simple refusal to give a new version the place, and the confidence, and the love, now given to what is in all our hands. It is a curious fact, which doubtless multitudes of persons have consciously verified, that, though we may not ourselves quote sentences of Scripture from memory with perfect verbal accuracy, we are generally well aware of, and most commonly are disagreeably affected by, any mistake which another person may make in such quotations.

We might not be able to rectify the error; we might make blunders of our own in attempting to do so; but still, if a wrong or a misplaced word, be it but a little particle, falls upon our ear in the repetition of a cherished sentence or a sweet strain, we say, protestingly, "That is not exactly right." And then the familiar phrases and tenor of Scripture language have acquired for us tender associations which give them a charm, which exalt their meaning, and add very much to the utmost significance which grammar, or a dictionary, could possibly find in the words, or the closest interpretation could extract from the sentiment contained in them. There are a thousand little hiding-places and nooks in the words of Scripture, within which devotion has loved to find its sheltered retreats; where words and images, and mere fashionings of the breath or the accent, as they are meditated or uttered, bear us into depths, or lift us into heights, which the soul can reach only with just such aid. Thus it is that by an instinct equally strong and fond we shrink from all changes in such sentences of Scripture as have become charms and amulets and legendary memories to our hearts. Different sentences have won that sweet power, and are made to serve that holy use, to different persons. And this is precisely the secret sway by which the familiar version of the Bible holds all who love it most, and it is by this sensitive nerve within our hearts that we feel the pain started

by the suggestion of a change. The sentences of Scripture, its most cherished phrases and forms of speech, its choicest oracles for each heart, are stamped in that heart's tenderest memories; they sanctify its memories, and educate from them its hopes. They become rhythmical, vibrative to the inner ear; they are enshrined at the secret altar of meditation, conflict, and peace.

But we must check the current of our remarks in this direction. We have before us a new English version of the Four Gospels, and it has not been with a view of prejudicing its claims for a candid and grateful consideration of its own great merits, that we have thus cordially recognized the strength of the attachment cherished towards the same precious records in their old form. We find an easy point of transition from what we have said already, to what we have yet to say, in a suggestion that bears alike upon the common version and upon any one that may be offered from a competent source as an improvement upon it. The suggestion has doubtless been anticipated by the reader, who may have yielded only a qualified assent to our statements concerning the prevailing estimate of the common version. The strength of the feeling which clings to it as it is, and would object to any changes in it, will be accounted to the law of association, and the suggestion will follow, that, when this feeling is analyzed, it will prove to be only one form of our bondage to the letter. Then we must confront the question, whether, supposing our version contains acknowledged errors, or needs emendation, simply, that it may better serve the interests of Christian truth, we ought for one moment to hesitate as to our acceptance of the results of a faithful scholar's critical labors? Associations with the letter of Scripture, however precious and tender, fulfil their highest office for good only when they help to communicate, to impress, and to make effective the sacred truths which are committed to the written record; they certainly must not be allowed to serve as substitutes for something better than themselves, still less to aid in the support of injurious prejudices and obnoxious errors. The Bible is the very last book in which errors, introduced by the ignorance or carelessness of man, and admitting of correction by his progress in knowledge, ought to be allowed to stand un-

challenged and unaltered. A book which holds the place yielded by the wise and good to the sacred volume,—a book which serves such holy uses, and to which are intrusted such momentous interests,—should lack no help which human wit or skill can give it, in allowing it to address each one in “his own mother tongue,” with as rigid a fidelity to the original text as the art of translation can secure. We had better submit to a wrenching of our fondest associations, than be parties to any blending of true faith with mere delusion in such a matter.

This suggestion will of course be admitted by all intelligent persons, as perfectly reasonable in the abstract, but it will be questioned by many, and will be denied by a few, as having any application of real importance to our common translation of the Scriptures. It will be alleged, that, even if the version does contain grammatical, idiomatic, or textual inaccuracies, these are very trivial, and do not in any way peril the interest of an intelligent and edifying use of Scripture. Now we certainly are not concerned to make out a case designed to confute this assertion, though we have a strong conviction of our own that infidelity, and a false theology, and an erroneous and a prejudicial view of the evidences and the substance of revelation, are more or less served by some imperfections in our common version of the Bible. Mr. Norton, a man whose judgment in this matter deserves as much regard as that of any other individual who has ever pronounced upon it, has emphatically declared his own conviction, that errors in our common version, and erroneous views of the sources, the authority, and the contents of the original texts, are the chief sources of scepticism, modern superstition, false theology, and prevailing misconceptions about religion.

But the suggestion we have advanced is by no means restricted, in its bearing upon the question of new versions, to the condition that very manifest and very harmful errors should be indicated in our present version. The power of the associations connected by heart and mind with the familiar text has fastened upon some sentences, which in their phraseology or turn of expression may for various reasons convey wrong impressions, or fail to communicate the meaning of their writers, or any meaning at all. Take, for instance, some of the words and

phrases on which prevailing views, having a bearing upon the evidences, the doctrines, and the precepts of revelation, have a most vital dependence, and see how important grammatical and etymological accuracy, and idiomatic construction, and all the elements of textual criticism, become, on account of the extreme interest committed to such words in their single signification or their place in a phrase or a sentence. We read of "the day of judgment," and the question at once arises, if Christian doctrine, as taught from an authoritative source, is committed to an announcement conformed to a popular conception, that *one day* has been designated in the lapse of distant ages in which God shall summon all the risen dead before his tribunal to receive their everlasting allotments. It is for the critical scholar to tell us whether this is the fair implication of the original text, or whether an equally correct, or rather a more correct, construction is put upon the words, by regarding them as referring to *a* day, any day, each present and passing day, as exhibiting a continuous process of divine retribution.

Again, we read that "All manner of sin and blasphemy shall be forgiven unto men; but the blasphemy against the Holy Ghost shall not be forgiven unto men." How serious a matter it thus becomes with us to define with rigid exactness the nature of that one single sin, which is thus alone exempted from the compass of God's pardoning mercy. The meaning of a word, or of two or three words, must decide that issue. We remember having held an interview with an estimable woman, who was laboring under very deep depression in the form of religious melancholy, in the course of which she said that she was guilty of the unpardonable sin against the Holy Ghost. With all the sincerity and earnestness of sympathy which we could express, we signified our sorrow that she should feel her conscience burdened with such a sin. We added, that we could never fully satisfy ourselves as to the nature of that sin, and that, as there had been so many opinions as to what constituted it, we should be instructed in the sad secret if she would tell us precisely what the sin of which she accused herself was. She made an attempt to do so, but failing to satisfy her own idea in her words, her conscience seemed

to get relief from the burden, and she never afterwards charged herself with the sin. Another issue arises where we read that this sin shall be forgiven "neither in this world, neither in the world to come." The popular belief, drawn from these words, supposes them to refer to this life and the life to come. Criticism has to arbitrate between this construction and that which interprets them as referring to "this age," or existing dispensation, viz. the Jewish, and the age or dispensation to come, viz. the Christian.

When the Saviour is interpreted as saying, that "many are called, but few are chosen," the majority of readers understand him as affirming that the Gospel makes a large and free offer of its great salvation, and yet that few will finally be found to have so complied with its terms as to receive its gift. The same original words, as construed by Mr. Norton, are made to convey a very general, almost a proverbial announcement, so vague and pointless as to startle no one, — thus: "The invited are many, but the selected are few."

We might multiply illustrations of the weight of significance committed to the familiar words and phrases of our common version of the Gospels, for the purpose of showing how vital is the importance of extreme accuracy in such matters, either as they bear upon the evidences, or involve the doctrinal substance, of the Christian religion. The word *saved* might be allowed to stand as the most signal example of the momentous questions committed to its various interpretations, as embracing relief from a bodily infliction, a recovery from disease, an escape from death, a pardon for sin, and a security against the woe and an assurance of the bliss of the life to come. Such illustrations could hardly be pursued so as to exhaust the material of them in the Gospels alone. But whether we present to ourselves few or many of them, they will give us a profound impression of the momentous importance of accuracy in rendering words to which superstition and ignorance, as well as intelligent faith and piety, must look and do look for their conceptions of God and of God's will and truth as served by the records of a revelation.

We are often told, that our translation of the Bible forms a standard for verbal and grammatical usage for

our language, and is also a security against any changes in our mother tongue. There is a degree of truth in the saying, but by no means entire truth in it. Some words used in our modern speech and literature are used with a very different sense from that which attaches to them in the Bible. Thus, the word *prevent* is there used, according to its Latin etymology, in the sense of *anticipating* or *getting the start of*: with us it never has that signification, but means *to obstruct* or *to oppose*. The verb *to let* has completely reversed its meaning, as in the Bible it means *to oppose*, and in our speech *to permit*. The word *atonement* is a striking example of the change which a false doctrine will introduce in the signification of a Scripture word. The word *election* always refers in the New Testament to the call of a *class*, or *nation*, or *race* of *people*, to the enjoyment of privileges in *this* world, in *this* life. It never refers to the selection of *individuals* for salvation in *another* life. These two perversions have attached to the word by its abuse in doctrinal controversy. Noah Webster has given the word this perverted signification as one of its proper definitions, and now those who trust to his Dictionary will transfer from it to the New Testament a wrong meaning of the word. If therefore our common speech will not hold itself bound to conform to the Bible signification of words, the alternative seems to be, that the words of the Bible must, from time to time, be changed to conform them to the modifications in our language, if we would not lead untaught readers into error.

There are many words which are obsolete, except as they are preserved in use by the Bible. There are many other words into which meanings have been stereotyped that do not belong to them. And there are still other words and several phrases which have become incrustated with associations either prejudicial to the clearness, the assurance, and the enjoyment of a true Christian faith, or used in the service of bigotry and misconception. These certainly are not to be regarded as among the *offences* which "must come." The translators of our common version were not inspired of God, but were guided by their human learning, obtained as we obtain our own. They had no prerogative which authorized them to fix unchangeably in the English tongue, subject

as it must be in itself to constant fluctuations in its vocabulary, the meaning of the words of another tongue; still less had these translators a right to make their judgment the arbitrator in matters open to widely different decisions. We would yield the utmost to a claim, strongly enough, perhaps too strongly, enforced by our own feelings, in behalf of the familiar language of our common version. We will not forget a single sentence of all our literature whose truth or beauty is committed to the crystallized phraseology of that version; we will not destroy the rhythm of a single lyric whose melody or glow is caught from a cherished Scripture text. But we must reiterate the assertion, that accuracy is the paramount recommendation of a version. The great question with us must always be, Does the page, does the sentence before us, present with the utmost exactness which honest and able scholarship can insure, the original words from which we must derive our knowledge and our views of the Gospel? The tenacity with which our common version of the Scriptures is cherished, is significant to many thoughtful minds of a mere idolatry of the letter, which is in itself so prolific a source of controversy, and such a leaden weight upon every effort to harmonize dogmatic strifes, that some persons will advocate a succession of new versions, if only for the purpose of breaking this oppressive spell. Sit down to argue with a friend of another creed some controverted point of faith or doctrine, and he will quote you a text. Perhaps the very emphasis which he gives to the whole text, or even to a word in it, may attach to it on grounds wholly distinct from, and even in opposition to, its real meaning. He may be relying not at all upon a sentiment or an assertion expressed by an Apostle, but upon the meaning and the construction which have been put upon the Scripture words during the long uses of controversy. You may at once discern the bias in his mind, resulting from the bias which has perverted the text, and you will hardly avoid yielding to a degree of disappointment that all fair and unprejudiced discussion is precluded, because the field is so obstructed by the rubbish of all former conflicts. And yet our trials of this sort are not peculiar to this generation, nor wholly unlike those which the first generation of Christians had

to meet. A large part of the whole work of controversy has always been given to the adjustment of terms in use before the issue was opened; and when the Saviour and his Apostles preached, they used technical words and phrases which had previously imbedded themselves in Jewish obstinacy as having a meaning that was not to be trifled with or changed.

We have thus made what we conceive to be a fair statement of the nature and strength of the attachment by which our common version of the Gospels holds the hearts of Christians, and we have offered certainly an unexaggerated plea in justification of the most painstaking efforts to insure greater accuracy in our version, even if the process require a rending of the most cherished associations. According as any one realizes the occasion for changing the phraseology or renderings of our common version, will he approve in the abstract of the purpose of a competent scholar who should take the work in hand; and by the same arbitration will the merits of a new version be pronounced upon. Two conditions will probably be urged as of paramount importance by the majority of intelligent persons; first, that not the slightest verbal change should be made in the English version that was not absolutely demanded for the sake of correcting an error, or relieving a real obscurity, or substituting a full meaning for an imperfect one; and second, that every word, phrase, and sentence substituted for those now read by us should stand either upon the necessity of the case, or should render actual service towards the better expression of the very mind and meaning of the original writer.

We are prepared now to make a brief review of the contents of the two volumes before us. Far be it from us to deal carelessly with these fruits of sacred labor, patiently pursued through a lifetime. We would take modesty and gratitude as our guides, while not forgetful of the claims of the Word whose English echoes we are to criticise.

For reasons which Mr. Norton had set forth in a very elaborate note in his previous great work on the Gospels, he regards the following passages in our received text as of doubtful genuineness, viz. the first two chapters of Matthew, as also chap. xxvii. 3-10; part of the 52d and

the 53d verse of the same chapter; Mark xvi. 9-20; Luke xxii. 43, 44; John v. 3, 4; vii. 53 to viii. 11; and xxi. 24, 25. The Preliminary or Appended Notes contain the extracts from his other writings which give the grounds on which each of these passages, whose genuineness is disputed, is regarded as an interpolation. The Notes also contain Mr. Norton's views upon the various readings, the correspondences among the first three Gospels, and the difference between them and the Gospel of John. Mr. Norton rejects that complicated and unsatisfactory theory of a "Common Document" or "Original Gospel" to which recourse has been had for explaining certain phenomena presented by the works of the first three Evangelists. He assigns A. D. 60 as the proximate date of the composition of the last-named writings. Matthew and John are to be taken as speaking from their own personal knowledge and observation as companions of Jesus, while Mark and Luke are indirect or secondary authorities. Through force of reasons, the value of which can be estimated only by a very careful criticism, Mr. Norton concludes that Mark and Luke were not well acquainted with the chronological order of the events of the Gospel history, and are generally or always wrong when they differ in arrangement from Matthew. We quote an emphatic sentence, which ought to be borne in mind by the reader of Mr. Norton's volumes, for the sake both of its positive assertion and of its qualifying allowance.

"As regards the Apostles, we believe that their minds were enlightened by the Spirit of God, and by direct miraculous communications from Him in regard to the essential truths of Christianity. But we have no warrant to believe, nor is there any probable argument to show, that this divine illumination was further extended."—Vol. II. p. 549.

The first impression which we believe every candid and well-informed reader will receive, as he peruses this new version of the Gospels, will be that derived from the perfect purity of taste which so eminently distinguishes it. Such a reader will take a grateful pleasure in yielding to this impression, and in announcing it. Matters of taste are vital in such a work as this. In no use to which human language is put do we so positively demand the exact medium between the extremes of all

possible risks and faults, as in a version of the Gospels. A stilted grandiloquence and a homely simplicity, swollen phrases and curt laconics, rhetorical adornments and severe literalisms, conventional vulgarisms and pedantic terms of expression, would be equally and painfully offensive. We have read no English from the pen of any writer which in grace, intelligibility, accuracy, and adaptation to its theme, surpasses that of Mr. Norton. His taste is faultless. There is not a line, a phrase, a word, in these pages, which offends because of a shock or wound to the most sensitive ear or the most delicate reserve of reverence. Whatever criticism may be passed upon the version on the score of its exegetical or devotional faults, in the view of those whose cherished associations or belief it may handle harshly, we venture to affirm that it will escape all censure from the most fastidious purist in language. How difficult of attainment this excellence is, only a well-trained mind can fully appreciate, while any signal exhibition of a lack of it would be apparent even to the uncultivated. The Saxon element of our language prevails through the version. No ambitious effort, no study of effect, no conceit, no triviality of expression, no involved sentence, presents itself on a single page. Of course, any reader on whose memory the familiar language of our received text was stamped in childhood, any one who has our text, as we say, "by heart," will at once be sensible of a greater or a lesser disturbance of sensibilities as he scans these pages. But it is the first shock that is disagreeable. As he reads on, he will often be conscious of a keen satisfaction. As when we turn the diamond in the light new gleams of radiant beauty sparkle from its crystal points, so will slight changes in the form of expression or the rendering of a Scripture text leave in our hands the same gem that we had before, and multiply the beams that ray out from it. We might quote many sentences from this version which would be welcomed by some readers as having for the first time an intelligible meaning to them, and which would also be admitted by the best skilled interpreters of Scripture to relieve an obscurity, to draw out the significance, and to intensify the truth now recognized in one or another passage. And we should withhold the full acknowledgment of our own gratified

heart and mind, if we did not add that the fitness, and the purity, and the fidelity of language which mark this version are most strikingly apparent in the rendering of the passages attributed to the Saviour. He still speaks in this version as in the ears of those sent to entrap him, — as never man spake before.

Another very striking characteristic of Mr. Norton's version is its entire freedom from all the ghostly, mistifying, and shadowy elements with which the majority of Biblical interpreters have invested their renderings of the Scripture text. Never were sacred oracles uttered in a less oracular strain than are these, in the language in which Mr. Norton presents them. In no instance does he avail himself of those adumbrating, foggy, or vague terms of expression which are so often used in religious discourse to exaggerate a sentiment or to becloud the mind of a reader. The volumes before us make the Evangelists speak to us always in the legitimate and appropriate tones of an historic narrative, a didactic address, or a spiritual appeal. It is astonishing to note the effect of the perusal of the new version under this one single point of view, as it so completely divests the Gospel records of all sacerdotalism, all ecclesiasticism. We receive from it an amazingly clear impression of the directness, the simplicity, the frankness, and the calm confidence of assertion with which the Saviour announced his own truths, and the Evangelists reported his words with their own illustrative comments. A translation must necessarily convey, in the words used to represent the original, more or less of the mere inferences of the translator as to what was the meaning of the writer, where his words are ambiguous or admit of wide latitude in their construction. The translator must, in such cases, fix the meaning, and, besides using all the liberty allowed or required for idiomatic constructions, he must in some cases make his own judgment the arbitrator between diverse interpretations. In a hundred passages in our common version, the critical and well-informed student can indicate how the rendering of ambiguous words or phrases has been decided on grounds not exclusively of grammar or philology, but through the direction of the sympathies and predilections of the old translators. But these inferences of the translator must

never be allowed to pass into comments. There are cases in which they do so in our own version, and with this fact in our minds we have the more carefully studied Mr. Norton's method to see if he had ever been induced to add to or incorporate with his version of what the original asserts, his opinion as to what the writers intended to say, and as to whether what they do say is correct and good. We find no instance of this expository matter, or of anything like a gloss or a comment of a sort to displease us, though he has several verbal constructions which we may hesitate to receive. Least of all has Mr. Norton, so far as we can judge, ever made doubtful or controverted texts to turn to the support of his cherished opinions of Christian doctrine. He held such religious or doctrinal views as he was always ready to defend, because he believed them to be taught in the Gospels; but he has not put those views into the record by any forcing or disingenuous processes, because he had an opportunity to do so in the work of retranslation. On the contrary, he has exercised a stern impartiality in the case, aiming only for rigid exactness. He has denied himself the liberty that must often have tempted him to gloss or qualify a passage in which the original or the common version may seem not easily reconcilable with truth, reason, or the ends of controversy to which he is a party on a side he was always glad to serve. How many who have had to read from pulpits the literally unreasonable statement of the Savior's assertion, "from him that hath not shall be taken away even that, which he hath," (Matthew xxv. 29,) have wished that the original had been made by a gloss in our version to affirm, as the passage in spirit does signify, "from him who does not improve or put to a good use what he has, it shall be taken away." Mr. Norton would doubtless have been pardoned if he had made the change. But he does not make it. His version of the passage reads, "from him who has not, even what he has shall be taken." Neither does he attempt to soften the seeming abruptness of the Saviour's address to his mother, "Woman, what have I to do with thee?" which he renders thus: "Woman, why do you trouble me?" He leaves the text still harsh to our ears, and deals with it in his Notes only. The most ardent cham-

pion of the Papacy can find no fault with Mr. Norton's rendering of the great text urged in support of the primacy of St. Peter, for the version before us reads more favorably for that claim than does our own version, thus: "And I in return say to you, that you are, as I have named you, a Rock, and on this rock will I build my church," &c. (Matthew xvi. 18.)

One more general remark suggests itself to us as demanding expression. As we completed our first perusal of this new version of the Gospels with the accompanying Notes, the thought presented itself to our minds that the volumes would be subjected to a vast amount of incompetent criticism from incompetent men. Where one real scholar, furnished with the large attainments and the generosity of mind and the expansiveness of judgment won by true culture, subjects the contents of the volumes to his fair tests, ten or a hundred chance critics will pick a sentence here and there as material for their raillery, their censure, or their dogmatism. Nobody, however, will witness any experimental results of this sort of a more offensive or censurable character than Mr. Norton had learned to recognize, as entering into the melancholy conditions by which the disciple of truth is compelled to run the gauntlet of prejudice and passion. He cared as little for the sciolists and the scarecrows of criticism as any man who ever lived. He was not in the habit of wasting compliments upon any of this tribe, nor did he deprecate their censures. It requires but little skill in the interpretation of mild words wrought out into stinging sentences, to enable such critics and dogmatists to learn from various deliberate utterances of Mr. Norton what was his candid opinion of them and their methods. He wished them all well as sharers of humanity, but his sober opinion of them was not flattering. Some of these will make sad work with his great posthumous publication. Men, whose memories retain only a tattered remnant of their college Greek, will turn over their lexicons, and flaunt at many of Mr. Norton's renderings. Fairer critics may doubtless find material for offence and for objection. Now we must utter our suggestion. Let these volumes be received and treated with the respect due to the results of the study of a lifetime; rare study too, begun and pursued with an entireness of

devotion, a persistency of purpose, an unwearied and exhaustive application, a completeness of apparatus, a cautious hesitancy in coming to a conclusion, a constant and reiterated reviewal, step by step, of the materials and elements which make up the perplexities and decide the value of truth, and, beside all these high terms, a conscientiousness, a loyalty to rectitude, and a sense of responsibility, which dignified Mr. Norton as a model Christian scholar. Of such a man, and of such studies, the volumes before us are the legacy and the results.

Without attempting any elaborate or methodical criticism of this great work, we will venture to select for cursory remark a few passages, phrases, or words, which present Mr. Norton's version as more or less different from our own; and as we rapidly turn over his pages for this purpose, we will note now and then anything distinctive, peculiar, or emphatic in its bearing upon matters of evidence or doctrine.

The word, in the preaching of John the Baptist, which in our version is rendered "Repent ye," and in the Roman Catholic version "Do penance," is by Mr. Norton rendered "Reform." We do not like the change, and though we apprehend the force of the reason by which it is justified in the note on the passage, it does not overcome our objection. The reason given for the substitution of *reform* is, that the primary idea expressed by the word is a change from a bad moral state to a good one, while that expressed by *repentance* is merely sorrow for one's past conduct; and John was insisting upon the necessity of the change, rather than upon the feeling connected with it. But should it not be considered that this is a case in which usage and association have overruled etymology? *Repentance* has become a religious, an evangelical word for expressing both the change and the agency of the change which lies at the basis of a renewed life. In popular use, *repentance* means something more and better, something deeper and more thorough, than *reformation*, and in fact includes reformation. Reformation is an effect, a result; repentance is the instigating impulse, or cause of it, and is held not to exist or be at work unless the effect—reformation—follows it. Is not *repent*, therefore, the more appropri-

ately religious word to put into the mouth of the Baptist, because it embraces both the inwardly operating agency—the heart-work which is distinctive of the Gospel—and the outward evidence of its reality? The signification of repentance compared with that of reformation in our Christian vocabulary presents us with a point of difference similar to that between mining, or sub-soiling, and top-dressing, or garden-work. The former is the more thorough and the more deep, and acts from below up to the surface; the latter may be but show. And even as to strict etymology, the original word *μετάνοια* involves that radical *change* of *mind*, motive, purpose, principle, and aim, which passes with us for much more than an *alteration* of a *habit*, which is commonly expressed by *reformation*.

We have a similar objection to the verbal change by which the word “*acknowledging* their sins” is substituted for “*confessing* their sins” (Matt. iii. 6); the latter is the more religious and more penitential word, and therefore, we would modestly suggest, is preferable.

When, as in our version, the Saviour is represented as answering the objection of John to baptize him with the words, “Suffer it to be so now, for thus it becometh us to fulfil all righteousness,” (Matt. iii. 15,) an intelligent reader feels that the passage is not fairly dealt by. If it conveys any meaning, it conveys too strong an implication in its meaning, and an unintelligent reader might draw from it the conclusion, that to be baptized is to fulfil all righteousness. The gloss which we have to give to the passage to extract its signification, is something of this sort: “Permit it to be so, for it is meet that we should thus respect and observe the religious form connected by faith and usage with a proselyting or converting work.” Mr. Norton’s rendering of the sentence is as follows: “Permit it now; for thus must we do to accomplish all that is right,”—as explained in the note, “in order to the effectual performance of your office and mine.”

The reader will notice that Mr. Norton substitutes through his translation *you* and *your*, for *thou* and *thee* and *thy*, and frequently *will* for *shall* in the future tense of verbs. There will be much difference of opinion as to the grounds of these changes, their expediency, feli-

city, and general effect, but we have not space for entertaining the question.

There is a long and an exceedingly interesting note upon the account of the Temptation in the wilderness, covering twenty-four pages with as able a piece of scholarly criticism as was ever devoted to that subject. Mr. Norton states, examines, and rejects, successively, the theories which have treated the narrative as an allegory, a vision, and a myth. He regards it as an imperfectly related account of an imperfectly understood discourse or parable, addressed by the Saviour to the disciples, designed to show them how inconsistent were the Jewish expectations of the Messiah, and how wicked it would be for him to act in conformity with them.

Mr. Norton exercises his discretion, as every translator must do, in selecting English significations for the various uses of the forms of the verb *σάωω*, as the connections in which they are found imply the meaning of *a cure, a relief or deliverance from disease or peril*, or the higher blessing of salvation for the life to come.

Where the word occurs in Matthew ix. 22, our version reads, "Thy faith hath made thee whole": Mr. Norton's reads, "Your faith has made you well." Again, in Matthew x. 22, our version renders the original, "he that endureth to the end shall be saved": in the version before us it stands, "he who perseveres to the end will be blessed," and the renderings are respectively the same in chap. xxiv. 13. In the narrative of the ten lepers in Luke xvii., it is said that they were all cleansed, or cured, but the one who returned thanks for the blessing was addressed by the Saviour as follows, in our version, "Thy faith hath made thee whole." But if his faith and gratitude won for him any favor beyond that enjoyed by the other nine lepers, then the being made *whole* does not exhaust the signification of the original word. Mr. Norton's rendering is, "Your faith has saved you." In John v. 34, he accords with the common version in using the term "saved." When we call to mind the fact that the variances which divide Christians upon matters of doctrinal belief suspend issues of immeasurable importance upon the signification of emphatic words, we shall appreciate the value of such labors as those to which Mr. Norton devoted his life.

A careful comparison of the phraseology of his version with that of our own will deliver a reader from the bondage of literalism, and will assure him that the power of Christian truth and the destiny of immortal souls are not committed to the meaning of words.

A verbal change greatly for the better is made in the sentences of Matthew v. 29, 30. "If thy right eye offend thee,"—"if thy right hand offend thee." In the text before us they read, "If, then, your right eye be leading you into sin," &c.

The verse which in our text reads (Matt. xi. 22), "It shall be more tolerable for Tyre and Sidon, at the day of judgment, than for you,"—gives place to the following: "But I say to you, that, when sentence is passed, it will be less tolerable for you than it was for Tyre and Sidon." Though Mr. Norton departs from the Greek syntax in this rendering, it is obvious that the sense of the passage requires the idiomatic change. Our version represents Tyre and Sidon as yet awaiting judgment on a set day, when the guilt of those cities would be compared with that of Jerusalem. But sentence had already been passed upon Tyre and Sidon, and the Jews were warned that, when judgment should come upon their city, it would be more severe. The same change in the construction had been made by the author in rendering Matthew x. 15, which, as our version gives it, seems to imply that Sodom and Gomorrah were then still in existence awaiting judgment.

Our version of Matthew xii. 36 reads thus: "But I say unto you, that every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment." Here again a set day is appointed for deciding retribution. But there is no article limiting the word for *day* in the original. Mr. Norton substitutes, "But I say to you, that for every vile word which men speak, they will give account in a day of judgment." A question of accuracy or of fitness may be raised as to our author's substitution of "calumny against the Spirit of God," for "blasphemy against the Holy Ghost" (Matt. xii. 31). He makes the same change in rendering the original word in chap. xv. 19, but he retains "blasphemy" in translating the verb of the same signification as the noun, in chap. xxvi. 65.

The rendering of Matthew xiii. 14, is improved by giving the force of the composite particle *ἀνα*,—"by them is fulfilled *anew* the prophecy," &c.

In v. 39 of the same chapter, Mr. Norton substitutes, "The harvest is the end of present things," i. e. of this Jewish dispensation, for "the end of the world." In v. 56, "sisters" of Jesus gives place to "kinswomen." Instead of the expressions "to understand with their heart" (Matt. xiii. 15), and "their heart is far from me" (xv. 8), Mr. Norton offers us, "to understand with their minds," and "their minds are far from me."

The felicity in the choice of words, phrases, and turns of expression, which eminently characterizes this version, does not strike us as equally manifest in substituting for the words, "O thou of little faith!" the exclamation, "Distrustful man!" nor in the rendering of Matthew xvi. 23 thus: "But he, turning to Peter, said, Go from my sight, thou the Enemy! thou wouldst cause me to fall; for thou carest not for the purposes of God, but for what men desire." Though this phraseology does not come as close to the literal construction of the original as does that in our version, the change in sense is immaterial, but still the rendering does not please our ears. In verse 26, the sense of the original is admirably brought out where it is obscured in our version: "What advantage would it be to a man, to gain the whole world with the loss of his life? And what is there that a man will not give to purchase his life?" In verse 28, for "see the Son of Man coming in his kingdom," Mr. Norton reads, "see the Son of Man entering on his reign." In translating chap. xviii. 17, our author avoids the perplexity of a reference to "the Church" before there was such an institution, by reading, "tell the matter to your whole body assembled," that body of disciples afterwards becoming the Christian Church.

By giving a somewhat doubtful construction to the verb *χωρεῖν*, in Matthew xix. 12, Mr. Norton renders the sentence which in our version stands, "He that is able to receive it, let him receive it," thus: "Let him who is able to abstain from marriage, abstain."

If the reader will turn to Luke xvi., and read the first

nine verses, comparing Mr. Norton's translation with our common version, he will have a very striking and beautiful example of the way in which our author relieves the perplexities that have so long been associated with some vagueness of language in the Scriptures. The subject-matter to which we refer is the parable of the unjust steward. Very many readers are confounded and annoyed by that parable, as given in our version, because it draws no distinction between "the lord" of the steward and "the Lord" whom we serve, and does not distinctly emphasize the quality or trait in the steward which was commended. Some readers seem determined to infer that Christ applauded knavery in that parable. Mr. Norton brings out its simple meaning with great directness and skill.

As an instance of the very serious effects upon our cherished associations with Scripture language which are wrought by verbal changes in rendering an important sentence, let us compare the translation of Luke xvii. 5, in our version, with that of Mr. Norton. "And the Apostles said unto the Lord, Increase our faith." How many sermons have been preached upon that text, all proceeding upon, and, of course, helping to confirm the almost universal view of its meaning which interprets it thus: "O Thou who hast power over our spirits, help us more confidently to believe; make us more receptive of thine illuminating lessons; increase and deepen our spiritual life!" Our version presents the text to us as conveying an intense and yearning request from the disciples to their Master, that he would excite and strengthen within them the capacity for believing. Such are our associations with the verse, fixed by the phraseology with which we are so familiar, and confirmed by the devotional uses made of it in religious discourse. Mr. Norton translates the passage thus: "And the Apostles said to the Master, Give us stronger assurance"; which means, instead of the fervent petition for a spiritual gift, as above interpreted, something like this: "Furnish us with fuller proof, with more evidence of the truth of what you say; confirm our confidence by offering us better testimony." The note in which Mr. Norton gives the reasons for his rendering hardly reconciles us to the change, though we may be prejudiced against the force of his argument by

our associations with the passage. The important part of the sentence in the original is *Πρόσθετε ἡμῖν πίστιν*. We grant that the Greek verb and the noun, owing to the vague and indiscriminate sense in which, like most other elements of language, they are used, will not enable us to decide dogmatically upon their signification, and that we must depend for help on the context. But whatever be the right construction,—our object in selecting the passage not being to argue for either meaning,—the example may serve to remind us of the immense amount of associated religious conception and feeling, over and beyond what a grammatical interpretation may warrant, some of the more pregnant sentences of the Scriptures carry with them for us.

Among those who may bring an appreciating criticism to bear upon Mr. Norton's volumes, the materials for the greatest diversity of judgment as to the value of some of his decisions will probably be found in his version of the Gospel of John. There are so many technical words, idiomatic phrases, and oracular sentences in that composition, and the spirituality of its conceptions and imagery is so remote from our common thoughts, that the most acute criticism is often baffled in dealing with it. A reader of it must first be sure that he catches the meaning of the Evangelist, and then, if the furnishings of his mind and his gifts of speech are not of the very richest, he will find the utmost difficulty in interpreting that meaning in other language. Mr. Norton introduces his comments upon this Gospel by a most elaborate note upon the meaning of the *Logos*, taken from his "Statement of Reasons," &c. In the fourth verse of the first chapter of the original we first meet that word *ζωή*, which evidently carries with it a great weight of meaning in Christian doctrine. Trench, in his "Synonymes of the New Testament," brings the word into comparison with *Bios*, in order to define to each the higher or the lower share of the full definition of the word *life* used by us to translate both of them. We compound one of the words to express the science of "biology" and the art of "biography," and we compound the other to express the science of "zoölogy." Schleusner does not give us much aid in distinguishing the more delicate, or even the etymological, significations of *ζωή* and *Bios*.

In the first instance of the use of the word ζωή in John, Mr. Norton renders chap. i. ver. 4, "In him was the source of blessedness; and the source of blessedness was the light for man." John v. 26 he renders, "For as the Father is the fountain of life, so has he given to the Son to be the fountain of life." In translating the same word in chap. iii. 36, iv. 14, 36, v. 29, 40, and viii. 12, and in other places, the translator abides by our own version in using the word *life*. The discussion of the questions which might be raised on this point would be inviting, and might be made instructive, but we must forego it.

A closer adherence to the letter of the original than is maintained in our version leads Mr. Norton to give an admirable rendering to John v. 18, thus: "Then for this the Jews were more bent on killing him, because he had not only broken the Sabbath, but had also spoken of God as particularly his Father, putting himself on an equality with God." A similar change, greatly for the better, is made in translating verse 20: "For the Father loves the Son, and directs him in all that he does, and will direct him in greater works than these, to your astonishment."

We might fill our pages with comparisons involving some very serious issues, as the text in our version is set by the side of the renderings in the volume before us, or we might follow out this method by tracing the excellences of this new translation in some cases in which, by a very slight change of language, it either relieves a perplexity, or removes a misconception, or brightens an obscurity, or makes an unnoticed truth to gleam vividly upon us. Our readers will find delightful occupation in pursuing this course for themselves. We should add, that there is given, at the close of the first volume of the work, a table of various readings in the Greek text of the New Testament, as exhibited in the recensions of Griesbach, Scholz, Lachmann, and Tischendorf, so far as Mr. Norton adopts them in preference to that particular text which is the original of our common version.

In the discussions and expressions of opinion which come up incidentally in his Notes, Mr. Norton presents those multiplied tokens of personal knowledge, veracity, and candor on the part of the Evangelists which authenticate their records. He is also led to make such abate-

ments from the popular estimate of their infallibility and verbal accuracy, as must in his judgment be allowed in order to meet undeniable facts and to rescue the evidences of the Christian religion from being imperilled by unwarranted assumptions. Only when a reader has brought some degree of the same patient deliberation and studious scrutiny to the examination of the original Gospels, can he be in any measure prepared to pronounce upon Mr. Norton's decisions on these matters. His general and specific criticisms convey to us his views upon the distinguishing characteristics of the Gospels, as the mediums for transmitting truth of transcendent import from a divine source through vehicles partaking of ordinary human imperfections. For reasons which satisfied his own mind, and which he presents in plain and forcible terms to his intelligent readers, he yields the admission that the Gospels have not escaped corruption and occasional interpolation, and that they do not observe a strict chronological order, while in some slight matters of detail they are confused and inharmonious. By some delicate processes of inference and comparison he is led to conclusions like the following, namely, that in reporting the conversations of Jesus, Matthew is more to be relied on for verbal accuracy than is Luke,—conclusions which can be weighed only by processes like those through which they are reached.

Mr. Norton's volumes constitute what may be properly regarded as a monumental work. They represent a school of Biblical criticism, founded on a peculiar view of the sacred records and of the method of interpreting them, and brought to the exposition and support of a certain form of Christian belief. Though as a publication in the shape of a book this work bears the date of the current year in which it has passed from manuscript into print, the essential substance of its pages has for some years been familiar to a class of men among us who, as teachers and preachers, have been the mediums for communicating views received by them from Mr. Norton to a considerable number of persons. We have in our hands the most carefully and conscientiously matured results of the Biblical studies which Mr. Norton began some fifty years ago, and to which he devoted a life of singular consecration, zeal, and industry, in one

absorbing interest. It is now about forty years since classes of young men in the prime of their mental powers and with an enthusiasm for sacred studies, after having enjoyed the benefits of general intellectual culture, particularly in classical learning, began to gather around this most accomplished and painstaking interpreter of Scripture. The respect and confidence, the affection and deference, entertained and always manifested towards him by his pupils, find frequent rehearsal from their lips whenever they recall the period of their professional training. Without any immodest compliments upon our own Christian fellowship or denomination, we say only what, in this community at least, will be freely admitted, when we affirm that Mr. Norton's pupils knew that they were preparing themselves to be the religious instructors of as intelligent, serious, and thoughtful companies of men and women as were gathered in the churches of the land on the days of public worship. Though the assemblies of Liberal Christians, so called, embraced their full proportion of the worldly-minded, the indifferent, and the undevout, they received their character from quite another class of persons. The unbelief, the uneasiness, and the apathy which the preaching of a former century had fostered in the churches of New England, had given place to an intense interest, quickened by the Unitarian controversy. Young men from the country towns of New England who came to Boston with no other resources than their own energies, and who during the last half-century have furnished here so many noble specimens of Christian gentlemen, eminent in professional and mercantile success and as the donors and administrators of those splendid charities which are the pride of this community, were the first to feel the influence of a new interest awakened in religion. From the lips of more than one of the honored among the recent dead and of the venerable survivors of their generation we have heard the confession, that in their young years they had been completely alienated from all the religious views and doctrines under which they had been educated. A sterile and repulsive creed, a fictitious and ungenial piety, and a merely traditionary concern for religion, in vain sought to win them, and, failing to win them, had disgusted them, driving them into scepticism

or utter indifference. Much to their own amazement, at first, did they find themselves listening to a new dispensation of religious truths, till their whole souls were engaged in views that quickened and sanctified them. That generation has nearly vanished. How fruitful and beautiful was the Christian piety of many of its men and women! Very many persons were, at that time, asking with deep earnestness and anxiety to have the texts of Scripture cleared, if possible, from the misconstructions which their own instincts told them were utterly inconsistent with the Divine authority and the edifying influence that were claimed for them. The simple truth is that Biblical Criticism, using the phrase to express what is now included under all the historical, scientific, philological, archæological, and spiritual processes involved in it, — is comparatively quite a modern method of investigation. We cannot trace back its full and combined processes to even a complete century previous to the year in which we are living. There are commentaries, expositions of Scripture, and philological works extending back, in an almost unbroken series, to the age succeeding that of the Apostles. But if either one or any score of these be compared with an exegetical paper upon a single Scripture text in the *Bibliotheca Sacra*, for instance, we shall see what is now meant by the art of Biblical Criticism, and how very modern too the art is.

Mr. Norton can hardly be said to have originated and founded a new school of Scriptural exposition. Rules of interpretation which he recognizes, and canons of criticism which he applies as well to all the sacred writings as to particular texts or portions of them, are very frequently authenticated in his pages by references to authors who fill the whole space between us and the writers of the New Testament. But that he elaborated, developed, and gave the mark of his own individual and somewhat peculiar method of treating his chosen theme to even those views in which he accorded with others, and much more to those which he set forth on the grounds of his own scholarship and judgment, is a fact well known to his pupils. The pages before us will satisfy many readers that there are abundant reasons for attributing to Mr. Norton a characteristic method of criticism.

And now we have to meet a question which we confess that we approach with extreme diffidence, because it involves points of equal delicacy and importance. We should be glad to pass the question by if it did not stand so directly before us. Yet, lest our word should be misinterpreted, we ought to add that our reluctance to open the question is not from fear of the rebound that may follow from some admissions we may have to make, but because the question is so large, complicated, and momentous, as to require a fuller discussion than it can receive here. The question is this: Has the experimental trial which the pupils of Mr. Norton, and those whom they in their turn have taught, have made of his exegetical principles concerning Scripture as a whole, and of his more specific views and methods of dealing with important parts of it,—embracing the complete field of textual, doctrinal, and historical interpretation,—proved his general method to be satisfactory to one's own faith, and available for the Christian instruction of a new generation in the Church and the household? We might divide this question into many questions. Indeed, we should need to do that if we dealt with perfect thoroughness by all the elements which enter into it; but as we do not propose to go into details, we must seek to keep on the safe side by guarding and qualifying our language. Never having stood in the relation of pupil to Mr. Norton, except as a careful perusal of all his printed pages may indirectly have put us in the seat of the learner, we have no personal disclosures to make. Our opinions and inferences in reference to the question we have opened are drawn from our intercourse with our own brotherhood in belief, from the prevailing views expressed by our ministers and accepted through their publications, and from our own observation and study. We certainly have among us those who accept heartily and unreservedly Mr. Norton's critical canons, and the results of their application; who believe that he has set forth reasonable and sound principles, alike in authenticating the Apostolic writings, in qualifying the popular opinion as to their verbal inspiration, and in conceding something to their undeniable tokens of having suffered from the original imperfections of their authors and from the chances of time.

We feel warranted in asserting, that the very remarkable influence which Mr. Norton exercised amid the last generation of Liberal Christians has been an enduring influence, and is still greater than that which is to be traced to any other man. He was the scholar on our side of the Unitarian controversy, the ablest champion of our views on the field of Scriptural argument. He ought always to have the honors of this difficult and well-deserved distinction. Dr. Channing could not have done the work which Mr. Norton did. He could not have done his own work in this community without the help of Mr. Norton. So we affirm again that the prevailing influence exercised by Mr. Norton has been an abiding influence, gratefully recognized by his pupils and by their pupils. This general assertion may be subject to certain abatements in one or another case, in which those who adopt the leading views of this Scripture scholar may think him inconsistent with himself, or at fault in the interpretation of particular passages. It is equally true, that a few of the pupils of Mr. Norton, and some who have become acquainted indirectly with his views and interpretations of Scripture, have not been satisfied with them; and we suppose it would not be difficult to indicate some of his opinions and criticisms which many who accord with him in religious sentiment reject,—perhaps with considerable repugnance. The explanation of what we have thus written is, of course, to be found in the peculiar and marked characteristics of Mr. Norton's criticisms and expositions. They partake of a striking individuality of mental structure and culture. Most rigid are the exactions which he makes, at some times, for yielding his assent to what others have been content to receive on far less stringent terms; while, on occasions, he may hardly escape from the charge of opinionativeness in his statement of some criteria for judgment, and in his decision as to the amount of probability or testimony which may be sufficient to sustain a position or an inference. He had a philosophy, a scholarship, a standard of taste, a rule of discriminating, and a positiveness of affirming or denying, of accepting or rejecting, which, though in neither case bringing him into an isolated antagonism with other minds or other standards, did

certainly combine to give his conclusions the stamp of his own very distinctive philosophy of truth. No one can receive his conclusions who has not followed more or less methodically and continuously the processes by which he himself reached and ratified them.

But to whatever extent any among those who in general sympathize with the views accepted by Unitarians may dissent from Mr. Norton in his principles of Biblical criticism, or in his application of them in particular points relating to the history and meaning of the Gospel text, we apprehend that his pupils and readers have found the great difficulty to lie in this, — the going with him as far as he goes without going any farther. He is judged by them as a mediator between the old school of Biblical criticism, and the loose and ruinous principles of rationalism. He cuts away superstitions with a passionless, but a most un pitying, contempt of them; he rears the conservative safeguards of faith upon foundations that require much intelligence and judgment in the mind, as well as the spirit of piety in the heart, for their security. The school of criticism of which Mr. Norton is by far the ablest and the most consistent master offers itself to us, we will not say as a refuge, but as a strong-hold, for an intelligent faith to occupy between the shadowy spectres of an effete orthodoxy and the boastful assaults of rationalism. Leave us enough to believe that shall have power to hold us to a miraculously attested revelation from God through Jesus Christ to redeem and save men, and at the same time relieve us from the necessity of yielding credence to such views of Scripture as can no longer be warranted by history, or reason, or sober facts, — this is the demand of those who have looked to the religious literature of our brotherhood for mental and spiritual help.

This work of mediating between old orthodoxy and rationalism in the field of Scriptural criticism and historical faith, is an office which in part was assumed by, and for the rest has been delegated to, Liberal Christians. As the work was testing its own promise and our sufficiency to sustain its responsibilities, an element was introduced into the issue which nearly all our enemies, and a few even of our friends, regarded as a catastrophe. Mr. Norton and others had labored with all the

zeal and fidelity which the Christian faith has ever enlisted in its manifold demands upon its disciples, to authenticate the Christian Scriptures as historic testimonies of a divine revelation. In so doing, he and they only contributed new evidence of what had previously been proved by the works of distinguished scholars,—that Liberal Christians have performed the largest portion of service—considering their number among the sects—in vindicating the claims of our common Christianity. In these labors Liberal Christians have shared with their brethren of every Christian creed the highest sense of the importance of the questions which were at stake, and have received from such brethren many grateful tributes on the score of their zeal and success. It is a fact of which we might offer many striking illustrations, that, as Protestant prelatists when arguing against the assumptions of the Roman Church borrow many of their most effective weapons from the armories of the “Dissenters,” so those who have denied us the Christian name are not slow to avail themselves of the help of Lardner, Locke, and Norton in meeting the objections of unbelievers. Having thus authenticated the record for themselves and for their fellow-Christians, the Liberal party were, as we have said, working and waiting for the natural result which they expected in discussing the question, What is the Gospel, what is Christianity, as taught in these records in which we alike believe as coming from the pens of the Apostolic witnesses to a messenger from God? It was a question of interpretation; it is so still. But the “catastrophe” just alluded to interfered with the natural working of the process, and prejudiced it for thousands in this community. A form of rationalistic infidelity, not the offspring of Unitarianism in America, but of Lutheranism in Germany, was imported here under the ridiculous misnomer of *Transcendentalism*. It was called Deism in England, a century and a half ago. On its appearance on the continent of Europe, the Roman Catholics pointed at it as the *natural issue of Protestantism*; but in this country Unitarianism had to bear the burden of it,—it was “Unitarianism gone to seed,”—the inevitable fruit and result into which Liberal Christianity, by force of its own principles, must grow. The adoption of these ration-

alistic views from German books by men and women in the ranks of Unitarianism here was, we say, regarded by the most of its enemies, and by some of its friends, as a catastrophe. It has served the purposes of some persons ever since to confound a method of scholarly, deliberate, and reverential criticism, which seeks to interpret a record of admitted historic authority, with a form of philosophy which assails the authority of that record, and even denies to God the power of working or authenticating a miracle. The legitimate issues opened by Liberal Christianity, or Unitarianism, were thus arrested in their natural workings towards a decision on their own merits, and the party was made to bear the reproach of a philosophy to which, as a party, it had always been openly hostile.

Still, if this rationalistic philosophy had not been imported here, from the source and at the time of its reception, it would sooner or later have had a native growth. We have no objection to admit that it would have sprung up among the Unitarians, simply because they formed the advanced party of inquirers, thinkers, and critics. Let it be understood, however, that a Christian fellowship founded upon some distinguishing views of the meaning of a record has no necessary responsibility for a philosophy which assails the record and the attributes of that God to whom a revelation is referred. Yet it will henceforward be the office of Liberal Christianity to mediate between a rejected orthodoxy and unbelief in revelation. The question will again and again be asked over these volumes of Mr. Norton, Will their contents serve to convey and to confirm such a view of the Christian religion as will compel us to believe in it as a miraculous revelation from God, and at the same time offer to us a faith upon which heart, mind, and soul, reason and piety, may fasten as suited to all our needs in life? Is the truth on this great question exactly such as Mr. Norton presents it, — or is it something more, or something less? He teaches us to exercise our reasoning faculties, our judgment, and something of our individual discretion, in pronouncing upon the Apostolic authority of a record, in interpreting its meaning, and in deciding whether we have in any given passage the real words of a companion of Jesus, and

whether the writer did or did not rightly understand and report the words of his Master. Have we a right so to treat such records? Can faith live on such materials? Having exercised our individual judgment so far, what hinders us from indulging it farther? By using our critical, philosophic, or rational liberty up to a certain point, and then denying the right of any one to follow it any farther, do we shut upon another a door which we opened for ourselves? Our own opinion is, that Mr. Norton's method and system are in the main sound, safe, and sufficient. Still we are not insensible to, and, so far from disguising, will freely express our view of some practical perplexities which must be faced by us as best we may.

There is one consideration to be taken into account which has a very important bearing on the question before us,—the question, namely, whether a practical test extended through the lifetime of a generation has approved the views of Scripture which Mr. Norton's pupils derived from his instruction. Mr. Norton was never a pastor, and only for a very brief space of his professional career occupied a pulpit as an occasional preacher. His scholarly lessons were always addressed to an academic circle, to a few disciples of cultivated minds, never to promiscuous audiences such as are gathered in our churches. Now the severest trial to which his method of Scripture criticism and interpretation can be subjected, is in the routine of service required of a Christian minister in his double office of a preacher and a pastor. The study and the pulpit raise many exacting and difficult issues for one who is in turn the occupant of both of them. The prerogatives of the pulpit are secured by the long-established convictions of Christendom, that there is an authenticated Gospel to be preached in it. Every association of the highest character connected with a pulpit, the reasons for erecting a pulpit, the functions and responsibility of the man who is asked to occupy it, all take for granted that the foundation for it and for him is already laid in the reality of a revelation. The Bible laid upon the pulpit makes it an altar, designates the God who is there worshipped through Christ, and furnishes the minister with a guide and a sanction for his preaching. Our churches would be deserted within

one year after a general announcement were made that there was nothing to be had in them but the staple of man's wit and fancy. It is in the study that the minister must exercise himself with the perplexities of faith, and with the greater perplexities presented by the fact that the Scriptures are set in popular estimate upon a false footing, are invested with a character which they do not claim for themselves, and that the religious use of them depends for very many persons upon fostering this prejudice rather than correcting it. To shake a superstitious faith and to substitute a sure and better faith has ever been found by religious teachers to be the most difficult of all their tasks; because those who are so weak as to hold a superstitious faith are not strong and wise enough to appreciate a reasonable faith. To make those abatements from a prevailing estimate of the Scriptures which critical study proves to be necessary, and yet to leave the Scriptures available for the sacred uses they must serve,—to do this discreetly and to edification in the pulpit is no easy work.

There is one mode of using the Scriptures in the pulpit which is consistent with the prevailing or popular view of them as dictated by God, authenticated by his Spirit, and free from error of every kind. Illiterate preachers, who start up without education and undertake to expound the Bible, may still follow this method in perfect honesty, that is, if it be honest to attempt to teach something which we do not know ourselves. By this method the preacher and his hearers are on a level of ability; what is written is written, and it is all inspired; no one can go behind it, amend, criticise, or dispute it. The preacher must not search for errors; indeed, if he finds errors he must deny that they are errors. People must learn to swallow things which it is very doubtful whether they can digest, as the more alarming alternative is being choked by them or starved without them. There is another method of using the Scriptures in the pulpit which alone is consistent with such qualifications and abatements as intelligent criticism is compelled to make in loyalty to sacred truth. The preacher now has a great advantage over his hearers, one that he uses at discretion and with risk. He must in fact constitute himself the arbiter to them of what is Scripture. His

learning may enrich, but his judgment, or some guide that passes with him for judgment, must direct him. He must decide, through force of reasons satisfactory to himself, the extent and the effects of any such qualifications of historical truthfulness, Apostolic authority, or reliable authenticity as he allows to apply to Scripture. If he admits that the parts of the Bible are not of equal authority, he must say which of them have the most authority, which the least, and whether any of them have none at all. If he admits that the Apostles may have erred in understanding or in reporting the words of the Saviour, he must indicate when, where, and how far they erred, and must at least try to correct their errors. As the means for positive decision are not so clearly recognized as to carry with them anything like concord among critics as to the grounds and the degree of the allowance to be made in all the cases above referred to, the preacher must exercise and follow his own best judgment. He has a pulpit given to him as a preacher of a recognized and established Gospel from a Bible, and if he be not careful, he will leave nothing behind him but the covers of the book.

When a judge sits to interpret and apply the laws from a systematic and revised code, he has a very simple task before him. No word of his brings in question either the authority of any law in the code, or his own authority to interpret it. The statutes are all in force, whatever be the date of each, or the signature which gave it its final sanction. The uniform character and the equal authority of all the contents of the book, and its settled character and authority as a whole, make the judge's work to be intelligible and plain. But if the materials for the exercise of the judge's functions consist of a loose body of undigested, uncoded statutes, some of which are obsolete, some of which have been repealed, while some later ones conflict with earlier ones, and some lack the sanction necessary to give a law its binding force, and others of the statutes contravene the dictates of common sense, or the great ordinances of nature and Providence, — if a judge has such materials to deal with, and all in the court are looking to him as by the rectifications of his own wisdom he shall reach a decision in each case, men would pronounce law to be even a more uncertain thing than it is now.

There are preachers occupying pulpits who feel at liberty to regard and represent the whole Bible as answering to the description of the thoroughly digested statute-book, all whose successive statutes have received from the Supreme Legislator an everlasting sanction. There are others, who, taking the view of the Bible which answers to the second part of the above illustration, still feel at liberty to occupy pulpits. It is difficult to say which class of preachers have the more embarrassments to encounter in their office. But our point is to define the real and specific embarrassment attending the method of criticism which we have been discussing. This method makes us intellectually critics and judges of the various contents of a volume, which we value and study only because we believe that in some sense and to some extent it contains wisdom higher than our own, and records an especial revelation from God. The book is to judge us, and yet we judge the book. Our recent legislation has constituted juries judges of the law, but has stopped short at least of the ventures of Scripture criticism, in that it has extended no such prerogative to parties on trial.

Take now some of the critical conclusions reached by Mr. Norton, as presenting the perplexity with which we have to deal. After alluding to the notion of the Jews concerning "possession by devils," he refers to the objection founded on the Saviour's use of language conformed to the truth of the belief. He explains this fact by saying that it was necessary to the fulfilment by Jesus of the ultimate purposes of his mission, that he should refrain from attacking this and some other gross errors of his countrymen. Jesus therefore sometimes adopted common language though founded on erroneous conceptions. Now all must admit the force of this plea, but the difficulty is in limiting its application by any other restriction than one furnished by the subjective test of each interpreter; and experience has shown that this subjective test is so critical or exacting, or liberal, in different minds, as to confound all the recognized criteria of truth. Some critics will make that concession cover many Jewish opinions, and some have ventured to affirm that Jesus not only allowed some errors to go without correction, but was himself not wholly free from their influence.

In conformity with his well-known-views of the Jewish Law, which he had forcibly expressed in a note to his work on the Genuineness of the Gospels, Mr. Norton frequently makes allowances in his present volume of notes for which we see no occasion, and on which more than on any other incidental point many readers will dissent from him. On page 118, for instance, he says that Jesus taught "indirectly the superstitious character of such observances as the Levitical Law required." On page 169, he says that Jesus "declares the law itself, in the particular in question, [the putting away of a wife,] essentially bad, and contrary to the will of God." So far are we from according with these conclusions, that we must venture to confess that we read them with amazement, and wonder how or why Mr. Norton was brought to them. We cannot find a trace of superstition in the Jewish Law, nor the slightest token that the Saviour thought it superstitious, least of all that he pronounced it to be so. That what God allows "on account of the hardness of men's hearts" is by that very condition exempted from being necessarily and under all circumstances contrary to his law is, we think, a reasonable inference. There are whole tribes of men now on the earth to whom it would be an incalculable blessing to be brought under just such a system as the Jewish law, in all its provisions. Considering that, by the very terms of its enactment, it was confessedly temporary, provisional, and preparative to something better, its claims are modest, and, we think, may be substantiated. But to go the length that Mr. Norton goes on this incidental point, we have thought since we first became acquainted with his views on the subject, would be exceedingly apt to authorize any one to go farther.

As a specimen of another class of admissions, impairing an unqualified confidence in the Apostolic authority of the whole contents of the Gospels, and constituting the judgment of each individual the arbiter as to what has that sanction and what has not, take the following. On the clause in Mark vii. 13, "And many like things do ye," Mr. Norton remarks: "These words, which seem rather to take from than to increase the effect of what precedes, and which are not found in Matthew, may be conjectured to be an addition of some reporter

of our Lord's discourse." The conjecture as applied to the particular passage is harmless; but what if such conjectures be multiplied, and extended over the contents of the Gospels?

Again, in his comments on the introduction to Luke's Gospel, Mr. Norton, while avowing his belief in the miraculous conception of Jesus as most consistent with God's purposes in his mission, yields this allowance in reference to Luke's narrative: "It is in a style rather poetical than historical. It was probably not committed to writing till after the death of Mary, and of all the other individuals particularly concerned. With its real miracles, the fictions of oral tradition had probably become blended; and the individual by whom it was committed to writing probably added what he regarded as poetical embellishments." (Vol. II. p. 245.) We may grant that there is nothing more reasonable than such a supposition. But to define the limits of its application involves a serious embarrassment. Once admit that there is a legendary element mingled with the historical narratives of the Gospels, and an issue is opened in which men of equal wisdom, scholarship, and good judgment will array themselves as respectively the champions of the legend or the history, and the claims of the former will be pressed to the most serious consequences.

In this, then, consists the practical difficulty presented to one who must study these things as a scholar, and then stand in the pulpit to preach. The perplexity to the common mind attaches to the attempt to reconcile the value and authority of the Scriptures with this mode of treating their contents. To make such abatements and allowances as are made to the misconceptions, the partial knowledge, and the errors of ordinary narrators, and yet to maintain the entire confidence that one wishes to feel about matters in which even the jot and the tittle become things of inexpressible importance, is the problem to be solved by those who would combine an intelligent criticism with a Christian's faith. The candid and fearless admissions made by Mr. Norton in loyalty to the spirit of truth, will be represented by some as a reproach upon the scholar's method of dealing with sacred things. The fact that he united with this schol-

arly candor the most penetrating conviction of the reality of a revelation through Christ, and the most grateful sense of its value to the world and to himself, should stand with all persons as the evidence that what he concedes as a critic did not in the least impair, but, on the contrary, did greatly strengthen his faith as a Christian. One must carefully follow his processes in order to judge of the results of his judgment on specific points of critical investigation. All of the admissions made by him, of each of the classes to which we have referred, are sustained in his pages by very deliberate and explicit statements of the reasons and grounds for them; and they are accompanied by cautious suggestions, which, to the prudent, may serve as safe limitations. If they are not in all cases conformed to the prevailing and generally accepted methods of Scriptural exposition, they do recognize the legitimate canons of sound reason and sacred truth. His principles may be regarded by some as inconsistently arrested, or as incompletely recognized in their application, while others may pronounce them to be fatal to their confidence in the historical testimony to a revelation. In Mr. Norton's own method of reaching and vindicating his conclusions, there is a combination of intelligence, prudence, moderation, candor, and reverence, such as has very rarely been brought to the tasks to which he gave his life. Conceit was odious to him. He is never ingenious, in the conventional sense of that epithet. He thought that probabilities were always to be taken into account where there was a conflict of testimony and a confusion of opinions; and he had an unquestioning confidence in the sufficiency of common sense to decide upon probabilities. He had mastered thoroughly the principles of historical criticism, reconciling the sceptical, the rational, and the believing elements which must enter into them. He had learned to identify the tokens of originality in a record, and to detect interpolations or verbal corruptions. He could conceive just how a class prejudice or a personal bias might affect the reception or the repetition of what had been seen or heard, and he could trust his own spiritual discernment, as it fastened upon the instances in which the Evangelists unconsciously bore testimony against themselves, in conveying to us lessons

whose lofty truths they did not comprehend. Mr. Norton started with the fact that the Evangelists, being private and uneducated men, sharing the prejudices of their race, must have been subject to some limitations of intelligence, apprehension, and skill in listening to, in understanding, and in recording the words and the deeds of their Master. He inferred that their records must needs be artless and without method. He knew that these records, once written, would be subject to the chances of time and ill use. Every allowance and admission and abatement made by him in his work as a Christian scholar upon these records, which yields to the exactions of criticism, or qualifies an exaggerated view of the infallibility of Scripture, is to be referred either to the indisputable fact, or to the reasonable inference, or to the matter of knowledge above stated. He wished to trace back the stream which, burdened with blessings of this life and the life to come, was bearing the Gospel through the world. He traced it, as he believed, to its source. The impurities which it had gathered in its way, those which entered into it when first its fount was opened, those even which mingled with it when human hands first sought to form a basin for its healing waters, and when human lips first tasted of it,—these were the conditions of an earthly necessity, which, while they stained the stream in its course, yet left the early rill and all its native drops divine. As in the Gospel narrative of the incident at the pool of Bethesda, Mr. Norton thought that a hand other than that of St. John had introduced the verse about the descent of the angel, so we may allow that the Gospel stream has passed through risks and liabilities; but still its waters heal by a power received from God.

There is one thought to which we must give utterance as we close what has been to us a grateful work. When the sacred records present us with perplexities which we cannot relieve, we fall back for comfort on that Christian consciousness, the precious result of ancient faith, of rich experience, and holy tradition, mingling with the instincts and testimony of each one's own heart, which is the warrant for Christian belief. We receive the Gospel from a long succession of generations, during each of which we find it believed, testified to, and assured by every form of intellectual, practical, and

spiritual testimony which men could offer to it. This historic evidence of the best sort must compensate for historic difficulties of other sorts. Those who lived before us under the light of the Gospel had a way of meeting its perplexities for them, which was satisfactory to them, and consistent with their heartiest faith in it. Even a passage of Scripture which has been used from the very first, as the written Gospel has been used, affectionately, confidently, and reverently, brings with it a sort of traditional interpretation, key, and commentary, which a Christian consciousness will accept in spite of much critical uneasiness. In expounding the letter of the text relating to the Last Supper, Mr. Norton is led to conclude that the Saviour did not then enjoin upon his disciples the observance of the rite that has been continued in the Christian Church. He does not object to the rite, but commends a participation in it for its own good uses, apart from the recognition of its appointment by Christ. But a Christian consciousness, drawn and nourished from the sources just mentioned, leads us to believe that the observance of that rite has the sanction and meets the wishes of the Master. There are texts which will authenticate that view. The Apostolic letter to the Corinthians renewed the authority of the ordinance. The instinctive compliance of the early Christians intimates that the ordinance was intended to be established. Thus, the interpretation of texts becomes committed to something more than criticism. The experiences and offerings of faith challenge their right to be admitted as testimonies to the Word, and as interpreters alike of its luminous and its dark sayings.

G. E. E.

ART. VII.—JAMES ON THE NATURE OF EVIL.*

THIS is a remarkable book by a remarkable man. Mr. James is remarkable because he combines, in no small

* *The Nature of Evil, considered in a Letter to the Rev. Edward Beecher, D.D., Author of "The Conflict of Ages."* By HENRY JAMES. New York: D. Appleton and Company. 1855. 16mo. pp. 348.

degree, the qualities of a seer, a metaphysician, and a poet. His spiritual insight, or intuitive glance at spiritual realities, is penetrating, and gives solidity to his books. They possess an internal substance which differences them from the writings of metaphysicians who, like Brownson and Bowen, for example, dwell mainly on the forms of thought and their external relations. Again, Mr. James is a metaphysician, with an intellect full of force and with great penetrating power, though, as it appears to us, in its order more synthetic than analytic. Again, his rhetoric flows in a stream of life through the book. His words are not the current coin of logic, passed from hand to hand till it is worn and has lost all sharpness of impress, but they have a power of their own and a life within themselves. Known by his former writings as the great Antinomian of our day, hating moralism as Marcion hated Judaism, he has in this book defined anew and strengthened that position. Withdrawing his forces from the untenable posts which he frankly admits himself to have too hastily taken, he has now intrenched himself in permanence on what he deems an impregnable position, and challenges the assault of the three great ecclesiastical powers of Christendom, whom he sees fit to describe as the Roman Catholic, Protestant, and Unitarian bodies. This work of his is the theological Sebastopol, not to be taken by these sects, either separately or in triple alliance. He asserts that the theology of all these parties is radically vitiated by a false philosophy. Thus, as though he had not opponents enough already in the theologians, he throws down the gauntlet also before all the philosophers, from the school of Plato to that of Hegel, considering them all vicious, false, and atheistic. In addition to these cartels of defiance, he challenges the teachers of natural religion, the professors of moral philosophy, and the reformers who take their stand on the supremacy of conscience. Natural religion he holds to be in contradiction to Christianity, the sentiment of responsibility a self-deception and fallacy, and conscience to be no original divine endowment of the soul, but only the badge of a fallen nature. Man in himself has no substantial or real existence; he is only a form, and altogether unsubstantial. His freedom is no self-determining power, and our sense of freedom and

responsibility, though very inspiring, is a great self-deception. It will be seen, therefore, that Mr. James has issued a challenge of a sufficiently comprehensive character. He walks up and down before the camp of our theological Israel, like Goliath of Gath, defying all our armies. If he is in error, there ought to be some young David to meet him with a few smooth stones out of the stream of truth.

The special occasion of this book is stated by Mr. James to be his unfeigned sympathy for the intellectual struggles of Dr. Edward Beecher, as manifested in his recent work entitled "The Conflict of Ages." Mr. James's book takes the form of a letter addressed to this gentleman, and is partly occupied in considering Dr. Beecher's position and course of argument. His tone is friendly, but rather patronizing. He means to be respectful, but evidently looks down upon Dr. Beecher's position and his argument. He assumes the seat of the instructor, and places Dr. Beecher before his chair, as a well-meaning little boy, who deserves to have his somewhat gross errors explained to him. "Good little boy," he seems to say, "you have done as well as you knew how, now let me explain it to you." Considering that the only real evil in the universe, according to Mr. James, is *self-sufficiency*, it is a little amusing to notice this entire complacency of tone and spirit.

However, the main question does not regard the tone or manner, but the substance, of the argument. If Mr. James is right in his main positions, if he has solved the problem of evil and terminated the conflict of ages, he surely has a right to a degree of self-complacency. If he has confuted all the theologians and philosophers who have ever lived, with the exception of Swedenborg, we may pardon him a good opinion of his own powers. This, therefore, is the question for us to consider. It is manifestly impossible, in the short space allowed us, to examine even slightly the important questions discussed in so compact an argument through a book of three hundred pages. We can only hope to indicate our views on a few leading points, and the natural method will be, first, to endeavor fairly to state what Mr. James's doctrine of evil is, and then to ask if it be true, or if it be false, or if it be partly true and partly false.

The problem of Dr. Beecher is stated to be, "How can God be just in condemning and punishing evil?" The problem of Mr. James, on the contrary, is, "How can the *existence* of evil be reconciled with the government of a perfect God?" This last question is indeed the important one, and lies back of the other, and all attempts hitherto to explain it have resulted in explaining away one or the other of the two factors of the problem. Either *evil* is explained away and shown not to be really evil, which is optimism, or else *the absolute perfections of God* are denied, and evil is exalted into a rival power, which is Manichæism. If Mr. James can escape both of these rocks of offence, and steer his way safely between, we shall gladly admit that the problem is finally solved.

Mr. James divides evil into physical, moral, and spiritual, and defines them thus. Physical evil is the evil which one *SUFFERS*, moral evil is the evil which one *DOES*, and spiritual evil is the evil which one *IS*. Physical and moral evil he presently explains away, and declares them to be no evils at all, inasmuch as they are what he calls constitutional facts, or the necessary limitations of our finite nature. Physical suffering, as hunger for example, impels the animal to that effort which is his distinctive life. And he says that it is inconceivable that he should be animally organized without such a limitation. In like manner, moral evil is necessarily involved in the fact of our moral constitution, which is bounded by duty on the one side and by interest on the other, the perfect equipoise of which is the necessary condition of moral life. If they were not thus equally balanced, man's moral goodness and evil would be passive, and not active, that is, would not be moral at all. Moreover, man's self-hood or consciousness is, as he shows, conditional and dependent on this equipoise, and without it his consciousness would disappear. Thus physical evil, or the endurance of pain, is the necessary condition of animal life, and moral evil, or the doing what is wrong, the indispensable condition of moral life, and therefore neither of these can be really evil. It only remains, therefore, to investigate spiritual evil, or the evil which man is, to learn its nature, and see whether that also can or cannot be accounted for.

This spiritual evil which Mr. James declares to be the only real evil in the universe, he defines to be essentially the principle of self-hood or of supposed independence in man, or, as he elsewhere expresses it, believing that life is in ourselves. This it is which separates us from God, and this is the source of real death, the only death that there is. This sense of self-hood in man Mr. James pronounces to be an unmixed evil. The question therefore is, How did it come, and how is it to be explained consistently with the perfections of God?

Mr. James finds great fault with the common philosophy and theology, because it considers creation as an absolute work of God, and because it considers man as created with life in himself. He denies that God creates naturally, or in space and time, and asserts that he creates always spiritually, that is, as it should seem, by creating persons. It would be impossible, he asserts, (following Swedenborg,) for God to create any being with life in himself. The life which is in man is God's life, not his own, flowing into him from God. Man, therefore, is not a substantive being, but only a form. For God, he says, is inhibited by his own perfection from giving an absolute self-hood to his creature, or, which is the same thing, from creating a being who shall be independent of himself. Man, therefore, is only a form, and his life is not an absolute life, but a conditional one, and spiritual evil originates in his thinking that his life is in himself. This is the fall of man. It is mistaking the source of our life, thinking it to be in ourselves when, in fact, it is in God.

But if man out of God be only a form, it follows that his freedom and responsibility must be quite other than they are usually thought to be. Accordingly Mr. James teaches that his freedom is not *absolute* freedom, but *rational* freedom, or freedom in order to something else. It is not given for its own sake, but for the sake of the creature's spiritual elevation, being thus a freedom strictly in order to his eternal conjunction with God. He is free to transcend and control his bodily appetites, but cannot become independent of God.

But this freedom is by no means a power of self-determination. And the responsibility which it implies is very limited. The sentiment of responsibility he declares

to be corrupt and fallacious in itself; corrupt, that is, so far as it attributes the origin of good or evil to ourselves, since the moral good comes from God into us, and the moral evil comes into us from beneath, from the hells. Our moral consciousness, which results from our being placed in an exact equipoise between good and evil, induces us to attribute to ourselves the source of our conduct. But all this is an error. Conscience indeed affirms it to be so, but conscience is mistaken.

What then is conscience, according to Mr. James? It is the badge of a fallen nature. It makes us feel responsible for the good and evil which is in us, which is a terrible error. Its affirmations are not absolutely true, but possess only a partial truth as they take color from a vitiated spiritual state of man. Conscience is not an original faculty of the soul, nor does it express the normal relation between the Creator and the creature, but is only a shrouded presence of God, the fruit of a spiritual declension on our part, and not an original divine endowment of the soul.

This brings us to Mr. James's view of morality, or obedience to the law. The law, he declares, was never intended to make men really good, but merely to show them their real evil. Morality by itself (meaning the sentiment of self-hood) is an unmixed evil, a fountain of inexhaustible disease and death. The moral man is no better before God than the immoral man. And if he thinks himself better, he becomes immediately vastly worse. Imposed upon by his conscience, he is likely to think himself better, and therefore he is likely to be much worse. Therefore it was that, when Christ was on earth, he knew no enemy but the Pharisee, who trusted in himself that he was righteous and despised others. Those who teach that obedience to the moral instincts will make us acceptable to God, are teaching pure infidelity. For these instincts are the inmost home and source of human pride. Those however who exalt the moral instincts become very popular with the Pharisees; as an example of which teachers he mentions Dr. Channing and Fénelon. Moral distinctions, therefore, are only the shadows of spiritual distinctions, and there is no real superiority of the good man over the bad man; the man who lies, and steals, and murders being just as

good in God's sight as the holiest saint or the most generous martyr.

Nevertheless, Mr. James approves of goodness, and on the whole prefers it to moral evil. In some places he even seems to take back what he has said against it, and makes it an essential condition of union with God, declaring that a man who blesses his brother receives, in consequence, the divine life into his own soul, while he who injures his brother excludes it. He also asserts that God is infinitely averse to the deeds of the evil man, which would seem to imply the absoluteness of morality. On the whole, however, he makes very small account of the moral man.

But what, according to Mr. James, is the work of Christ? Not to remove our liability to physical or moral evil. For, as these are facts of our constitution, we must always remain liable to them. The work of Christ was twofold. First, and chiefly, Redemption. Next, and secondarily, Salvation. The great work of Christ, that which the Apostles preached, and in which they gloried, was not future salvation, but past redemption, of which the resurrection of Christ was the evidence and seal. Redemption was a great victory achieved over death and hell, which delivered all men, for the future, without exception, from their constraining power. This means that God, in Christ, descended to carnal conditions, and by the suffering of temptations thence derived overcame the power of evil. God becoming united with man in Christ redeems him from spiritual death, into which he had become utterly sunk, so as to lose his spiritual freedom. By thus undergoing the extremest temptations of evil, of which he otherwise was ignorant, and overcoming them, he reduced the spiritual universe to order, and opened a pathway for the freest communication of his spirit with man, reducing the hells equally with the heavens to his obedience. Henceforth men were no longer constrained into evil, but angels, men, and devils were equally freed from its power.

The ground of the Incarnation is therefore the spiritual death of man, a universal spiritual death which reigned everywhere, and from which men were incapable of extricating themselves. But Christ's redemption

eats up the consequences of the fall, destroying every obstacle which before existed to the most intimate conjunction of God and man. The fall impaired man's freedom, redemption restores it. And now the Divine love flows freely into every saint or sinner who is willing to receive it. The gift of redemption is free to all, is an outward or absolute process, an objective work which took place centuries before we were born, making man spiritually his own master. But this redemption is strictly in order to another work, viz. reconciliation or salvation, which is an inward voluntary and regenerative process, subjective and depending on the choice of the individual; not universal, therefore, like redemption. Salvation comes from our faith in redemption, and is the grateful acquiescence of the soul in this fact, and the voluntary reception of Divine love.

It remains only to see what those laws of creation are which, according to Mr. James, enable us to understand evil.

God's creation is not absolute, nor a phenomenon of space or time. Nor does he create anything which has life in itself, but only subjects of life. Creation is a rational proceeding, the purpose of which is, that there should be an eternal conjunction between God and the creature. He therefore creates subjects in which he may dwell. And these subjects must receive his love and wisdom as of themselves; that is, freely. God cannot create anything which should have life in itself, since this would be to create God. Therefore he can only create organs of life, which, however, must receive his life freely or rationally, because, if it were forced on them, it would prove a power of resisting, which would argue a life of their own. God therefore creates not things, but persons, who are only organs of his life. And God gives to man incessantly the semblance or appearance of being; because, unless man appeared to himself to be, the life of heavenly blessedness could not take place. For man must appear full of life and power, and God must guard the interests of his freedom, because on these his regeneration depends. Our very humanity consists, says Swedenborg, in feeling that life in us is our own. Without this feeling, we could not possibly become spiritually joined with God. But when we are

admitted behind the scenes, and view things spiritually, we know that man's moral power is nothing in itself, that man never overcomes in temptation, but only the Lord in him, and that it is never his own power which inclines him to evil, but invariably the power of evil spirits.

We have thus stated the views of Mr. James on all the essential points of his treatise. In condensing them, we have, of course, made their meaning less intelligible. And whoever would understand them thoroughly, must read his book. Yet we have aimed to do justice to his thought as far as possible, using almost everywhere his own words, so that we trust that we have not essentially misrepresented him. We must now proceed to an examination of his theory, in regard to its truth or error, and in regard to its adequacy to solve the problem of evil.

The problem, as we have seen, is this:—How can we reconcile the existence of evil with the perfections of God? The true solution of the problem must therefore reconcile these two facts, and must not omit or explain away either of them. We must show that evil is required by the Divine perfections, and that it is a manifestation of them. And yet it must not be denied nor confounded with good. In other words, it must be shown to be the *sine qua non* condition of good, without which good is inconceivable, or the indispensable material out of which good is manufactured. If there remains a conceivable possibility of the existence of good without evil, then the problem is not thoroughly nor satisfactorily solved.

Applying this rule to the procedure of Mr. James, let us adopt his own distinction of Physical, Moral, and Spiritual Evil.

Let us first look at his explanation of Physical Evil. He defines it to be the evil that we suffer, thus distinguishing it from moral evil which we do, and spiritual evil which we are. Is the definition adequate and the distinction sound? We doubt if they are. By suffering he must either mean pure passivity, or else he must mean the passion of pain. But passivity, in a physical sense, is not always evil, and the suffering of pain is not always physical evil. There is mental and

there is moral pain which we suffer, no less than physical pain. And therefore moral evil, no less than physical, is the evil which we suffer, and the distinction is not a satisfactory one. Physical evil is the evil which affects us through the body or the physical system.

And now, how does he explain the existence of physical evil? His explanation virtually denies its existence. Of course he must deny its existence if he denies all reality to the physical universe; for if there is no physical universe, there can hardly be any physical evil. Now, it is a fundamental doctrine with Mr. James, that the only real world, or substantial world, is the world of affection and thought. (p. 298.) And again, the world of nature is not the real world. (p. 310.) But, moreover, his view of the Deity as not involving in himself the elements of space and time, which are the elements of the physical world, compels him to deny the real existence of that world, and with it the distinction of beings from other beings in space, and from their own past and future in time. For as, according to him, God is the only Being, if time and space do not exist in God, they do not exist at all. Now Mr. James distinctly asserts that there is, in truth, but one being in the world,—God; thus denying to nature, not only independent existence, but also real existence. It is, therefore, very evident that Mr. James cannot explain the existence of physical evil, for the simple reason that he denies its existence.

It may, however, be said, that, by defining physical evil to be that which we suffer, Mr. James makes of it a purely subjective fact of the human soul, and so lifts it out of any necessary connection with a real physical universe. Without stopping to question the propriety of calling that evil physical which has its basis in no physical existence, we will accept this nomenclature, and look at his explanation according to his own definition. Whatever evil a man suffers, even though it be mental or moral suffering, we will, for the present, call physical, and ask how Mr. James reconciles its existence with the Divine perfections. He considers suffering as belonging to the necessary limitation of man's finite nature. As man is finite, he must be limited. And that which limits his existence constitutes his existence,—just, we suppose, as the lines which limit the

triangle constitute the triangle. "Pain and pleasure," he says, "are the necessary boundaries of animal life, and animal life is inconceivable without them." "I cannot conceive," he says, "of man's being animally organized at all, without a liability to suffer whenever an outward impediment exists to the supply of his wants." But to this statement there are two answers. First, that a liability to suffering is not actual suffering, and the problem which he has undertaken to solve is not the liability to evil, but the existence of evil, which are two somewhat different things. If evil did not really exist, man might still be liable to evil, and a problem might then arise on that point. A conflict would then exist between this fact of possible evil and the Divine power or wisdom, but not, as in the other case, with the Divine goodness. Man being made constitutionally liable to evil, but being preserved from actual evil by the Divine Providence, there would not be the same intellectual problem as at present. And, secondly, this definition explains evil as a limitation of man's finite nature, i. e. as something negative, but does not explain it as anything positive or real. It makes of it a matter of more and less; i. e. it virtually makes of evil only a less quantity of good. But this, it is evident, though a very common form of solution, is only another way of explaining the existence of evil by denying its existence. And, accordingly, that which is really inconceivable in our conception of man's animal life is the absence of the limitation of more and less. Supposing that limitation to exist, we can conceive of him without the limitation of pain and pleasure. For, if this were not so, the actual experience of man would be at every moment that of a flight from pain to pleasure, which is surely not the case.

Passing on, in the next place, to Moral Evil, let us look at his definition and explanation of this also.

Mr. James defines moral evil to be the evil that we do. But is this an adequate definition? Does not moral evil also consist in yielding, in submission to bad influences? Human language speaks of indulging the passions, as a large part of moral evil. And how significantly does this term, *PASSIONS*, express the source of much immorality.

Moreover, Mr. James himself seems sometimes to forget his own definition. For example, he says (p. 179), that the moral law demands of us love. Hence, not to love is a moral evil, and moral evil is something else than the evil which we do.

Nevertheless, we will accept his definition, as in the former case, and see how far, with this account of moral evil, he succeeds in explaining it. His explanation consists in placing it on a level with physical evil, as proceeding necessarily from man's rational organization. Man's freedom consists in a balance or limitation between duty on the one side, and interest on the other. His good and bad actions are simply features of his rational organization, with which he is not to be inwardly chargeable. Moral evil, therefore, like physical evil, is no evil at all, and is explained by being set aside. Perhaps the speciality of Mr. James's theory, and certainly the point which he labors most earnestly, is in fact just this denial of the reality of moral good and evil. In the sight of God the good man who is just and kind, temperate and truthful, is no more deserving of approbation than the man who lies and steals and leads a life of the coarsest self-indulgence. Moral distinctions, according to Mr. James, are not eternal, but only shadowy and transient. The good and bad man are not essentially different, and the only real evil in the universe consists in believing otherwise. But inasmuch as our moral instincts do assert otherwise, he maintains them to be delusive. Inasmuch as conscience asserts otherwise, he denies it to be an original divine endowment of the soul. Inasmuch as we seem to be responsible for our moral character, he declares this sense of responsibility to God to be corrupt and fallacious. The affirmation of conscience he denies to be absolutely true, and man's freedom, in its common acceptation, is a mere self-delusion. Let us, therefore, say something in regard to this position, which we regard to be an error that has arisen from pushing the truths of Christian experience to an unwarrantable and one-sided extreme.

For, in denying the absolute nature of moral distinctions, is it not apparent that Mr. James strikes at the root of *all* convictions and *all* certainty? If there is one primal conviction of the human mind which runs deeper

than most others, and which lies as a foundation of human faith and action, it is the immutability of moral distinctions. In all ages and in all countries, wherever man exists, this conviction has been found thus deeply rooted in his mind. Our faith in God, in any just sense of the word, rests upon this conviction, and not the reverse. To believe in God is to believe in the Good One. And, consequently, we must believe in goodness before we can believe in God. But to tell us that the distinction between right and wrong, good and evil, is not absolute, but shadowy and transient, is to lay the foundation of the most hopeless atheism.

Again, suppose that it were possible to believe in any thing as fixed and certain, when we have come to disbelieve in the moral instincts; suppose we could believe in God, it would be as a being devoid of moral character. For if our own moral condition, manifesting itself in acts of justice and mercy, is not to be regarded as anything positive or real, neither can the Divine goodness, manifesting itself in like acts, be regarded as possessing any positive character. The goodness of the good man is the mirror in which we see an imperfect manifestation of absolute goodness. It is only through the experience of justice, generosity, and purity that we can climb to a conception of the Divine holiness. "He who loveth not his brother whom he has seen, how shall he love God whom he has not seen?" The Apostle clearly intimates, that it is only by loving man, whom we see, that we can get an idea of the Divine loveliness. Hence, the moment that I am taught to distrust the moral instincts which teach me that the man of truth is, in so far, really better than the man of falsehood, I am also taught to distrust my conception of the moral character of God. If goodness and truth in man are not merely imperfect, but also delusive, they may deceive us when predicated of the Deity.

The only reply which Mr. James can make to this is to fall back upon his view of man, which regards him as a *mêre* channel through which good and evil may flow. Goodness in God, he may say, *is* real as a part of his character. But *our* goodness only flows from above, from Him, as our evil also flows from beneath, from the hells. The goodness, therefore, of the good

man is real, but it is not his own. But this view, as he himself asserts, is not that which our moral instincts teach. We do not love the good man as a channel through which good is flowing, but as a fountain out of which it pours. We do not attribute radiance to the glass window, no matter how transparent it may be, through which the sun shines, but to the little lamp which sends its narrow beam far into the darkness, — the natural emblem of the shining of a good action in our naughty world. Our very humanity consists, he himself says, in feeling that life is in us as our own. Otherwise we could not be allied to the angel, or distinguished from the brute. But now, Mr. James has written a book, the object of which is to convince us of the contrary, namely, to make us feel that our life is not our own. His success, therefore, would be strictly equivalent, according to his own showing, with the demolition of our spiritual nature, and would make it impossible for us to conceive of the spiritual character of God.

We can understand what Mr. James means when he declares that all good that is in man flows from God. But we confess to a little difficulty as regards the source of his moral evil. That, he tells us, flows into us from the hells, which are the societies of evil spirits. But the evil in *them*, — whence comes it? If it comes from themselves, then they must have a life, according to his reasoning, independent of God, which is impossible. To say that it comes into them from other evil spirits is, of course, only to remove the difficulty farther off. To refer it to God he would consider blasphemy. Hence, it only remains to deny its existence altogether, and to make of it, like every other form of evil thus far, a mere negation, or the somewhat less of good.

But Mr. James, though thus continually drifted by his theory toward a system of pure pantheistic optimism, struggles now and then manfully against its overcoming stress, and, turning round, contradicts himself in the calmest manner. Thus (on p. 222) he tranquilly affirms that "it is of course eternally true that God is infinitely averse to the deeds of the evil man. He is infinitely averse to all murder, treachery, and guile." But these actions are acts of moral evil. And to assert that God

is infinitely averse to moral evil, is to make moral distinctions absolute distinctions, which is the very thing that Mr. James has been all along denying. He endeavors to help himself out of the difficulty by the following sentence. "God indeed forbids us to rob or murder or deceive our neighbor in any way, but this is not, as so many suppose, in order that we may become differenced from other people or from our former selves, but only in order that, by refraining from these things and so denying the interior influence of evil, we may open our hearts to the access of pity, gentleness, mercy, and peace from him. He hates evil, to be sure, but the positive aspect of that sentiment is, that he loves to communicate his own goodness to us." True. But we would inquire whether we do not become "differenced from our former selves" when we receive this access of Divine good? And what matters it whether we say, "The man is better who refrains from doing wrong," or say, "The man is better who refrains from doing wrong, *because* he thereby receives God's love?" Mr. James is obliged plainly to teach that the salvation of man consists in his refraining from evil and accepting good. It is our putting away freely the evils of our life from a sense of love to God. So that, when he is arguing in this direction, he does not deny that a man will by moral fidelity come nearer to God, but only asserts (what no one ever doubted) that the good man ought not to be *proud* of his goodness, or to think that he has any meritorious right to salvation. If the net result of the argument is only the condemnation of spiritual pride, we do not think that Mr. James will find any antagonists. We all say, as he does, that the good man has no business to pride himself on his goodness, or consider heaven the reward of his desert. The only questions are these: "Is he *really* any better in the sight of God than the bad man? Is he more likely to come into union with God than the bad man?" Mr. James says no to the first question, but yes to the last. He thinks that he is no better than the bad man, but is sure that he is much nearer to God, and is alone capable of the reception of his love and life.

Let us now proceed to consider the last kind of evil, which is Spiritual Evil. Mr. James has explained Phys-

ical and Moral Evil by explaining them away. Not only his general principles compel him to deny to them reality, but he asserts the same thing in terms over and over again. Thus he says that the only real evil in the universe is spiritual evil, which consists in the principle of self-hood. Spiritual evil, he says, consists in our feeling, and hence believing, that life is in ourselves. This he calls elsewhere the principle of independence in man. And this he declares to be the only sin. Nevertheless (p. 272) he follows Swedenborg in asserting that our very humanity consists in feeling that the life in us is our own. Accordingly, our very humanity is necessarily spiritual evil or sin, which would seem to bring us to a very thorough total depravity.

It is not very easy to see precisely what Mr. James means by spiritual evil. Sometimes it is a purely intellectual error, and consists in the mistaken opinion that our life is our own, as when he says (p. 76), "the sole curse of man, from the first, is attributing to himself his good and evil." But (p. 243) it is wrong affection; "the only spiritual evil is in loving ourselves supremely." In two different places he asserts that only the angel can say, God be merciful to me a sinner (p. 147). And again, only the regenerate man or angel is ever conscious of sin. But as the angel is *not* blind to the truth of his dependence upon God, and as the regenerate man is the one who has risen above spiritual pride, it would seem to follow that he was not under the curse of sin, and therefore could *not* truthfully regard himself as a sinner. We will leave Mr. James to reconcile these two statements of his, and ask how he solves the problem of spiritual evil? Now at least we have reached something real. Spiritual evil, self-hood, self-complacency, is at all events real evil. How is it to be reconciled, then, with the perfections of God? How does Mr. James account for its existence?

He accounts for the origin of spiritual evil very simply. It was necessary, he says, that we should be so made that, while we really have no life in ourselves, we should seem to have such a life in order that we should seem to be free. This alone lifts us above the controlling influence of nature, and enables us to come into union with God. We feel as if we were free and responsible. Not

that we really are so, but we seem to be so. "We cannot act from ourselves, but we can act *as* from ourselves." In other words, we can pretend to be free, and counterfeit freedom. We must not *believe* ourselves free, for that will be to fall into the worst, into spiritual evil. But we must *make believe* that we are free, otherwise we can obtain no spiritual good. This is the ticklish condition in which man is placed. This is the bridge AL-SIRAT, with edge as sharp as a razor, over which we must skate into heaven. But this, of course, is a difficult problem to accomplish, and man, in fact, has utterly failed of doing it. Hear Mr. James's account of the matter: "But we all know how naturally or inevitably the feeling of absolute self-hood supervenes upon this sentiment of freedom, or becomes ingrafted on it. The growth of the sensuous principle in us, or the progress of our dominion over nature, causes us to value our freedom *in se*, or for its own independent sake, and not merely for the sake of its ulterior, celestial, and spiritual ends. The life of nature becomes gradually more pronounced in us. Beneficent genii appear to wait upon all man's efforts to realize a bountiful life in outward things, and we accordingly conceive a distrust for the old traditions which pointed out his hope and postponed our best expectations to the access of a superior life. Thus we begin to feel, not merely freedom, but an absolute self-hood or property in nature." (pp. 242, 243.)

Here, then, we have the solution of the problem. Evil comes into the world whenever man acts from himself instead of acting *as* from himself, whenever he acts as if he had a real freedom instead of acting as if he had a *quasi* freedom. And this happens "naturally or inevitably." Let us stop upon these words, for here is the pith of the whole solution. We must ask Mr. James which of these two terms expresses his meaning, for the difference between them is not small as regards our problem. If he can show that the necessary sentiment of freedom passes "inevitably" into one of absolute self-hood, we shall admit the problem of evil to be fully solved on his own premises. But if he only shows that absolute self-hood supervenes "naturally," he is as far as ever from the solution. "Naturally or inevitably" will not do. He might as well say "probably or necessarily." As far

as we can see, neither he nor Swedenborg, whom he follows, has shown the *inevitable* origin of evil, on their own premises, but only a tendency toward it. All that would have been required, in order to have prevented the origin of all evil in the universe, was to have made man always thoroughly acquainted with the fact that his apparent freedom was only apparent, and not real. It is certainly conceivable that God might have communicated to man with the feeling of his independence the knowledge of his dependence. This would have satisfied all the demands of Mr. James's theory, and would at the same time for ever have excluded evil from the universe. No reason is given for its not having been done, and consequently the problem of evil is as much unsolved as ever.

Mr. James's solution, therefore, fails in *both* directions, running not only into optimism, but also into its opposite. By making God the only being in the universe, and man's being only apparent, and not real, he logically denies the reality of spiritual evil, as he had before denied in terms the reality of physical and moral evil. For if man, the *subject* of evil, is only an appearance not a reality, the evil which inheres in him must also be only an appearance and not a reality. But again, supposing it to be real, it exists and continues as a growth of nature, as a process unprovided for by the divine reason, as an abnormal development outside of deity. In this, also, Mr. James's theory is consequent. For a spiritual pantheism denying God's real existence in nature, and yet utterly unable to dispense with nature, will always virtually exclude God from the time-and-space side of the universe, and whatever goes on there will go on quite independent of him.

We have thus endeavored to show the flaw in Mr. James's conclusion, even assuming the truth of his own premises; but we can by no means accept these premises. We do not believe that self-reliance is the only form of spiritual evil, nor that dependence on God is the only form of spiritual good. We believe that there are two kinds of spiritual evil, the one SELF-RELIANCE and the other SELF-DIRECTION, correlative to two kinds of spiritual good proceeding from the sense of duty and the sense of dependence; otherwise, activity *toward* the good and dependence *on* the good, or GOD-RELIANCE and

GOD-DIRECTION. In God there is wisdom and also love, which are the two faces of the one Divine Goodness, wisdom flowing out into the infinite order of the outward universe, love flowing in as the perpetual support of all being. God thus manifests himself both outwardly and inwardly to man. We are in him, and he in us. He exists both in time and in eternity, immanent in the outward universe as its perpetual support, and being inwardly the supporting life in the soul of man. Neither man nor the universe is independent of God. They have real being, but not independent being. This view of the perpetual derivation of being from God does not (as Mr. James seems to assert) imply any diminution of the Divine Being, any more than the uttering of our thought diminishes the amount of our thought, or the outflow of our love impairs our love. From this twofold manifestation of the Deity (which Swedenborg also plainly sets forth) there proceeds man's twofold goodness of moral effort and religious trust, which only in union constitute his true life. The sight of the Divine Law awakens the moral nature; the sight of the Divine Love awakens the spiritual nature; law being a preparation for love, and love fulfilling law.

Now the fundamental error of Mr. James, as it seems to us, is, that he turns the antagonism of law and love into a contradiction. He thus makes the Divine Love a denial of the Divine Wisdom, eternity a denial of time, spirit a denial of nature, the infinite being of God a denial of the finite being of man, the Gospel not a fulfilment but a refutation of the Law, and Christianity the abolition of conscience, of the sense of responsibility, and of personal morality, landing us at last as the logical result in a spiritualism akin to that of Brahminism, in which the finite is all *Maya*, or delusion. In that system, the great work to be done in order to purify the soul is to arrive at the conviction that all nature is nothing, that the gods are nothing, that we ourselves are nothing, and that Brahm is the only substance, the sole reality. Mr. James, no doubt, stops far short of all this. No doubt with him variety is as certain an existence as unity, form as eternal as substance. But logically, he tends steadily towards that result.

We cannot speak as we should like to do of his doc-

trine of Christian redemption and salvation. This is especially interesting as the latest result of the tendency which has always existed in the Christian Church to regard the work of Christ as both objective and subjective, laying sometimes more stress on the one and sometimes on the other. In the early centuries of the Christian Church the objective work of Christ was popularized under the form of a battle with Satan, in which conflict Satan was overthrown and his prisoners rescued. In the Middle Ages, the same tendency to exalt the objective side of Christian salvation expressed itself in Anselm's theory of a debt paid to God; which theory maintained its triumphant pre-eminence till the days of Grotius. Since that time the subjective view of human life, awakened by the Reformation, has caused Christ's work to be regarded as mainly one on the human soul. The present reaction in this book toward an extreme objective view is, therefore, somewhat remarkable. But it is so imperfectly developed, that it is not possible fully to understand it, and therefore we cannot pretend to criticise it. Mr. James does not explain at all how God's "descent to carnal conditions" and "suffering temptations thence derived" had the effect of "bringing the spiritual universe to order." Nor does he give the least proof, Scriptural or rational, in support of these positions. We cannot, however, help noticing here what we have before suggested, that spiritual pantheism is really a limitation of God. Mr. James makes the incarnation the means of introducing God, for the first time, to an acquaintance with the world of nature. He declares (p. 188) that, apart from the incarnation, God was "wholly ignorant" of "the temptations of evil." His theory of redemption brings the Deity temporarily into the natural universe, in order to become acquainted with it, which, of course, implies that he was not acquainted with it before, since the incarnation was a fact in time.

We have occupied ourselves so much with the criticism of the main argument of the book, that we have no space to speak of many interesting points, nor to give several striking passages which we had marked for quotation. Our business has been to find fault, but there is much in the volume which has given us great contentment. We cannot fail to recognize a true Christian experience as the basis of the volume, the true Pauline

antinomianism, though pushed to an extreme. The merit of the book in its theology is, that it assumes the ground of Rational Supernaturalism, which seems to us to be the only true one. Mr. James's mind is metaphysical rather than logical. He sweeps the whole ground, and gives us glimpses of every part, but omits the processes by which his results are legitimated. Consequently, it is not easy to understand or to do justice to his position; a difficulty which we have felt in writing this article.

We thank him, individually, for the stimulus of his earnest and original thoughts; and, though frankly differing from him, would testify our respect for the high spiritual insight, and large reach of intellect, which this as every other work of the writer plainly intimates. If we have anywhere, in statement or argument, failed to do him justice, we will as frankly acknowledge our error.

J. F. C.

NOTICES OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

Christianity, its Essence and Evidence: or, An Analysis of the New Testament into Historical Facts, Doctrines, Opinions, and Phraseology. By GEORGE W. BURNAP, D. D. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1855. 12mo. pp. 410.

ON a previous page we entertain the question as to the continued adherence of Mr. Norton's pupils in the opinions derived from him, after a trial of their sufficiency through their own maturer studies and in their ministry to others. From dealing with that question we turned to the perusal of this volume, which is from the pen of one of the most devoted and faithful of all our ministers, — one who went from the seat of instruction under the honored and beloved teacher just named, to undertake the duties of a ministry that has now covered nearly thirty years. Dr. Burnap has united the assiduous labors of a pastor over a large Christian society with those of a close student, and so his various publications, while they contain the processes and the results of sound scholarship, are also occupied with themes of living interest, and are written in a style which adapts them to the use of large classes in the community. No one of Mr. Norton's pupils has worked more faithfully in the direction of his studies than has Dr. Burnap, and no one of them has adhered more closely to the

general views of Scripture criticism and interpretation advanced in the volumes we have already reviewed. We do not mean to imply that the pupil has adopted any of his views merely because he was taught them, or that he has accepted them through force of any other considerations than the best ones of thorough and independent investigation. On the contrary, Dr. Burnap gives us in all his works full proof that he has formed all his own opinions, and has reached all his own conclusions, by a most deliberate and truth-loving exercise of the well-disciplined faculties of his own mind. Even when we trace the nearest resemblance in general and particular views between himself and Mr. Norton, we always find a freshness and vigor in Dr. Burnap's pages which are to be accounted only to his own most healthful digestion of the materials on which a Christian scholar is nourished.

Dr. Burnap's volumes, the one before us especially, are excellent tests by which to try the consistency of the general views advanced in them with a living, working faith in the Gospel, and their sufficiency to meet and satisfy the conflict of opinions in intelligent minds. We accord to his works a very high value, because of their full recognition and their candid treatment of the difficulties that are pressed by scepticism and philosophy, and also because of their cogency and ability in meeting these difficulties with solid arguments and unanswerable pleas for truth. He gives us the results of deep thought and large study, without any encumbrances of pedantry. His style is admirably adapted to his subject. His topics are those which have been discussed by many men of marked ability, while they have been prejudiced to one or another class of readers by a superficial, or a bigoted, or an unsatisfactory treatment. The volume before us—of the contents of which we will now proceed to give a sketch—is designed as a continuation of the author's "*Lectures on the History of Christianity.*"

In an Introductory Discourse, Dr. Burnap advances the general and comprehensive statement, that the continuance of the Christian religion in the world, as expressed in the existence at this day of the Christian Church, is to be consistently accounted for only by a belief in Jesus Christ as a miraculously attested messenger from God, as the corner-stone of his religion, as a risen and ever-living Saviour. The various theories and suppositions which have been offered to account for the facts of Christian history and experience, without an admission of the supernatural element, are briefly adverted to in a manly way, receiving a fair exposition and a word of reply. The author then announces his purpose to be, "to analyze the New Testament into its constituent elements; to show that it is not a homogeneous book,—that it contains various elements, such as His-

TORY, DOCTRINES, OPINIONS, and PHRASEOLOGY." Proceeding upon this method, Dr. Burnap undertakes to present the great historical facts which authenticate Christianity; to select some of the original doctrines which constitute the emphatic peculiarity and value of the religion; to allow for certain floating opinions of the age which became more or less incidentally incorporated with its apostolic records; and to clear up some of the perplexities involved in some technical words and phrases. Seven Discourses are devoted to an exhibition of historical facts, as follows: — the Resurrection of Christ, as holding the place of fundamental importance in the faith and the preaching of the Apostles, as directly attested by their positive testimony, and indirectly confirmed by the change which it wrought in their character, conduct, opinions, and feelings, and as giving authority to what Christ had taught, especially to his doctrine of the immortality of the soul; the tokens of historic truth in the Reality of Persons, Times, and Places mentioned in the New Testament, leading us to the conviction that we are reading of actual verities within the period of history, and impressing us with a belief of the *consistency* of the narrative; the Consciousness of Christ that he held an immediate supernatural communication with God, as indicated by every feeling, word, and deed of his, and as conformed to that law by which every being is adjusted to, and acts in accordance with, his own consciousness and position; the Claims of Christ to superhuman wisdom and supernatural power, to a spiritual relation to his disciples here, and to renewal of that relation in another life; the fact that Christ was without Sin, was morally perfect, and an example of every virtue; the Faith of the Apostles, as proved by their own thorough persuasion of mind and heart, and by the devoted fidelity and constancy of their lives; and finally, the Perfect Morality of the Gospel, as exacting a most rigid and uncompromising virtue, as resting necessarily upon a true theology, and as able to work a moral revolution, and so attesting the absolute integrity and the superhuman endowments of Jesus.

Having thus presented the credentials of Christ, Dr. Burnap aims next to ascertain the message which he brought, and the truths which he revealed or confirmed. Then follow discourses upon the Personality of God, the doctrine which quickens and assures faith, engages the heart, and reaches the conscience; the Paternity of God, by which, besides being the creatures of God, as are also the brutes around us, we become his children by nature and adoption both; the Efficacy of Prayer, as justified on philosophical principles, and enhanced to us by faith in Christ; the Forgiveness of Sins, — the certainty of it as a doctrine, the conditions of mercy, and the assurance of it to our

faith ; the doctrine of Immortality, as authenticated, in addition to the light or the intimations of nature, by the argument derived from the religious nature of man, by the supernatural knowledge of Christ, and by his own resurrection ; and the doctrine of Retribution, as made to rest upon the nature and the elements of the character of a moral being. In this Discourse Dr. Burnap states it as an inference of his own mind, though not as a lesson of revelation, that the consequences in a future life of unrepented sin in this life will be disciplinary and limited.

The third division of Dr. Burnap's volume embraces five Discourses, treating of subjects which come under his distinction as *Opinions*. These relate to some prominent topics collateral to religion, in relation to which he thinks the Saviour used, without considering it worth his while to criticise it, the language and imagery that expressed the prevailing ideas of the Jews. The subjects treated in these five Discourses are, The Interpretation of the Old Testament, by adopting from it certain coincident terms, as involving prophecies of a great many specific incidents ;—the belief in Demoniacal Possession, in treating of which Dr. Burnap takes for granted that the suppositions on which that belief was based were wholly false, which is more than any of us know ; he regards the Saviour as having allowed the popular opinion on this subject, and also upon the locality of *heaven* and *hell*, to go unquestioned, lest he should rouse against him a needless opposition to his strictly religious teachings ;—the belief in a Personal Devil, a topic which seems to fall equally under the classification of *opinions* and of *phraseology*, as so much of the language which refers to such an agent is inconsistent with any uniform conception of him ; it is from Milton and his rabbinical lore, rather than from any lesson of revelation, that the popular view of Satan is derived. The other two Discourses relating to *opinions* treat of the belief in the Return of Christ to the Earth during the lifetime of the first generation of Christians. Dr. Burnap brings together several texts from which he infers that the Apostles held to this as an opinion, a strong expectation of their own, though they did not advance it as a Christian doctrine ; and he affirms that the Saviour gave them no ground for entertaining it, but that, on the contrary, his own prophecy of the extension of the Gospel over the whole world was inconsistent with so speedy a destruction of this globe as was made a preliminary to the millennium.

Under the fourth and last division of the volume, we have six Discourses treating of that element in the New Testament record, which is to be accounted to the use of conventional forms of speech. The Jewish religion, which was essentially preparatory for the Gospel, had led the people whom it influ-

enced to fashion out certain religious conceptions of their own, and certain phrases for expressing them ; and thus certain stereotyped modes of conception and of speech had become current, which might or might not accord with truth in belief or with fitness in language. The author is thus led to investigate the import of the phrases, "The Kingdom of God," distinguishing its just and its inadequate or erroneous associations ; "Christ a King," which he is by the power of the truth, and not by a temporal sway ; "Jesus, the Son of God," as interpreted historically before Christ, then by Christ and his Apostles, and by Christians ever since ; the "Priesthood of Christ,"—leading to the inquiry whether it is a fundamental doctrine of the Gospel that Christ performs any properly priestly function ; "Sacificial Language," which Dr. Burnap maintains as applied to Christ is used figuratively by analogy, and for illustration by comparison, and never literally ; and finally, "Regeneration," which as a technical word is a figure of speech, and must be interpreted, with an allowance for phraseology, as signifying *spiritual renovation*.

If we proposed to enter into any criticism of the author's views, we should raise a question with him on the matter of the references by the Apostolic writers to the Old Testament Scriptures. We believe the easiest way of solving all the perplexities which this subject presents is, by affirming and allowing that the elder Scriptures are filled with prophecies of the Messiah. The Saviour repeatedly asserted this, and over and over again implied it, even to the very pointed definition of the testimony borne to him in the three great divisions under which those Scriptures were classified. Three times does the author speak of the raising of Lazarus in terms affirming that it was "the most stupendous" of all the Saviour's miracles. But how are we to fix the scale of measurement or of estimate for such marvels ? Is one miracle more stupendous than another ?

One of the many great excellences of this volume is its skilful blending of the internal and the external evidences of the Gospel, so as in effect to give us a third method of arguing for its credibility and authority. We would commend the book to our readers as one admirably adapted to meet an existing want, because it addresses a very prevailing state of mind, and treats with plain and honest arguments the questions that have been opened between liberal men within and outside of our own communion.

Unitarian Views Vindicated. A Reply to Rev. Henry M. Denison's Review of "Unitarian Views." By JOHN H. HEYWOOD, Minister of the Unitarian Church, Louisville, Ky. Louisville: Hull & Brother. 1855. 16mo. pp. 156.

WE rejoice that any train of circumstances, even though involving a misrepresentation of our religious views, should have called forth so clear, succinct, and forcible a statement of the doctrines embraced by Unitarians. In the multitude of similar publications which a controversy extended over half a century has accumulated, we know of no single contribution to our cause better adapted to serve it well than this modest work of the devoted minister of Louisville. It breathes the very spirit of Christian gentleness in its remonstrances, and it carries with it the weight of the most cogent reasoning in its arguments. The simple method which the writer pursues, going directly to his point, avoiding all cumbersome details, and relying upon the discerning faculties which are common to all classes of persons, together with the earnest devoutness of his purpose, must make his volume a highly acceptable offering to the cause of Liberal Christianity in the West. The occasion of the publication was on this wise. Judge Pirtle had presented a report to the "Conference of Western Unitarian Churches" which was held in Louisville in May, 1854, and this report had been published, under the title of "Unitarian Views." Connected with this document, when it was read before the Conference, was a resolution designed to express in distinct terms the positive belief of Unitarians in the miraculous attestations and in the historical records of the Gospel. The Conference substituted for this another resolution, affirming its conviction that it had no right "to adopt any statement of belief as authoritative, or as a declaration of Unitarian faith, other than the New Testament itself, which is the divinely authorized rule both of faith and practice."

The report, however, was published in a little volume under the title of "Unitarian Views," and was subjected to a Review by the Rev. Mr. Denison, a minister of the Episcopal denomination. We know of this Review only through the account which Mr. Heywood gives of it, with a continuous reference to the language or arguments of the reviewer. The same personalities, misunderstandings, and misrepresentations which vitiate the simple intent of controversial writers to serve the cause of religious truth, appear in Mr. Denison's pages, and we should certainly infer that, if he is not better informed in other departments of professional training than he is in reference to our opinions, he would do well to assume the seat of a learner. Mr. Heywood undertakes, patiently and gently, yet with the

earnest zeal of an advocate of precious truth, to lead Mr. Denison through a course of instruction in the views generally entertained by Unitarians. We are not without hope that Mr. Denison himself will be induced to form a more favorable opinion of those whom his critic represents. But we are sure that the circulation of this little volume at the West will be of incalculable service to our cause.

The Republican Court; or, American Society in the Days of Washington. By RUFUS WILMOT GRISWOLD. With Twenty-one Portraits of Distinguished Women, engraved from Original Pictures. New and Revised Edition. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1855. Royal 8vo. pp. 408.

THIS elegant volume was received by acclamation on its first appearance, and the edition was not sufficient to satisfy the eager demands of the holiday season. We are quite certain that the sober second judgment of the public will confirm the first opinion, and in some respects magnify its approbation. It was received then chiefly as a book of original and beautiful embellishments, quite the thing for the parlor table. Its solid literary merits are yet to be fully appreciated. We do not know where else one half so much information regarding early American society can be found, as in these four hundred handsome pages; and it seems to us that the publishers would do well to print the text in a cheap edition by itself, as a popular memoir of persons and times, interesting to the people at large.

It is to be hoped that we are to have more publications of the same kind, and that our ancient families will not allow the letters, diaries, and other memorials of the good old days to die out under the assaults of moths and broomsticks. The aspect of the age is sometimes far more graphically given by a gossip letter, or a few lines of a contemporary journal, than in any more ponderous historical disquisition. Dr. Griswold has evidently been much favored in the use of private family memorials, and he has worked up his material with much artistic taste in the grouping, and great spirit in the narrative. The volume stands among our important historical monuments, and cannot but be interesting on the other side of the water.

The work would have lost something of its gala character, (yet would not have lost in true worth,) if it had aimed at a less exclusive social mark, and tried to give us some glimpses of society in lowlier ranks and more rustic quarters. What would be more instructive and taking than portraits of our good mothers in their maiden or matronly days, whether useful in the vil-

lage farm or church, or brilliant in city drawing-rooms? The difficulty, however, lies mainly in the costliness and rarity of portraits in the olden time, which made them available only to the wealthy. In these days, when everybody and everything is sitting to the sunshine for a portrait, we are treasuring up materials for a pictorial history of costume and character such as the world has never before seen. Certainly all America has been photographed, and if matters go on as of late biography will be as universal as photography.

The Appletons deserve credit for bringing out the handsome illustrated American work ever published in this country. They are preparing a still more splendid volume for the next autumn, upon a subject directly religious. We have been favored with the sight of a specimen copy. In point of engravings and press-work their edition of Overbeck's "Illustrations of the Gospels" will be by far the most superb book ever brought out in America. It is edited by one of our own ministers.

The Chemistry of Common Life. By JAMES F. JOHNSTON, M. A., F. R. S., F. G. S., etc., etc., Author of "Lectures on Agricultural Chemistry and Geology," "A Catechism of Agricultural Chemistry and Geology," etc. Illustrated with numerous Wood Engravings. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1855. 2 vols. 12mo. pp. 291, 381.

THESE two volumes are intended to enlighten the unscientific reader as to the world by which he is every moment surrounded; the air which passes in and out of his lungs; the water which he drinks; the bread and beef which, if he is able to purchase them, he eats; the teas, the coffees, the cocoas, in which he indulges; the beers, the wines, the brandies, which are forbidden to him by the law of the land; the legion of narcotics which the eager craving of man for at least a few hours of quiet has brought to light. They are very readable and very instructive books, and are the more satisfactory perhaps, because, unlike some productions of the kind, they are not fitted to discourage us from eating or drinking anything, or to confirm us in a constant uneasiness about meat and drink, than which nothing can be more fatal to health and spirits. Mr. Johnson has presented in his pages some very curious details as to the effects of the cocoa-leaf and of arsenic, not to forget the humble toadstool or haschisch, which from time immemorial has been known to the Siberian as a most powerful narcotic.

In commending these volumes, as we most heartily do, to our

readers, perhaps we ought to counsel them to procure at the same time Dr. Carpenter's admirable work on the use and abuse of alcoholic drinks, for Mr. Johnson certainly does not say a great deal to uphold the legislation which has been adopted by our rulers with reference to spirituous liquors; indeed, as it seems to us, his views upon this subject require very important qualifications.

A Collection of Familiar Quotations, with complete Indices of Authors and Subjects. Cambridge: John Bartlett. 1855. 12mo. pp. 295.

We take much delight in dictionaries of all kinds. Such books are dry only to the dry, and he who can find no romance in vocabularies need never hope to find "sermons in stones." The great Lord Chatham, who had some bad habits and many good ones, was in nothing wiser than in his way of reading quaint old "Bailey" for inspiration before he made a speech.

And we are always ready to take up Scaliger's thanksgiving over a new dictionary. Were we to make any exceptions in this matter, we might strike out dictionaries of men, *directories* so called, which may indeed help to bring us to our friends, but are sure to bring our bores to us. For the particular sort of dictionary which Mr. Bartlett has been at the pains of preparing we are especially grateful. For the question of "quotations" is one of the inevitable miseries of social life. There is no circle, of the least pretensions to "literature," which does not comprise one or more individuals whose felicity consists in hunting their acquaintances into despair, and who will give you no rest till you have "proved your title" to every phrase that you may chance to use. Who has not looked forward to the time when "every gentleman's library" should be furnished with the means of instantaneously abating such nuisances; to the day when a single step from the dinner-table to the book-case would deliver the tormented from the tormentor?

Mr. Murray, of London, who has done so much in a quiet way for human happiness by publishing his Traveller's Guides, tried last year to help us with a "Handbook of Quotations"; but the work, though well planned, was inadequately executed. Mr. Bartlett has greatly improved upon this humane attempt. His fair little volume is the result of very considerable labor. The quotations are arranged chronologically, and are made accessible by an admirable Index. To say that the book completely meets our wants, would be extravagant; but it is by far the best of its kind, and if the public want a better they can

easily secure it, by thankfully buying up the present edition, which we advise them to do. The editor promises, in such case, to continue and to perfect his work; and in the hope that he may find good reason for doing so, we shall take the liberty of forwarding to him our own observations on certain *hiatus* which should be filled.

We have spoken of the use of this work as a weapon of defence. But it may be otherwise made valuable. The juxtaposition of phrases in the Index often throws light on the peccadilloes of the great. Pilfering Tom Campbell stands there convicted, with Master John Norris's little ewe lamb in his arms; there are jackdaws dropping their borrowed plumes, and peacocks in their turn caught robbing the jackdaw of his one pretty feather. Over such a book it would be possible to moralize much; and the veriest "Know-Nothing" may learn something as he turns its pages, if he will but take the trouble to estimate how much of his daily debts of speech he could decently defray without the help of foreign genius and of alien wit.

The Druses of the Lebanon. Their Manners, Customs, and History, with a Translation of their Religious Code. By GEORGE WASHINGTON CHASSEAUD, late of Beyrout, Syria. London: Richard Bentley. 1855. 8vo. pp. 422.

SINCE the article in our May number was published, a work bearing the above title has come to hand. The Preface and Dedication are high-sounding, and will awaken large expectations in the mind of the inexperienced reader. But the mountain in this instance produces only a contemptible mouse. Long before the closing chapters are reached, and inadvertent disclosure of the author's age is made, it will have become sufficiently evident that Mr. Chasseaud was in his teens when he wrote the book. An italic line at the foot of the title-page informs us that "the author reserves to himself the right of translation." No one, we think, will interfere with this right. We trust, however, that the author writes foreign tongues better than he writes English, else the translations of his work will speedily find their way to the trunk-makers.

Mr. Chasseaud makes great boast of his opportunities, and ought to be able to write well about the Syrian tribes, since he was born in Beyrout, and his father seems to have held the position of English Consul in that city. But his book gives no proof that he has either the wit to understand, or the industry to examine, the condition, the character, and the faith of the strange race which he has undertaken to describe. It is clear

that he has never read the Baron de Sacy's work. Churchill's work he has certainly read, since all the reliable statements which he makes are borrowed from that accurate author; yet, with unblushing impudence, he omits all mention, not only of his own indebtedness, but even of the existence of such a work. To show his independence, he alters the spelling of the Arabic names, and bravely undertakes to libel some of the Druse heroes whom Churchill has sketched so well. We may safely affirm, that, wherever Mr. Chasseaud expresses an opinion of his own, it is groundless and worthless. His practical acquaintance with the Druse tribes we should judge to be confined to occasional interviews with traders, and to one or two brief visits to the mountains around Beyrout.

Mr. Chasseaud's style "verges on the poetical." His sentences are splendidly decorated with sonorous metaphors, every noun has its full share of adjectives, its chapters are all headed with elegant extracts, mostly from English poets, — Byron, Mrs. Hemans, Crabbe, and others, — with Isaiah and Ezekiel once or twice thrown in; and the poverty of facts is fully supplied by the writer's redundant fancy. His pictures dazzle and bewilder by their excess of light. He is not afraid to coin new words, and offers new and various readings both of the English and Arabic. Delicious is the elaborate analogy three pages long drawn between a Druse maiden and an unblown rose-bud. Extraordinary is the version of the Druse *dinner* chant, — enough to spoil one's appetite for a week, if the original were as tedious as the English paraphrase. To *enjoy* anything, in Mr. Chasseaud's vernacular, is "to bask under" it. The *records* of anything are its "*calends*." Sometimes the phrases are mystical in their obscurity, as when we read that in war sharp-shooters "hack and hue away," or when we read of the "desperate hardisome."

Mr. Chasseaud thrice essays to declare the *origin* of the Druses, and thrice breaks down in the attempt. He would fain connect them with the Hivites of the Pentateuch, but the chasm of twenty or thirty centuries is rather too wide to be filled even by his imagination. In order to take a broad look upon history, he goes up upon the great Pyramid and watches the ages from Noah down to Napoleon; but, while the patriarchs close up very well, and the Genesis procession comes along in good style, the rear ranks lag sadly behind. In default of a good account of the origin of the sect, he tries, by a translation of a Druse manuscript, to furnish a condensed view of the *creed*. He does not, nevertheless, profess to understand it.

We had noted various other tempting morsels for criticism, but want of space compels us to exclude them. On page 264

there are some edifying remarks upon the greatness of *small* men, suggested by the diminutive stature of the Emir Fakavadeen, which lead us to imagine that the proportions of Mr. Chasseaud are not gigantic. It is too bad that he should class his great namesake, "George Washington," with those who are "specimens of caskets of great value contained within a diminutive space."

An American among the Orientals, including an Audience with the Sultan, and a Visit to the Interior of a Turkish Harem.

By JAMES E. P. BOULDEN, M. D. Philadelphia: Lindsay and Blakiston. 12mo. pp. 178.

The Turkish Empire, embracing the Religion, Manners, and Customs of the People, with a Memoir of the reigning Sultan and Omer Pacha. By EDWARD JOY MORRIS, Author of *Travels in the East*, etc. Second Edition. Philadelphia: Lindsay and Blakiston. 12mo. pp. 216.

WE have here two new volumes upon Turkey, to which, by way of relief, we should be glad to add as a third Lord Carlisle's delightful Diary, were not the title of that already attached to an article in the preceding pages. There is, however, considerable contrast in the two which we have here. The first is a sophomoric production, of which the friends of the author will be ashamed now, and the author himself will most likely be ashamed in a twelvemonth. It is well printed, well bound, but its only literary merit is brevity. It furnishes not a particle of new or useful information about Turkey, describes in the most turgid, extravagant, and foolish style scenes that have been a hundred times described, moralizes in the most comical way, abounds in ludicrously misplaced italics, and leaves us wondering how the author of such trash ever got the degree of M. D. It is a true Oriental book only in the amount and the absurdity of its hyperbole. We had marked several passages as model specimens of commonplace and bathos; but they multiplied so fast that we shall spare our readers. We offer a single instance of the fervid eloquence of Dr. Boulden, taken from what was evidently intended to be, in the flash language of cockney tourists, a "stunner."

"Millions of reams of paper and oceans of ink have been consumed, and the human language almost exhausted, in faint endeavors to describe the glorious and magnificent picture afforded by the approach from the Sea of Marmora to Constantinople."

-Read that aloud, and say if it is not enough.

The other volume is of a different kind. It is not remarkably well printed, but it contains a great deal of valuable information in a small compass. It is chiefly a compilation, and in its English dress has interesting matter added by the accomplished translator. Sketches are given of all the members of the Turkish government, the Sultan and the various Pachas; a rapid but very excellent summary of Turkish history from Mahomet to Abdel Medjid follows; and the book is closed by a description of Turkish manners and customs, the political and religious condition of the Turkish empire, and a very complete and generally accurate statement of the geography of the empire, with its principal towns, forts, islands, pachalics, etc. In the appendix are a few documents which illustrate the beginning of the present war. The book, as a whole, is the best manual that we know for reference about Turkey. Its mistakes are very few and slight. Abbas Pasha, the *late* (not the present, as the book says) viceroy of Egypt, was not the eldest *son*, but the *grandson*, of Mehemet Ali. The origin of Gothic architecture can hardly be found in the Saracen style, though undoubtedly the horse-shoe arch modified the old Norman type. The American translator ought to have given Dr. Howe his right name in the account of the Greek Revolution. In the list of mountain ranges, the Taurus, the longest, the most lofty, and the most historically famous, is quite omitted. There are several errors, too, in the estimate of population. Aleppo is put too high, Damascus too low, and the same observation is true concerning the estimate of the Syrian ports. The abstinence of the Turks from wine, too, is rather too strongly stated, and the morals of the ruling class are not so good as the writer would have us believe. The book, however, is well worth buying.

Another Budget; or, Things which I saw in the East. By JANE ANTHONY EAMES, Author of a Budget of Letters, etc. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 8vo. pp. 481.

THERE is a great deal of matter in this volume. Mrs. Eames saw several things which most travellers do not see, and not a few things which were not, as we imagine, worth seeing. Her book, which is without preface, is merely a collection of forty-four letters, very rapidly written, on the ways of travel, and filled with such pleasant gossip as a woman, delighted and disgusted, excited and fatigued, by turns, might send to her friends at home. The composition of the letters, not to say the punctuation, might have been improved by more careful revision. The issue of the volume seems to have been hurried. There is rather more ego-

tism in it than perfect taste would allow ; but we are less annoyed by this, since it is so honest and unconscious. Mrs. Eames's book is not dull. Whoever takes it up will go on with it, and will find plenty of amusement in its animated pages. The lack of antiquarian learning is made up by the minuteness of detail about everyday life in Egypt. It is an instructive book for any lady to read who thinks of trying a journey across the long Arabian desert. Mrs. Eames promises another similar volume about Europe if this should be favorably received. We learn that the second edition was issued almost simultaneously with the first.

Memories of Youth and Manhood. By SIDNEY WILLARD.
Cambridge : John Bartlett. 1855. 2 vols. 16mo. pp.
351, 334.

To every living alumnus of Harvard these pleasant volumes of Mr. Willard will be heartily welcome, as offering them either some agreeable aids in reviving their own reminiscences, or as imparting information which is new to them. We were of those who, during the college course, were numbered among the pupils of Professor Willard, regarding him with the respect due to his place, his age, his fidelity as an instructor, and his worth as an excellent and exemplary man. We remember also to have been standing near him in the College yard three or four years since, when, as he says in his Preface, some friends who were his juniors by the term of a generation asked him to write some memorials of his own time and of his connection with the University. It was a reasonable request, though received at the moment by a modest smile, which implied surprise and doubt. For ourselves we express to the honored and estimable author our gratitude for the rich instruction which he has afforded us, and we cannot withhold the utterance of our satisfaction that these pages, dealing as they do with some of the most critical points in the College history, are written with so much discretion, moderation, and candor. There is a vivacity also in the style, and a judgment exhibited in the selection of materials, and in the space devoted to incidental topics, which show that seventy-five years of laborious and various service have not abated the intellectual powers, but have mellowed the heart, of the writer. Beginning with the memorials of an honored ancestry, — and no man in the Commonwealth has a nobler lineage, — Mr. Willard gives us glimpses of men and times in former generations, which always will afford pleasure to the descendants of the honored stock of New England. A very full record is made of the life of his distinguished father, the President of the College,

of the straits to which the institution was reduced during and immediately after the close of the Revolutionary war, when his presidency began, and of the efforts which he so successfully made to rally its resources and to advance its prosperity. Wrought in with this narrative we find a very interesting sketch of the origin of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, of which President Willard was the first Corresponding Secretary, accompanied by biographical notices of eminent men at home and abroad, whose names appear on its list. Coming down to the period which is strictly within the scope of his own memory and personal experience, Mr. Willard offers us on every page matter which we read with the most fixed attention, and with that zest which, as has often been remarked, gives to the unhistorical era just previous to our own generation a charm such as attaches to no other portion of the world's annals. The incidental information bearing upon the theological controversies and the literary projects of the last half-century, in our immediate community, is of the most authentic and important character. Again would we express to the author our gratitude for his work.

A School of Life. By ANNA MARY HOWITT, Author of "An Art-Student in Munich." Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1855. 16mo. pp. 266.

THAT great philosophical thinker, Sir James Mackintosh, has left upon record his belief "that fictitious narrative, in all its forms, — epic poem, tale, tragedy, romance, novel, — is one of the grand instruments employed in the moral education of mankind; because it is only delightful when it interests; and to interest is to excite sympathy for the heroes of the fiction; that is, in other words, to teach men the habit of feeling for others." Doubtless he was correct in this, as he was generally in his speculative reasoning. Yet the remark needs some qualification, since it is certain that the sympathies of the habitual novel-reader are blunted rather than quickened by weeping over the imaginary griefs of the heroes and heroines of fashionable tales. On the other hand, nothing can be more certain than that the occasional perusal of fictitious works exercises a healthful influence upon the reader, by appealing to a part of his nature which is not called out by other literary productions. In order, however, that such an influence should be exercised, it is necessary that any work of fiction should possess artistic merit, a noble aim, and purity of tone. Where these three indispensable requisites are united, the book becomes an active influence for good, and its author is a genuine benefactor. But, without pursuing this

train of thought farther, we need only apply these principles to the volume before us to perceive their full force.

A *School of Life* is the production of a young author, who is only known in this country by a very pleasant volume descriptive of the life of an Art-Student in Munich, but who unites the characters of artist and author, and gives rich promise in both. Her enthusiasm for art, and the delight with which she lingers over her descriptions of natural scenery, form, indeed, a particular feature in her new volume. Added to this, the high and noble purpose underlying it, the artistic skill with which the plot is conceived, and the general ability with which it is developed, stamp the work as one of no common merit and interest. The book has, it is true, some obvious defects; but the faults are those of youth and insufficient practice. Portions of it are carelessly written; some things are unnatural; and the principal characters show that the writer has not yet mastered the secret springs of human action. But, making large allowance for these defects, enough remains to justify our praise, and to illustrate the truth of Sir James Mackintosh's opinion. In reading it, one can hardly fail to have his best sympathies aroused, and to feel himself nerved with a stronger will to overcome every foe upon the battle-field of life.

The Poetical Works of JOHN DRYDEN. With Life, Critical Dissertation, and Explanatory Notes, by the REV. GEORGE GILFILLAN. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1855. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. xxiv. and 314; xxiv. and 344.

THESE volumes form a part of the elegant series of the British Poets now in course of publication by the Messrs. Appleton & Co., in connection with an extensive publishing-house in Edinburgh, where the volumes are printed. In convenience of form, beauty of typography, and cheapness of price, this edition leaves nothing to be desired. Its typographical appearance would bring no discredit upon the libraries of the rich; and its price will not prevent it from finding a place upon the shelves of the poor. Of the editorial qualifications of the Rev. Mr. Gilfillan, however, we cannot speak in very high terms. His own taste is so equivocal, and his style so vicious, that he is but a blind guide to the beauties of English poetry. The notes which he has appended to the volumes before us are few, brief, and unimportant; and for this, intelligent readers will feel grateful. But the *Life of Dryden*, and the critical estimate of Dryden's genius and works, are written in his usual grandiloquent and self-satisfied manner, and exhibit the characteristic vices of his

style. Some choice flowers of rhetoric might readily be culled from his overwrought pages, by any one disposed for such employment.

In his survey of Dryden's life and works, he fails to do justice to those qualities of mind which made him the greatest of our secondary poets. To the first rank Dryden has no claim, but within his own sphere he is unrivalled; and it is precisely here that Mr. Gilfillan fails to perceive and comprehend the sources of his power. His plays were a failure, and he never rose to the sublime heights which Milton attained; but it can never be forgotten that he has enriched our literature with the finest political poem, and with some of the most brilliant satires, ever written. A complete master of the art of versification, though often careless, a scholar, and a wit, he rendered the character of a literary man respectable in a degenerate age by the splendor of his talents; and he was long regarded as an acknowledged authority in all that pertains to English poetry.

A Commonplace Book of Thoughts, Memories, and Fancies, Original and Selected. Part I. *Ethics and Character.* Part II. *Literature and Art.* By MRS. JAMESON. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1855. 12mo. pp. 329.

Few women of the present day have done more to elevate the intellectual standard of their sex than Mrs. Jameson. With a mind enriched by travel and various reading, great industry, and a refined and cultivated taste, she has written much and well on many subjects. Several of her works, in truth, stand at the head of the class to which they belong. Occupying such a rank among female writers, it is an interesting study to trace the development of her mind, and to analyze the processes of its growth. In the volume before us we have some of the materials for such an investigation, in her brief citations from books which she had read and her careless comments and unstudied memoranda of thoughts and reflections. "For many years," she tells us, "I have been accustomed to make a memorandum of any thought which might come across me (if pen and paper were at hand), and to mark (and *remark*) any passage in a book which excited either a sympathetic or an antagonistic feeling. This collection of notes accumulated insensibly from day to day. The volumes on Shakespeare's Women, on Sacred and Legendary Art, and various other productions, sprung from seed thus lightly and casually sown, which, I hardly know how, grew up and expanded into a regular, readable form, with a beginning, a

middle, and an end." A portion of these scattered notes which remained after the composition of her published works has been collected and printed at the request of some of her friends. They are of course somewhat miscellaneous in their character, yet they have certain general affinities, and are judiciously distributed under appropriate heads. Many of the passages quoted are striking and suggestive; and Mrs. Jameson's own remarks are often singularly felicitous. They are valuable as food for thought, apart from their interest in connection with her literary culture.

Leaves from a Family Journal. From the French of EMILE SOUVESTRE, Author of "The Attic Philosopher in Paris." New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1855. 12mo. pp. 277.

THIS is an autobiographic sketch of domestic life in one of the provincial towns of France, written in a quiet, unpretending manner, but replete with the lessons of practical wisdom. The story is somewhat commonplace, and portions are rather prolix and heavy; but the characters are well drawn, and the simplicity of its style, the purity of its moral tone, and the homely truths which it inculcates, will recommend it to a numerous class of readers. Opening with the marriage of the hero and heroine, the diarist unfolds his family history through many years, until their children, having reached maturity, prepare to leave the family circle for new homes of their own. In the course of the narrative we are introduced to several striking characters, whose judicious counsels to the youthful couple constitute a principal attraction in the volume. Of these the most noticeable are the aunt of the heroine and the hero's father. Both are marked characters, and their individual peculiarities are well discriminated. In their conversation is embodied much of the shrewd common sense and practical acquaintance with the world which so largely characterize the volume. With little pretension to brilliancy, the book is a very good specimen of the French moral tale.

The Life of Sir William Pepperell, Bart. By USHER PARSONS. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1855. 12mo. pp. 352.

THE author of this volume of biography has shown good judgment, fidelity, and zeal in his way of commemorating a man who deserved such a memorial. Pepperell won his own distinctions. His mercantile, political, civil, military, and private life, each present points of interest, and are set before us in these pages in a way that does him justice, and interests the reader.

INTELLIGENCE.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Calvin's Letters. — There is in course of publication in Paris a complete series of all the letters of John Calvin which the most diligent research through public and private repositories has succeeded in discovering. The French edition will contain the letters in their Latin and French originals. Dr. Jules Bonnet, the editor, has devoted five years of assiduous investigation and study to the task necessary for the success of this undertaking. The letters of Calvin are found to extend over a period of twenty-six years, beginning in May, 1528, when, in his nineteenth year, he was a student at the University of Orleans, and ending with what he dictated from his death-bed in May, 1564. A few days before the closing scene, in conversation with Beza, he requested that a selection might be made from his letters and presented to the Reformed Churches as the last token of his affectionate interest. Beza delegated a share in this trust to that admiring disciple and friend of Calvin, Charles de Jonvillers, who, with the aid of others, formed the epistolary collection of autographs in the library of Geneva, and published in that city, in 1575, a selection of the letters, accompanied by some of the replies to them. After the lapse of nearly three centuries it seemed but fitting that the work should be resumed, with a view to a more complete collection, and to a publication of such of the documents as were withheld from print by the scruples of the first editors. That first collection contained some four hundred and twenty separate letters or memoirs, of which two hundred and eighty-four were from Calvin's pen. From the large addition which research among the archives of Switzerland, France, Germany, and England has enabled Dr. Bonnet to make to his collection, English readers are to have a selection which will embrace in all at least six hundred of the Reformer's own epistles, accompanied by such notes as may be necessary to explain the text. In this selection the letters will be translated from the Latin and French originals by Mr. David Constable, assisted by Dr. Cunningham, Principal of the New College in Edinburgh.

By an arrangement made with the Scotch firm of Thomas Constable & Co., Messrs. Little, Brown, & Co. of this city become joint publishers of this most valuable and important work, in four handsome octavo volumes, the first of which has already appeared. We have examined this sufficiently to assure ourselves that we have before us a most interesting and profitable task in its perusal, and to feel moved to commend the work to our readers as one eminently deserving of their attention. It is not designed to serve any partisan purpose, but to be as faithful a presentment of the mind, heart, and soul of the stern Reformer as he was himself able to convey to friends and foes. No more authenticate pages are offered to us in the voluminous chronicles of men and times which are always to aid in shaping the fortunes and the faith of Christendom.

Materials for the History of Massachusetts. — The year that is now passing has been so far a signal one for the rich contributions which it

has already made to the province of history as relating to this Commonwealth. We have before us four great works, — one of them in a complete state, the other three, instalments of promised undertakings yet awaiting completion, and we expect, ere the year has closed, to see another which shall crown a wish that had been well-nigh surrendered as vain, — all which works have to do with the annals of Massachusetts. Each of them is worthy of a separate and a full examination in our pages, and we hope that time and opportunity will soon allow us to pay to them respectively that deserved tribute. We must content ourselves now with a brief notice of them.

Dr. N. B. Shurtleff, of Boston, has faithfully completed the responsible office intrusted to him, in fulfilment of a legislative enactment, by procuring the transcription and printing of the "Records of the Governor and Company of the Massachusetts Bay." Here are five volumes, — six, in fact, as one of them is divided into two parts, — appearing in all the finished elegance of modern typography, an expressive tribute from the public wealth of the present day to those honored legislators who, in the day of small things, planned and labored for posterity. We handle the volumes with reverence. We turn over their pages with a glow of pride. The world cannot match them. Their contents are unique, their spirit and purpose, their materials, and the comments which experience has written upon their promises and issues, all impress us with the sense of a mysterious presence and influence, which we will interpret as a witness to that Providence which was so real and controlling an element in the faith of our fathers. Dr. Shurtleff has spared no pains in giving us a verbal, and in some respects a fac-simile, transcript of these Records. His responsibility did not extend to the work of annotation, and he has been content to offer, in some modest prefatory remarks, such information upon the condition and chirography of the original volumes as will enable the reader to appreciate the undertaking. Here, then, we have the Records, which begin with the meetings of a mercantile company in England, which continue with the transfer of the Colony charter and the establishment of a government in the Bay, and close in May, 1686, when the government of Massachusetts was committed to Joseph Dudley, as its President.

A fact which was brought to our knowledge at the monthly meeting of the Historical Society in June caused us a temporary feeling of chagrin in connection with these volumes; namely, that only after the completion of the work by elegant stereotype plates, and the transfer of their contents to the fairest paper, means were put within the hands of the editor for supplying some imperfections in the first volume. At the meeting just mentioned, Colonel Thomas Aspinwall, a member of the Society, who has recently returned home after discharging so long and so honorably the office of Consul of the United States in London, laid upon the table a very ancient copy of the first volume of the Records which supplies the defects of the original in our State-House. This precious volume he had obtained from a grandson in England of Governor Thomas Hutchinson, an historian of this Colony and Province, who probably took the volume with him when he sought refuge in the mother country from his unpopularity here at the breaking out of the Revolutionary war. Dr. Shurtleff will prepare some sheets to supply imperfections, which can be inserted in his own handsome volume.

The second work to which we refer is the first volume of a History of Massachusetts, by John Stetson Barry. The author designs to

complete his work in two more volumes. The cursory examination, which is all that we have had opportunity to bestow on the volume before us, — devoted to the Colonial period, — satisfies us that Mr. Barry has investigated diligently, and intends to give us an able and faithful statement of his important theme.

Another work, of which we have also the first volume, is an Ecclesiastical History of New England, by the Rev. Joseph B. Felt. In giving to his work this speciality of title, the author signifies the prominence into which he will bring the peculiarly religious element in our annals, though he does not neglect the mention of the civil and political elements which are intermingled with it. Mr. Felt has enjoyed rare opportunities for perfecting his plan, which is one of grateful and consecrated zeal in behalf of men whose memory he venerates, and whose work has had for him the richest blessing of God. We commend the volume to our readers, while we wait for the continuation before we review it.

Two other exceedingly agreeable and valuable volumes, from the pen of Josiah Gilbert Holland, are devoted to the History of Western Massachusetts, the Counties of Hampden, Hampshire, Franklin, and Berkshire. These are filled with matter of various interest, serious, romantic, quaint, and amusing, — a perfect mine of anecdote and authentic biographical and historical information.

The work to which we have referred as numbered among treasures supposed to be lost is Bradford's Historical Journal of the Plymouth Colony. This invaluable relic has been discovered in England, and will soon be published by the Historical Society.

The first of the three promised volumes of Washington Irving's Life of Washington has appeared, and is furnished to subscribers by Mr. Frederic Parker, in Cornhill, Boston. There is a charm in the work fully answering the high-raised expectations that had been cherished concerning it. We shall hope soon to present our estimate of its merits to our readers, if it shall prove that any of our readers fail to anticipate us by at once tasting of the pleasure for themselves.

The Messrs. Harper have published, in an elegant octavo volume, "Literary and Historical Miscellanies, by George Bancroft." These compositions are dated over a period of thirty years, and have, of course, very different merits; but there is signal ability, the hand of a master, and the mind of a profound scholar, in them all. We have read a portion of them with very absorbing interest and pleasure.

Messrs. Ticknor and Fields have published two very striking works by Charles Reade, a new claimant to literary fame. His "Peg Woffington" and "Christie Johnstone" are warmly commended as works of true genius.

ERRATUM.

Page 56, line 35, for "full-growing," read "full, groaning."

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CHRISTIAN EXAMINER.

No. CXCI. FOR SEPTEMBER, 1855.

Writers.

ARTICLE I. — Rev. W. P. Lunt, D.D.	Quincy.
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„ V. — Rev. G. R. Noyes, D.D.	Cambridge.
„ VI. — W. H. Hurlbut, Esq.	Boston.
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„ VII. — Notices of Recent Publications.	
„ VIII. — Intelligence.	

The publishers of the *CHRISTIAN EXAMINER* will forward the work free of postage to all subscribers who remit their payments in advance.

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THE
CHRISTIAN EXAMINER
AND
RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

SEPTEMBER, 1855.

ART. I. — THE PROVINCE AND FUNCTIONS OF FAITH.

[A Duddleian Lecture delivered in the Chapel of Harvard College, on
Wednesday, May 9, 1855, by WILLIAM P. LUNT.]

MORE than a century ago, Paul Dudley, a man of considerable note in his day, who stood well with his sovereign, and more or less so with the people of the Province of Massachusetts, founded a yearly Lecture, to be delivered within the walls of Harvard College. He named four topics, which were to be discoursed in order. The first Lecture was to be for "the proving, explaining, and proper use and improvement of the principles of Natural Religion, as it is commonly called and understood by divines and learned men." This is the subject assigned to the lecturer of the present year, and will suggest the remarks to be offered on this occasion.

The aim of the present discourse will be to state the peculiar office of faith; to discriminate it from reason; to vindicate its distinct character, and its proper claims, from the morbid jealousy which interferes with its free action; to show, as I may be able, that in Natural Religion, on the ground of Philosophy, this part of our human nature has a particular and express function assigned to it, which reason cannot and was not designed

to execute, and in the right discharge of which it can no more be aided by the reasoning faculty, than, in the physical economy, the appropriate function of the heart or of any other of the interior organs can be assisted by the hands, or the senses, or by the supervision and direction of the understanding. The processes which belong to the several organs of our animal framework go on without any need of our verifying, on scientific principles, the method, and without the necessity of our even understanding that method. The discourse will endeavor to show that it is so with the spiritual economy of man. Faith will execute the function for which it is specially fitted, without the aid of reason, and all the better if reason do not impertinently meddle with what is not its work.

In taking such a position, the speaker may seem to be assuming a responsibility not becoming a humble individual, who is too much honored in being invited to stand here on this occasion. But without wishing to fulfil the duties of the occasion by the statement of paradoxes, I have simply to say, that the chaotic condition of thought in our portion of the religious world suggests the view which it is proposed to present, under the main subject assigned to the lecturer of the present year. It only remains, therefore, for me, with deference to the intelligence that is to listen, and with still greater deference to the truth, to speak on, and to assume the responsibility.

And it must be confessed that the mind of our community, on the subject of morals and religion, is in a false position. We are attempting to accomplish, with one faculty, that which Revelation — and, what is more pertinent to the present discussion, that which Natural Religion — refers to another and distinct faculty and process. The attempt, however humble, to expose this error of method, may help to disentangle the confusion of thought into which we are running more and more.

"You cannot," says the Divine Word, "by taking thought, add to your stature one cubit, or make one hair black or white." And in like manner we may say: You cannot, by taking thought, by any logical or philosophical arguments which the discursive intellect can invent, add to the assurance or the practical efficiency of faith. You cannot, by the processes of mere reasoning, render

faith more available as a working principle in man's life. You only obstruct, enervate, paralyze its own energy, by trying to aid its action by logic. You cannot improve, by scholastic and sophistical inventions and applications, the natural method of the soul. In the theory of Natural Religion, no more than in revelation, does faith rely upon, or need the support of, the understanding. The methods, therefore, to which we are wedded by our Anglo-Protestant habits of thought, are a deviation from the method of nature; and the feeble, timid tone of modern faith results from this deviation.

The discourse will attempt to unfold and illustrate these thoughts.

Philosophical inquiries, to be pursued with much advantage, would seem to require a special adaptation of mind. Unhappily, it is a characteristic of the American mind to attempt all work. We have among us multitudes who honestly think a necessity is laid upon them to work with all their might upon the great problems of man's life and destiny. To believe without a reason is, to such minds, the unpardonable sin. They try to solve things which are insolvable. They use up all their stock of wit and argument in attempts to prove what is not intended to be proved, but rather, and simply to be received by faith. They exhaust their spirits, and, in some instances, the serene temper to which a believer is entitled, by a restless search into subjects which the Infinite Mind has reserved for his own privacy. The ancient myth of a tree of knowledge of good and evil, of which man was forbidden to eat in the beginning, is as full of instruction and warning now as ever. A glance at the contemporaneous intellectual and spiritual life of our period will suffice to bring before us many examples of those who have eaten of that fruit and found it fatal. It is a dictate, I think, not of Revelation merely, but of Natural Religion, that mankind must bring low the pride of intellect, and learn that faith is better than knowledge, or the poor attainments which are dignified with the name of knowledge. There are many things not knowable, which are yet believable; and it is a real acquisition in a person's moral culture, when he has reached the point of believing, without expecting or demanding proofs of what he believes.

The inclination shown by many to lay aside the religious notions which they received with ready mind in childhood, and to strive to penetrate, with the understanding, the mysteries of God and of life, to gauge the infinite, and to weigh with their heavy logic scales what is not ponderable, is not only vain and fruitless, but in the case of not a few minds is positively hurtful. The metaphysical analysis of the soul's conceptions can be pursued with profit, or even with safety, by only a small number; and even those who are qualified by natural endowments for such a delicate and perilous work are too often victims for the benefit of their fellow-men. They force their way, as pioneers of the advancing army of the race, into dark and unexplored paths, and survey the desert regions, where others who come after may dwell in security.

Religion in a concrete form is needed and can be appreciated and applied by all. The analysis of religious ideas, with a view to examine them separately, and to discover the infinitesimal elements of thought, and the mode of their combination, can be ventured on by a limited number only, and they are not to be envied in their work. It is quite easy to take to pieces the most complicated and nicely constructed piece of mechanism; but to reverse the process, and to put together again what has been so separated, and to reproduce the harmony and unity which have been disturbed, — this calls for the hand and the mind of a master, and not unfrequently the master's skill fails here.

But if it can be made clear that this perilous method of verifying our religious ideas need not be ventured upon; that reason is not in fact the umpire to settle the alternative of accepting or rejecting religion; that the soul has laws of its own, which, in a perfectly natural state of any human being, must and will be obeyed; that "spiritual things must be spiritually discerned"; that faith, in the most general sense of the word, that is, faith in supersensible realities, is the normal condition of the human mind; that faith, so far from itself being the result of reasoning, is an outgrowth and phenomenon of the soul, which precedes all reasoning, all deductive and inferential processes of thought, all reflection upon the contents of the mind; that faith is, in fact, an inward

sense or perception of superrational subjects, and therefore the proper "evidence of things not seen," — as truly so as the perceptions which we gain through the senses are an assurance, and the only and proper assurance, of the existence of outward objects; — then we base religion upon human nature, and we indicate a test for the essential truth of religion, which can be estimated and applied by all souls.

Consider, then, that faith, regarded as an original, innate constituent of the human nature, is a motive power, a spiritual force, which, we must conclude, is lodged within us, for purposes intimately connected with man's mission, development, offices, and destiny. To talk, therefore, of verifying and finding a justification for it, or for the exercise of it, is irrelevant. Faith is so much spiritual power given in charge to human beings, which they are first to gain a consciousness of, then to master, to regulate, and to apply to life's uses. And here, it would seem, is the province, and this the special work, of reason in relation to faith: not to originate the principle, not to adjudicate the high questions which belong to the soul, not to authorize the soul's operations; but merely to act the subordinate part of a regulator of its movements, in the application of the original power.

Steam is a physical motive-force. The intelligent ingenuity of man does not create the power, but only discovers it, and invents and constructs machinery, by the help of which to apply the power to practical purposes. In like manner, reason takes the original faith-power of the soul, and moulds it into distinct propositions and articles of belief, and constructs institutions that may have, from age to age, every variable degree of efficiency, and in this way makes the power more or less available for life's uses. Now all this subordinate work human reason is quite competent to execute; and accordingly Christ never sought to aid this work. He addressed himself exclusively and always to the soul, seeking, above all things else, to unfold to human consciousness the spiritual power that exists in the soul, leaving it to the progressive generations of the race to employ that power with all the freedom which their change of position, from age to age, might suggest and demand.

Moreover, I venture the proposition, that the reasoning

faculty is always, and is meant to be, sceptical. A sleepless, questioning, challenging jealousy is its special attribute in the economy of man. It was given to us, not to settle everything or anything by probability or demonstration, but to provoke incessant inquiry. And an inquiring temper involves doubt, and implies a state of perpetual dissatisfaction and unrest. Reason never settles anything absolutely, else there would be no room for the reason of the race to expand and gather clearness and strength with the lapse of time. I submit, the fact, that social institutions rest, in so great a degree, upon prescription, and that common-law sanctions are far more permanent and binding everywhere than any abstract theories of government, however elaborated, shows that reason never settles anything absolutely. To suppose that this busy, restless, progressive faculty can give, or was intended to give, permanent and reliable satisfaction to the soul, is to expect from it what its natural function does not qualify it to furnish. The understanding in man "is nothing if not critical."

The subject leads to the further remark, that the Christian Revelation teaches us much in reference to Natural Religion, not merely by marking out the limits of the native, unaided powers of the mind, but also, what is more pertinent to our purpose, by indicating the true method of inquiry.

Christianity assumes, and emphasizes the fact, that man has a soul or spiritual constitution; not a material sensorium merely, which could only make him a more perfect animal than the brutes; not a reasoning, discursive intellect merely; but a soul, having instincts, affections, hopes, spontaneous movements, and energies of its own. Christianity always addresses this part of man; never his senses, and never the reasoning faculty. It is a prominent peculiarity of Christ, regarded simply as a teacher, that he never argues any point, never speculates, never attempts to demonstrate or to prove, in any way similar to the inventions of the schools, what he affirms. He states, assumes, declares, bears witness, appeals to human consciousness. This is the way in which he deals with men. It may be said, that he did not reason with men, because he could furnish the evidence of miracles, which rendered all reasoning unne-

cessary. This circumstance, though we accept fully the fact of the Christian miracles, will not account for the phenomenon. If Christ taught with authority, and without seeking for the verifications of his doctrine which reason might claim to furnish, it shows plainly that he assumed, and that there is verily in human nature, some corresponding element that makes this method naturally proper, the only fit method indeed, and that if we will but take the same course in our attempts to awaken and impress the souls of our fellow-men, we shall be far more likely to succeed, than by employing the instruments of reasoning which the schools have invented. Christianity, therefore, I submit, gives the true theory of man, and indicates the right, the natural method of religious culture.

Moreover, it is worthy of remark that Christ, as a teacher, appeals invariably to faith, as an organic faculty of the soul. The function which faith discharges, in the theory of the soul's life, is not aided or sustained by proof, argument; and to such expedients Christ did not resort. He dealt with the principle differently, in a way of his own; and his method is one of the marked features of his religion, and evinces his divine penetration. He simply appealed to faith; made lucid and positive statements of truth; set before the keen appetite of the soul the bread of life; sowed the seed; never doubting that the seed would spring up, that the bread would be eaten, that the truth would be received. What now is implied in this method? Is it not, that there is a natural receptivity for moral and spiritual truth in the soul? The understanding, with its processes of deduction, inference, argumentation, of what sort soever, has no place or work here. It has its proper sphere and its peculiar function; but they are subordinate to the moral and spiritual intuitions of the soul. Keep it in its place. Do not call it up from its mere ministerial agencies and offices; to occupy the sovereign seat in the soul, by the side of God himself. There it will be only an intruder and a usurper.

The fact is certainly noticeable and noteworthy, that the Master of our faith (looking now at Christ simply as a Teacher, and leaving out of view the character which theology ascribes to him as a Divine Intelligence,

a part of God) never reasoned any matter with his hearers. "Verily I say unto you," is his style of address and indoctrination. The doctrine passed directly from the soul of the instructor to the souls of the taught. There were no gradations of approach; no logical steps from one to the other. "Why even of yourselves judge ye not what is right?" were his words. Any cavil at the word *judge* in this quotation will hardly suggest itself, because there are judgments of the conscience and of the soul, which are not the result of inference, but which are the spontaneous utterings of the interior nature, which are indeed necessitated by a law of moral and spiritual life, — *a priori* judgments, not which are born in us, but which we are so made, when we are born, that we cannot but acquire, unless indeed a moral and spiritual death supervenes.

Christianity overturned the whole philosophy of the world, not by meddling with philosophy itself, but by the simple spiritual facts which it recognized, by the faculties in man's nature which it addressed, by the new and natural method which it indicated, and by the bold yet obvious maxims which it assumed. It reversed the principles of previous thinkers. It took a new starting-point. Its line of departure was original, and it moved off from the common track elsewhither. One of its assumed maxims is that "faith is the evidence of things not seen"; that is, it verifies itself. Faith is an independent faculty in the soul of man, having its own laws, its peculiar mode of originating action, and of acting. So that to make it the result merely of a process of reasoning would be to degrade it, and not only that, but to alter the organic structure of our nature. It would be as though we should undertake to legitimate any conclusion of the discursive intellect by referring it to some one of our bodily appetites or senses. The soul does not reason. The soul judges, sees, believes, vaticinates, hopes, fears, adores. You cannot build a ladder of logical steps for reason to walk up step by step into heaven, in the same deliberate way as used to be represented in the Puritan Primer, where the good angels were depicted walking up and down on a broad stairway over the patriarch's head; and which was apt to suggest to the child's fancy to ask, why the blessed ones had not left their *wings* at home.

And again, in regard to some of the doctrines taught by Revealed Religion; — the doctrine of the Spirit, for example. Now the fact of the existence of a Great Spirit, a Supernal Intelligence, — and the related facts, that the spirit which is in man is intimately connected with that Holy Spirit, is enlightened by it, and that influences are continually proceeding from it to human minds, — were articles of Natural Theology and of Philosophy long before the same were discovered, made clear, as they had never been before, to human consciousness, and enforced so persuasively, by the Christian Revelation. Inspiration is a gift and condition of the human mind the world over, and throughout all man's generations. Revelation only gives special miraculous instances of the fact; calls attention to the subject; "stirs up the gift" that is in men, by reminding the soul of what it may have forgotten, as well as by unfolding and bringing into conscious use what may have never been thought or dreamed of.

We may affirm that inspiration has always, from the beginning, been pouring down its steady stream of influence, from the Great Source of Intelligence, into created and finite minds. As a doctrine, this belongs to Natural Religion, and it has been suggested and recognized, in one shape or another, in the literatures of all nations, through the fables of their mythologies, if not stated in clear terms and commended to the rational judgment by the sober teachings of sages and philosophers. In all parts of the material world, a constant stream of the electric fluid is and ever has been running. Sometimes, and at certain points, the subtle influence accumulates, and makes unusual demonstration of its existence. There are analogous points in regard to inspiration; such were Moses, Isaiah, Christ. These are epochs in the spiritual history of the race; and we revert to them as signal manifestations, in different degrees, of the Spirit of the Most High. As for the inquiry, Why did that stream of Divine Influence, which has ever been flowing through human minds from the Central Source, pour an extraordinary measure of light and hope into the Hebrew soul, while the Pagan or Gentile intellect was left comparatively void, though it may have had more of native vigor and capacity,

and enjoyed a higher human culture? — we can only say, that such was the unexplained will and appointment of the Highest.

Christianity, then, throws light upon the true method of treating Natural Religion, in regard specially to these three points: that there is a soul or spiritual principle in man, a distinct, and the highest, part of human nature; that there is an actual connection between man's spirit and the Great Spirit, the Holy Spirit, God the Spirit, and, therefore, that we are receptive of influences from this source; and, thirdly, that faith is an organic faculty of the soul, with original and ultimate jurisdiction in regard to moral and religious truth. In fact, Christianity furnished the thinking portion of the world with a *Novum Organon*, in regard to philosophical inquiries respecting morals and religion.

These statements are submitted as important, because it is thought that low views of Natural Religion, as well as of Revealed, have resulted from the habit of assigning to the reasoning principle a higher place and work in both than it is entitled to. Low views of Natural Religion, so called, are as much to be deprecated as low views of Revelation. And they may be traced, in either branch of inquiry, to the same erroneous method. In both we must separate faith from all logical verifications. It is above them in the natural method, and, as we have seen, in the method of Revelation too. It is independent of them. It has no need of them. It is sufficient unto itself; or if there have been superinduced in the soul, through the obscuring, depraving influences of ages of continued sin, any lack of power, of vitality, of sight, that want is to be supplied by Light from above, by the Grace of God through a Divine Mediation, by the quickening energy of the Divine Word, awakening the torpid consciousness of a sin-benumbed race to the true, natural life of faith.

Perhaps our common Protestantism ignored a great truth, when it tore itself passionately, and with something of the blindness which is always connected with passion, from the foul embrace of the Roman Church, and when its subsequent position, in consequence of the great disruption, obliged its champions to rely so much upon the weapons of polemical logic. When the giant

rose from the lap of the harlot, he left with her the locks in which lay hidden his strength. The habit of using those carnal weapons, and of forgetting "the sword of the Spirit," and "the shield of faith," has been handed down to our generation, and we are witnessing and experiencing the bad effects of a bad habit, into which our part of Christendom has stiffened. If, at the time of the Reformation, one great light of our common humanity was extinguished, it is time that it should be rekindled. For it is one of the golden candlesticks that belongs to the Catholic Church of man, and not exclusively to the Church of St. Peter.

Natural Religion is not merely that which rests upon natural reason, which the works of outward nature teach and confirm, but that which is evolved out of man's own nature, that which is truly natural to a human being. The germs of it are in all souls, and these germs are more or less started and unfolded among all races and peoples, and they assume various forms, according to the influences that have acted on the soul, the culture to which it has been subjected, and the manifold local circumstances that determine its particular bias.

A perfectly natural and normal condition of man is a state of religious belief. God made man originally in his own image. This is the assurance which has ever prevailed, the world over, with regard to the primal condition of man. Sin, indeed, has marred the original design; and the theological theory, to account for the loss of the first type, is the doctrine of the Fall. But even through the sin-scarred visage of a fallen humanity, though men for successive generations have striven in all conceivable ways to pervert and brutalize their nature, the Divine lineaments may still be traced. The soul was a palimpsest, on which worthless and foul characters had been imprinted. One chief object of the religion of Christ was to erase these, and to restore in all their freshness the image and superscription of the original.

Natural Religion always embraces the idea of the supernatural. To affirm that particular miracles have been wrought, involves, of course, an historical question; and the alleged facts are to be verified, as all historical points are, by testimony. But to admit the idea and persuasion of the supernatural, is one of the intuitions of the

soul. Though every particular miracle ever alleged and recorded, in sacred or profane writ, were proved false or rendered questionable, the inclination to believe in the supernatural would remain, and supernaturalism, as a doctrine, must always form a part of Natural Religion. The disposition to deny the doctrine wholly has been rebuked in every age. Lord Bacon has said, in his explanation of the fable of Icarus, that "all *defects* are justly esteemed more depraved than *excesses*. There is some magnanimity in excess, that, like a bird, claims kindred with the heavens; but defect is a reptile, that basely crawls upon the earth."

A state of nature is a hypothetical state, to be considered as a point of reference and aim in our reasonings and endeavors, but which had never been realized, since the loss of the same by man after his creation, until Christ revealed the way, and restored the power which had been lost. It required a miracle to bring mankind back to a state of nature. A Natural Religion, in the highest sense of the phrase, would be the religion to which a human being by his endowments is fitted, and for which he was designed; not, as is commonly understood, that which he is able, by his own unaided faculties, notwithstanding all the chronic disabilities and diseases of those faculties, to attain.

But laying aside this view of the subject, let it be observed that the sphere and the capabilities of Natural Religion are unnecessarily restricted by the method that is pursued generally, in referring everything to the understanding, and in adopting the principle that all spiritual truth is to be verified by reasoning alone. It is a fact beyond question, that many truths are so congenial to the soul, so essential to its peace and welfare, that they are received eagerly without ever being referred to the critical judgment.

If faith be one of the original faculties of the soul, it will, like every other faculty, indicate the use to which it is to be put, and will seek its appropriate objects. The idea of a Deity when stated is readily received, because there is an appetency in the soul for such a truth, and because the inborn faculty of faith gives an *a priori* suggestion of some such supersensible reality. The natural fears of the heart give intimations of the existence

of a Divine Judge; and this basis of faith is stronger than any deductive reasoning can furnish. Again, there are dictates, premonitions, of the moral sentiments. For a person to whose consciousness the moral intuitions of the soul have been opened, and who has gained a sense of his accountableness, nothing in the form of logic can increase the force, liveliness, or practical efficiency of a conviction of Deity gained through this channel; nor, if this remained undeveloped, could any arguments which the schools might offer supply its place. The human soul is continually begging the question, in regard to the truth of religion, simply because the Creator has not left what is so essential to man to be originated by the slow processes of the understanding. The matter is prejudged, so urgent are the exigencies of life, long before we begin to philosophize.

There is, says Leibnitz, an inward energy in the soul by virtue of which ideas develop themselves spontaneously. If this be so, then religious ideas—the idea of God, of immortality, of spiritual existences—are unfolded in a like natural mode, out of the innate germs or productive energies in the soul.

In this internal constitution there is a general power of sensibility, and all our sensations are particular products of this. So there is a general cogitative power, and all our notions are separate, distinct outgrowths from this. In like manner there is a capacity for and susceptibility to faith, and all our particular beliefs are results of this, either spontaneously springing, or elaborated by reason and reflection from the materials which nature provides.

“The truth of a notion,” says a modern philosophical writer, “does not consist, as Locke affirms, in the conformity of our idea of it with the outward reality, but upon the validity or trustworthiness of our subjective laws.”*

In all our notions, then, pertaining to things unseen and spiritual, the notion of God, for example, (where there is no possibility, according to Locke's principle, of testing the conformity of our idea with the objective reality, because we have no faculty by which to judge of that reality,) the only course we can adopt is to refer the

* Morell, p. 253.

notion to the laws of our own mental and spiritual being. Is the notion formed in accordance with those laws? Is it generated and shaped in conformity with the natural and necessary processes of thought? Is it vouched for and authenticated by the soul? If so, it is justified to the understanding when this faculty scrutinizes it; and we can go and need go no further than this in the verification of the notion, and therefore it is true philosophically, that "faith is the evidence of things not seen."

All theology may be called the science of faith. It does not admit of, nor does it require, the same methods of verification that apply to other branches of knowledge. The existence, naturalness, normal propriety of faith, as a phenomenon of the life of the soul, may be looked at distinctly from the actual existence of the objects of faith. These are two conceivably separate subjects of thought. The question whether a God exists, absolutely, is one thing. The question whether we can avoid, without doing violence to certain primary principles of our spiritual nature, forming some notion of a God, and believing in a God, is a quite distinct subject of thought. And for all practical purposes, that is, so far as our individual acts and life are involved, the last-mentioned is to us the most important question. We are immediately concerned with our own beliefs, with the necessary persuasions of our own minds. These are level to our comprehension, and can be made profitable for the real purposes of life. When mortals attempt, Titan-like, to scale the heavens, and to penetrate to the presence of the Eternal, they are hurled back upon the earth where they belong. We cannot solve the mysteries of Infinite Being. No mental instrument we can invent will resolve these nebulæ of the heavens.

Although we may with reason reject the doctrine of innate ideas, and may deny therefore that the idea of a God is innate, yet something is innate. "*There is the understanding itself*," according to Leibnitz; "there is the innate faculty of forming ideas, which was altogether overlooked by Locke in his reasoning, and which stands quite independent of sensation." "There are then necessary truths, whose certainty does not spring from experience, but which have their foundation originally in the thinking soul." And we may affirm, with like reason,

There is the soul itself; *this* is innate, and with it the capacity of faith, and this faith of the soul is quite independent of reasoning. It originates in the soul's own vitality.

"Practically speaking," remarks one of your own writers, "we are concerned to know, not so much what things are in themselves, as the manner in which we are affected by the sight of them, and by living in the midst of them."*

With equal truth we may say that, practically speaking, we are concerned to know and attend to, not so much the objective being and attributes of Deity, which we "cannot, by searching, find out," as the idea of himself which God has been pleased to make us able to conceive; the manner in which we are psychologically affected by him through faith; the phenomena, intellectual, moral, spiritual, emotional, of the receptive and the distributive faculties of our interior constitution. And, viewed thus subjectively, we may say again, with truth, that "faith is the evidence of things not seen."

God is to us an idea. He has declared, in his own Word, that he is a spirit. We cannot behold him with the senses. The vision of God is promised to the pure in heart only. His presence is an ideal presence. We can look only, as Moses did, when he has passed by, and trace the footprints of him who "treadeth upon the high places of the earth." We cannot demonstrate his being. And to whom shall we liken him? We may assert and believe that he has an objective being, that there is a vast reality answering to the conception in the mind, before which we bow in reverential homage. But we can go no further than faith. We can know nothing on the subject by nature, nor could such knowledge be communicated to us without giving us, besides the knowledge, a new set of faculties to apprehend and use it. The idea of God is what alone concerns us.

A doctrine of the soul would seem rightly to precede in the order of time, and in logical order, the statement and proof of any other positive doctrines which are to be commended to the soul's reception. It is as necessary and as important, surely, to consider and study the believing faculty in man, as the articles which he is to be-

* Bowen's Lectures.

lieve. The one is as legitimate a subject of inquiry and investigation as the other. If the fin of the fish, or the wing of the bird, indicate the kind of life which the animal is intended for, the element in which it must move and have its being, the habits it will form, the broader or narrower sweep of its flight, the more or less extensive range of its migrations, and even the objects of its attention, aim, instinctive desire, and pursuit, as well as the kind of food it affects and will naturally seek; in like manner, it were to be expected beforehand that the study of the human soul, whether by introspection, or by attending to the facts which the history of human nature discloses, would be one proper mode of indicating the kind of life which a being so made should pursue, the objects he should aim at and aspire to, the class of truths he would gladly embrace, the element in which he must exercise his powers, and discharge the offices to which he was adapted, the beings separate from himself to whom he was intended to hold conscious relations, and the destiny which he was appointed to fulfil.

We have a doctrine or theory of the intellectual faculties. They have all been analyzed and classified, more or less accurately, and this has always been recognized, among thinking men, as one legitimate branch of science. So too we have a doctrine of the moral sentiments and faculties; and this has always been regarded as a subject for distinct and special investigation. But here, generally speaking, the analysis of man's nature has stopped. We have no doctrine of the soul, examined by analogous methods, and made familiar by clear statements of the facts, the phenomena, the laws, the inborn tendencies and instinctive appetences and workings, of this leading, peculiar organ of the human constitution.

And yet what reason can be given for such a defect? Assuredly this is the first point to be looked at in a natural method of investigating religion. The internal instrument with which we are to operate must be examined, if we would be made aware of the particular ministries in which it is designed to serve. There seems to be a lack of completeness, in this quarter, in the way of dealing with the great subject of Natural Religion. There must be a fallacy somewhere, if we could but detect it. There prevails a vague notion, as if the soul

and all that pertains to it belong to revealed religion, and must be put in that category; and so by a tacit consent men settle into the habit of referring Natural Religion to the reasoning faculty, and Revealed Religion to the soul. Is that the fallacy? If so, we are addressing to one faculty what was meant to be applicable to another and quite different one.

If a sort of Caspar Hauser experiment could be really tried with any human being, if you could by any systematic treatment cruelly pursued kill his conscience, paralyze by some fatal touch the faculty whose special function is to make and recognize moral distinctions, do you believe that all the logic from Aristotle to Whately, accumulated in one battery and discharged at once, could galvanize that maimed fragment of humanity into any semblance of moral life? No more than a treatise upon optics could convey impressions to the retina, if you should sever the optic nerve and so cut off the natural communication between the eyeballs and the brain. And why should we pursue a method equally unnatural in dealing with religion? Why address formal, elaborate arguments for the truth of religion to the cogitative, reasoning faculty, while the latent and dormant sensibilities of the soul remain undeveloped, or are torpid from disuse?

It is an obvious and an important fact, that the belief which is wrought out by merely intellectual processes is not at best that practical working faith, that source of inward power, which the soul needs, and which the real exigencies of man's life call for. In every age men have sought for absolute knowledge with respect to the high points of religion, but in vain. Many have hung over dizzy precipices to reach the glittering prize that tempted them. In the perilous effort one and another has dropped off into the abysses of doubt and despair. And those who have reached and grasped the object which attracted them have found it only an icicle, which broke into a thousand mocking shivers when they attempted to fashion it into an instrument of use and service; and when they clasped it to their hearts, and thought to wear it as a charm, amidst the hot agony of life's struggles, have found it melt in their own fervent heat, and chill the touch that embraced it. It is written as a law for man,

that he must believe with the heart. Nothing is fit for life's real scenes, but what is wrought in the soul's glowing furnace.

Following a course of reasoning like that which is pursued by Bishop Butler in his admirable sermons on human nature, we may say, that —

There are as real and the same kind of indications in human nature, that we were made to believe in, and to hold relations to, a spiritual, supersensible world in general, and to a particular Being, of whom the power, wisdom, goodness, apparent in the universe, may be predicated as attributes, as that we were designed to perceive by the senses, to communicate with, and to hold relations to, the outward, material world; and that the same objections lie against one of these assertions as against the other.

For, first, there is a natural principle of faith in man, which is to the unseen world, and to beings not cognizable by sense, what the senses are to the material realities of which they take notice.

If any person doubt whether there be in man such an organic principle as faith, whose special office is to connect man with the unseen world, let it be observed, that, whether man be thus constituted or not, what is the inward frame of the mind in this particular is a question of fact, or natural history, not provable immediately by reason. It is therefore to be judged of and determined in the same way as other facts or matters of mental history are, by appealing to consciousness, by arguing from acknowledged facts and actions, and by the testimony of mankind. It matters not that faith, in its operations, is very various in different individuals; that it admits of, and actually exhibits, every possible form of delusion; that in some minds it amounts to no more than a bare suspicion or surmise, mingled with doubts, that overcloud its light and neutralize its influence in practice; — the point is made out that such a principle as faith — in something more than the senses can scrutinize — does belong to human nature. Doubtless there is much left for us to do with regard to this innate principle of faith, that it may be wisely unfolded and cultivated, that it may be directed to worthy objects, and applied steadily to the promotion of a virtuous life. This is the work

given in charge to each individual. But if there be in mankind any inclination to pass beyond the sphere of the senses, and if the soul be susceptible of any emotions, or if the actions and life of a person may be influenced, to any extent and in any wise, by such super-sensible ideas, — it matters not, so far as the argument is concerned, how grotesque and monstrous may be the phantoms that may be conjured up, it matters not how irrational or cruel may be the conduct to which such wild beliefs may prompt, — here is evidence of what we are capable of, and here are indications of what we were made for; and the conclusion is just as certain as it would be if the principle which is thus left to run wild were enlightened and kept within due limits by reason and revelation, and were made, by a wise control and direction, the basis of a true life and a virtuous character.

Secondly, the same will further appear from observing, that the several affections and sentiments, which are distinct both from faith and from the perception of the sensible world, do lead us to the unseen and spiritual as really as to objects of sense. Hope and fear, for example, are affections which have manifest uses in regard to the present state of our being. They influence our actions towards our fellow-men. They are important motives, even if we confine our thoughts to the earth, and to the space included between the cradle and the grave. But in point of fact, they are not so limited in their influence. They ascend above the sphere of our present condition. They transcend the limits of time. They are the wings of the soul, bearing us, without our consent, and often against our wills, into the eternity of the future. They are as active as ever when death approaches, when there is no more earthly good to expect and strive for, and no longer anything earthly to dread. When the breath is just leaving the frame, the soul still glows with hope, and still quivers with fear.

It is the same too with the affection of love. This particular affection has objects, and serves important uses in our present and earthly relations. In its various modifications it forms the binding cement of families and communities, and of the race. But it is by no means exhausted by these limited uses. It grows by what it feeds on. It outgrows all terrestrial and sensi-

ble objects. Nothing finite and earthly is great or wise or good enough to receive its fulness. There is a large amount of its power reserved, for lack of any being here below upon whom it may be worthily bestowed. There is no proportion between the higher modifications of the sentiment, such as adoration, homage, entire self-surrender, and any finite being, however exalted and excellent. Yet the heart demands some object of worship, as truly as it craves some friend to sympathize with. The sensible world, then, and the relations that bind us to it, do not furnish exercise for the soul's highest affections, — do not exhaust, or do justice to, its capacities.

Thirdly, there is a principle of reflection and reason in men, by the help of which they supervise, adjust, control, and regulate their several powers, and among others the faculty of faith, and the particular affections which lead upward, outward, and forward, to the spiritual, the infinite, and the eternal. This cool, supervisory power is manifestly designed to preserve the other faculties in their just relations to each other, and to keep them within proper limits. It does not create faith; but, by a well-timed intervention, opposes its deliberate counsels, and, in some exigencies, its persistent scepticism, to arrest the mind in its progress to extravagant credulity. It does not oppose, or interfere with, the imagination, in its proper offices; but only prevents that faculty from running into wild and monstrous inventions, gives verisimilitude to its creations, and reduces its overcharged tints to a sober and harmonious coloring. It does not undertake the vain task to eradicate from the heart the various affections and passions of which man is susceptible, or to limit their exercise to this earthly scene, but only tempers their fervors to a safe and salutary warmth, by maintaining some proportion between the feeling and the objects upon which it is bestowed.

But it may be asked, by way of objection to this kind of reasoning, Are there not, as a matter of fact, multitudes of human beings in whom the principle of faith is so imperfectly unfolded, that it is only as a light shining in a dark place, and which the darkness does not comprehend? Are there not multitudes of human beings in whom the earthward tendencies are so controlling, that they may be said with truth to be "living

without God in the world," and with no reference to any unseen and spiritual realities? These questions may be met, so far as the present argument is concerned, by asking in return, Are there not, in like manner, multitudes of human beings whose perceptions gained through the senses are so dull, that they fail to understand the world with whose gross realities they are in daily and hourly contact; whose judgment is so poorly trained, that they miss of success in their temporal affairs; whose forecast and providence are so scanty, that they are ever sacrificing their real and permanent worldly interest to the pursuit of immediate gratification, and whose desires, instead of bearing them forward to the attainment of any high or any useful object in a worldly career, are limited to, and wasted upon, trifling, if not positively base and pernicious ends?

Now the same account is to be given in both of the analogous cases which the argument has presented. The purpose of the Creator, as indicated in man's nature, is not falsified in either of these cases by the facts of life. It is only thwarted by the intervention of other principles, by the unfortunate neglect or criminal perversion of that nature which was originally constituted aright.

We may understand, then, in what sense it is true, theoretically, that Religion consists in following nature, that Natural Religion is a sure and safe guide to man. If by human nature be meant any single principle, the doctrine would be, not false alone, but mischievous. If the imagination be followed without any control or direction, it would lead us into all the absurdities and grossnesses of heathen idolatry. If fear were to be our sole guide, we should become dupes of a slavish superstition. If we judged of the disposition and purpose of the Creator by the weak fondness of our own hearts towards our favorites, we should be presuming upon a goodness in whose view vice and virtue were of like value. If we trusted to the understanding alone, though we could succeed, through a wild sea of doubts, in reaching any solid ground, we should gain only a few abstractions; and how much heart's ease or reliable strength of purpose these could impart, any thinking man can estimate. We might gain the notion of a law,

a fixed order of the universe ; a huge pantheistic image might be before the mind, which, like the face of Medusa, would turn him who contemplated it to stone ; but no Personal God, no Father of Mercies, no Spirit communicating with human spirits. Even the conscience, when separated from the religious convictions of the soul, is no sure guide for man.

The only sense, therefore, in which it can be theoretically true that religion consists in following nature, is when the whole of our complex nature is unfolded harmoniously, each faculty in its order and place. And whether it is possible to realize such a theory of Natural Religion without the aids of Revelation, is as doubtful as it is certain that the end never has, in fact, been attained.

The complaint is heard quite frequently of a lack of faith in our age. Many regret the period of mediæval history, as having been eminently an age of faith. And some of those who cast such regretful glances backward in this mood would be willing to run the hazard of restoring the ignorance and demi-civilization, the serfdom, the rude *brusquerie* of a military period, if they might only see once again the depth of homage, the capacity for enthusiasm, the general mobility of the public mind, which then prevailed. But we need not go to the length of any such extravagance. Let science and civilization proceed with their ameliorating influences upon the outward condition of man. Let the understanding apply itself to unlock as many of the secrets of the material universe as it can. Let the exact, cautious, sceptical method continue in whatever concerns man's physical well-being. The grand mistake, according to the doctrine of this discourse, is in applying the same method to morals and religion.

It may be made a question whether the philosophy of Bacon, which has wrought such marvels for the benefit of the world in physical science, has not been to an equal extent pernicious in regard to morals and religion. The habit which it has induced, of looking only at sensible facts and of using the understanding alone, while the higher facts of consciousness are neglected and the intuitions of the soul are ignored, has been followed by disastrous consequences.

The successors of Bacon proceeded in the line which his sagacious and cold-hearted genius had pointed out. Locke in England gave systematic application to his principles, so far as they related to mental philosophy. But Locke was too good, too Christian a man to go where Bacon had pointed the way. Others of coarser and less scrupulous natures followed, until, under their influence, man was reduced to a lusty and beautiful brute, out of whom, with the dissecting-knife of their subtle analysis, they had extracted all soul,—in the mysterious chambers of whose complex nature their foul chemistry had dissolved all faith, and had left only a *caput mortuum* of earthy matter, as the worthless residuum of immortal man.

Our age has grown so jealous of religion, that it is ashamed to avow that it holds a faith that is not based upon logic. Faith now is too frequently nothing more than so much assent, slowly and grudgingly rendered to so much evidence; and in many cases the reasoning used is so narrow and inconclusive, so incommensurate with the largeness and importance of the truths which it is brought to substantiate, that the assent given under such circumstances amounts to almost nothing in a practical point of view. It does not reach and touch the springs of feeling and action in the heart. And what is it worth, if it cannot do that? Let the method be laid aside. Let the false habit of mind thus engendered, the all but inevitable scepticism or indecision that must follow from the application of this method, be broken up. Let men no longer be ashamed to believe without a formal scholastic reason. Let common, untrained minds, especially, refuse to be robbed of their faith by sophistical objections. Let them cling to the intuitive convictions of their souls,—to the *a priori* dictates of nature and of God. From these ideals of the soul burst forth all the virtues of life, in like manner, and by as sure a law, as all the glories of the vegetable world are expanded at this genial season, when the quickening touch of spring causes the naked rod, which the Earth has held up in her hand the winter long, to bud.

We must go back to the method of nature. You see what that method is, not only as it is suggested in Christianity, upon the highest authority and followed by

a success which has no parallel in the history of our race, but you also see it when you look into the common mind, and watch the workings of the leaven in those who have not been sophisticated by school training. The great heart of the race does not beat to the music of syllogisms. And if we would verify religion, by summing up in an abstract way the principles upon which its truth depends, we must follow the method in which it operates upon masses of men, and by which it gains currency in the world.

The Christian faith originated in the Oriental mind. That was never cramped and fettered by logic. It mused, and the fire burned beneath those still musings of the desert. The Occidental touch has only smothered that flame with its artificial contrivances, and reversed the method of Isaiah and of Christ.

I know that, in taking this ground, the discourse may be met by an objection. It may be alleged that the doctrine furnishes an apology for extravagance of all sorts, and may lead to an abject, slavish submission. To this I have to reply, that there are three kinds of faith very distinguishable. There is, first, the faith of authority, as when one blindly adopts, without any attempt to examine or to verify in any way, the dicta of a particular church, or the articles prescribed by an establishment. Next, there is the faith of reason, as when one attempts to legitimate his beliefs by processes of deduction and inference, in which processes the understanding is assumed to be the tribunal that has sole and final jurisdiction. And thirdly, there is the faith of the soul, as when we consciously and intelligently introspect our spiritual organism, examine its constituent elements, watch it not only at rest but when in action, observe its working habits, reflect upon the laws of its life, and so obtain a justification of religion from the unwritten signatures of truth which the Creator has imprinted upon the soul. Now, to confound this with an unquestioning, slavish submission to authority is simply irrelevant.

Too often an apologetic tone is assumed in regard to religion by its advocates. The rationalistic style of our day is as if men were half ashamed of believing, and must make out a case *in curia rationis*. It is an inch-by-inch measurement of the ground on which they stand.

It is a striking of balances, and sometimes there is a difficulty to determine whether belief shall be put on the side of debtor or creditor. It is a literal weighing of evidence, so much belief against so much logic, and the faith which is so weighed, in balances suited for grosser articles, not unfrequently kicks the beam.

Can you manufacture anything noble, disinterested, generous, out of such leaden materials? Can you extract any poetry, any epic, either of fancy or of real life, from such lumpish matter, and by so coarse a method? Can you get a crusade, or a mission to the heathen wastes of Africa, or a mission of mercy to the battered wretches that crowd the hospitals of the Crimea, out of such stuff as this? Can you send the cunning into the plastic hand of an Angelo, or inspire the sweet and grave muse of a Dante or a Milton, by such mechanical contrivances? You may fashion an image after the resemblance of man. Every muscle may be copied, every limb may be rounded after nature, every feature may be a transcript of life's best specimens, every line may be drawn with expressive truthfulness. But can you put a soul under that marble figure? Can you make it breathe? Can you give speculation to those stony eyeballs, or cause those closed lips to open and quiver with the word of intelligence? Is not the method we are considering as if Pan should steal the lute of Apollo, and, after breaking it to pieces to find out the secret of its music, should throw it on the ground, and try to play upon it with his cloven foot?

The unbelief from which we have most to fear, and which is most prevalent, extends farther than to the rejection of any particular system of theological dogmas, any authorized credenda of special communions, or any dispensation of positive truth. It questions the grounds of all religious faith, and ignores the existence and trustworthiness of any principle or faculty in man, whose function it is to believe in things "unseen, spiritual, and eternal." The great heresy of our period is not a denial of the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin Mary, or of any other of the thousand formulas of positive doctrine that proceed *ex cathedra Romæ*, or from any other propaganda in Christendom. But it is a heresy to humanity. It is a denial of the crowning attribute of man. It is

disbelief in the soul. We believe in and worship a huge idol, — the material universe, — which, like Nebuchadnezzar's image, has a head of gold, and feet of iron and clay. We are intent upon running a continuous wire round the globe, that we may chaffer with the Orientals by lightning, — a stupendous achievement, doubtless, which science has shown to be theoretically possible, and which experiment is trying to prove practicable; and the whole world is leaning, with eyelids ajar, to watch the doing of the design. And at the same time we have recklessly destroyed that better telegraph, which existed in what we term ages of darkness, and which led from earth to the world of spirits, fetching and carrying communications between the Fount of Being and the souls of men.

It would seem, therefore, that the leading duty of the day is to vindicate the spiritual nature of man, to state the special function of the soul, as distinct from the ratiocinating intellect, as the believing organ *suo jure*, a great fact of our higher life which has been lost sight of through mere desuetude. Our habit leads us to go out of the soul, and to observe and reason upon objective entities and quantities, and it is the unavoidable consequence of such a method that our conclusions remain objective. The argument from design for the being of a God, for example, makes the universe a curious and admirable piece of clock-work. It must have had a contriver, we justly conclude; but such a conclusion, however logically arrived at, does not imply certainly, at least does not necessarily fasten the conviction upon our minds, that we have any personal connection with that Contriver, except that we use his handiwork for our benefit, and sometimes misuse it to our mischief. The common mode of proceeding in our religious speculations is as if we should import an exotic flower and fasten it to a native stalk in our gardens. It may be so arranged as to attract notice and admiration for its beauty so long as it remains fresh; but it did not grow there, and it draws no nourishment from, because it has no organic connection with, the living plant to which it is fastened. It fades quickly, and leaves behind no power to produce a like flower from the same soil and plant. An argument may be logically perfect. As an invention

of the art of reasoning, it may delight the mind of a trained thinker; but unless it has some living connection with the soul, it can exert no permanent influence, and that living connection can only be secured by first unfolding the soul itself to the consciousness. The insect does not range through nature for materials from which to spin the delicate web on which she swings. She spins it from herself. Whatever carries man away from the soul and its *a priori* convictions unships his rudder and sets him afloat upon a shoreless ocean of inquiry, ever sailing, without a port. Arachne's cloth, in which she drew with so cunning a sleight the mystic thread, to depict the amours of the old divinities, was copied from the pictures in her own teeming fancy. This was what angered Athena; and when the envious lady changed her into a spider, it was the best illustration the fable could give of the creative power of the soul.

There is in the human soul not only a power of generating thoughts and convictions, but also a law of limitation and combination that necessitates the particular form which thoughts shall assume. The rounded sphere in whose hollow blue we are rolling, and on which are projected to our vision the stars and systems of the universe, so shapes itself to our eyes, not because this is its actual objective figure in space, but simply because this is the shape which the heavens must take in accordance with the subjective conditions of the organ of sight, and the limitations of our optical power. We can see so far in any direction. Each glance of the eye measures a radius, and terminates in a point in space; and the total of these infinite points must describe a hollow sphere to the human spectator.

Except the soul, nothing pertaining to man is enduring. Time is a relentless innovator; and even the most sacred subjects are not exempt from his influences. But if we look at nature, some permanent features are conserved, while around these fixed points there surges a flood of endless change. What suited the times of Dudley, our benefactor, is not applicable now. And yet our period, if not as positively religious, yet in tendency and capacity is as much inclined to, and as susceptible of, religious ideas and emotions, and as capa-

ble of being swayed by religious motives, as any period that has preceded it. It is true, that, whenever any high pressure that has borne upon the minds of men for a long time is removed, there is a centrifugal movement, and, in the case of individuals, faith may be renounced; and at intervals like these many are ready to fear, and to predict, that never more will supersensible, religious ideas control the minds and actions of men. A carnival of the intellect succeeds, when every restraint of sane thought is let fly, and all the buffoonery of a godless and conscienceless freedom is indulged in. But this cannot last long. Lent will come round again in the great year of God; and then men will be humble, and with humility faith will once more resume its natural place in the soul.

Every period must have, and will have, its own conceptions of religion, and its own way of administering it. Forms are transient and perishable. Forms of thought, of religious opinion even, last not long. Only the judgments of the soul survive. Every generation will have its own philosophy, its own creed, its own interpretation of nature and life, its own point of vision and instruments of observation, its own ways of stating, generalizing, verifying, illustrating, and applying its ideas. But there are the same heavens to look upon as in the days of the Patriarchs and the Puritans. And there are fixed stars, too, in the moral firmament of man, that have no motion, no parallax, to mortal observation and measurement, that remain for points of reference *in secula seculorum*.

You, gentlemen undergraduates of the University, are new-comers into this vast theatre of observation which the universe of God presents; and you bring fresh minds to the study of those momentous themes upon which the Genius of Philosophy has been musing for centuries. Do not fly off to the conclusion, which young and ardent minds are quick to resort to, that faith is dead, that religion is obsolete, a subject for history, and not a matter for new consciousness and experience. This is poor drivelling, allow me to say, not as a preacher, but as a fellow-student. It may suit the musty misanthrope, who has clouded his intellect, and been brought to repudiate the debts which he owes to himself and to God, by his

One other suggestion, closely connected with the sentiments which have been offered in this discourse, and I will close.

Do I err widely from the truth in saying, that the highest achievement of culture ever and everywhere is, not to quench any of the spontaneous flames of the soul, or to darken any of its native intuitions by cumbrous learning and by the artifices of the sophist, but to tone down its wild freedom and vigor to the ease and grace of trained action and bearing? The educated man is always in danger of contracting a scholastic and artificial habit of thought, and he in this way loses from his mind a just appreciation of, and from his heart a relish for, what is simple and natural. There is good reason why we should distinguish Natural Religion, not solely from Revelation, but also from the formal, unnatural methods of treating the subject in the schools. In the one case, it is a fountain within men, that keeps itself pure and full; in the other, it is a reservoir, that must be replenished constantly from without. No wealth of learning, no acquired subtilty of thought, no skill in dialectics, will supply the place of those intuitions of the conscience and soul which testify, to all, of God and of Right.

Rev. J. W. Lunt, D.D.
Secretary

ART. II. — THE GOAL OF LIFE.

WE live; but why do we live? It is remarkable that we can give a reason for anything sooner than for our existence, and answer anything more easily than that question. What is the true aim and ideal success of man's life? A traveller, being asked whither he journeys, answers readily, To London, Paris, or Palestine. Or, if his aim be less definite, he is still able to give some rational account of it. And finding one who could neither tell whither he was going, nor why he set out, we should involuntarily look around to discover if his keeper or guardian were with him, or whether he had escaped alone. Yet on the road of life how many a traveller is that same witless individual! Others go, he goes with them; but neither he nor they can tell why or whither.

But might not the goal of man's life be represented as Freedom, and all our sincerest aims and noblest purposes be profitably arranged under this one symbol? Let it be said that man enters existence upon the plane of simple Necessity. The infant does not act, but Nature acts in its behalf; and this action, while there is no defeated endeavor, no perverted energy, no sustained purpose, is symmetrical and beautiful; yet it is that only of predetermined nature, and not of an electing spirit. "Born free," says the Declaration of Independence. But if this be spoken of political liberty, then all which can be affirmed is, that such freedom, being necessary to the development of any human soul, is its indefeasible right; but it becomes a realized right only through a certain constitution of society. The individual, therefore, inherits this possession, not as an inevitable consequence of natural birth, but as the result of a great birth-act and continuing growth in the social organism. While, if respect be had to that grander freedom which dwells in the spirit, we may only say that its attainment is the duty, its possession the reward, the blessedness, and beauty of every soul.

Beginning life as the subject-children, we are by no means as yet the vassals, of Nature. Already Necessity looks beyond itself: the wholeness, the symmetry and unconscious smiling trust of infant existence prefigure that nobler integrity and higher peace of manhood, wherein the soul, freely electing the laws it perceives, through the pre-established harmony between itself and all truth, obeys its own choice in obeying God. Developed manhood is to the life of the child what harmony is to melody, not one simple strain, but the free co-ordination of many, — the aspiring treble, firm manly tenor, pleading counter, and deep-hearted, earnest base, blending into a unity above their separate selves. But this is somewhat to be *achieved*. Whatever advantages genius may confer, this was never Nature's free gift to the most beloved of her favorites. Only the true master, and after due apprenticeship, will so write the notes, or strike the keys, of life.

The soul, at first reposing absolutely in that element of simple necessity from which its ascent must be made, soon begins to throb with higher desires, and looks forth

from its nest to the blue expanse wherein its true home shall be. "I wish I could fly," cries the child, gazing at the swallows; and its spirit utters its inmost longing in that exclamation. The soul, beholding that free flight, takes the hint, and strives to spread its own wings. Look back to the childhood of humanity, and beneath the auroral splendors you will behold it standing with clasped hands and upward gaze, a child longing to fly. It is the earliest attitude of the great and generous, the glorious prattlers, "baby Jupiters," who beneath the consecrating hands of time are made venerable as the fathers of human thought. While the morning breezes play through their locks, and the first gushes of light fall athwart their brows, they sing to themselves of freedom; and the blessed echoes, like the voice of rills purling through the vales of heaven, linger yet in the air. This only it was which the Stoics imagined and portrayed. Their sage was a full-length portrait of one who has been delivered from all durance and drudgery. Cicero follows them in his fifth paradox, "That the wise man alone is free, and that every fool is a slave." A mighty longing for freedom, conjoined with the loftiest religious inspiration, pervades the letters of St. Paul. Plato, after his magnificent fashion, paints it, and points it out as the aim of life, in the apologues of the Phædrus. Far earlier, the Hindoo sages had named "deliverance from the bond of action" as the only lasting enrichment; and with crude, but splendid wisdom, had sought to indicate the path by which it might be attained. And still in every generous soul the story of man's noble beginnings is retold; and the aspiration for freedom blows across the hearthstone of the young heart, till all its energies kindle and spring up into flame.

On the lowest plane here named, that of necessity, man may lawfully extend himself, achieve results, obtain development. But by virtue of this life and action he is merely the first animal of the world, the "featherless biped," excelling in their own line his feathered and his four-footed relatives, the denizens of forest, field, and air. If we consider his lower labors and palpable prosperities, and thence turn to contemplate the courses of beasts and birds, close analogies become apparent, no less marked than those which science shows between his anatomical

structure and theirs. These poor cousins of ours, in their restricted way, and with their limited instrumentalities, set us the example of many and vaunted performances, and pioneer us to many a celebrated success. They also talk, build houses, make roads, wage wars. In their modulated sounds no human ear can be so dull as not to have heard a rudimental language; the honey-bee shows us an organized society; the mole and others have roads and streets; the ants have their Marengos and Waterloos, with prodigious slaughters and glorious victories; the beaver had built dams before Lowell and Manchester were dreamed of. We distance the poor fellows quite, with our free arms, long digitals, and superior cerebrum. The house of the fox or prairie-dog is a crude affair beside our comfortable, ventilated edifices, furnace-warmed and gas-lighted; the streets of the mole make an insignificant show compared with Roman roads and modern railways; the ablest general of the ants droops his plumes in the presence of Cæsar or Napoleon; the stored riches of the bee last but a single winter, and in the spring it is penniless again. We can serve our wants more handsomely than they. But here we are still serving, and not free. Here, still man is the subject of wants originating in his organization, the vassal of his inclinations and needs; sowing that he may be full, and building that he may be sheltered; striving to become rich through the accumulations he acquires, and not through the wings he gains; becoming rich, but not getting himself the everlasting riches. He is opulent as respects the means of temporary satisfactions; but the child of poverty, if man's only true possession be the eternal beauty and good. The true work of man is creative. God's architect, he should build what eternity has designed; find rude stone, and leave a glorious temple. His genuine success it is, out of confusion to bring order; out of darkness, light; to knead and mould the opaque and unshapen into form and translucence, acceptable to the eye of reason, and transmitting the warm rays of human thought and affection. In fine, it is his where was no human world to create one, — a sphere of sweet manly sentiment, of intelligence and recognized truth. The issue into this higher human sphere alone renders him free. And within every soul the call to this is

uttered, a voice of infinite authority, saying, as the host in the parable to his humble guest, "Go up higher"; and from all spiritual heights, the habitations of true heroes in the world's reverent memories, sounds down a sacred invitation, "Come up, to be an inhabitant of the azure and a companion of the stars."

Touching and tragic are the blind endeavors of men to make acquisition of that high freedom; and the seas of life are all laden and strown with wrecks of ships that sailed, but never came to shore. For few have learned to ask wisely of the oracle in the breast; few can wait with divine patience, bending attentive ear till authentic answer be given; too many accept vague hearsays, tumid testimonies of rumor, far-off, mutilated, and mistaken echoes of old responses; too many dash hurriedly off with the first breeze that blows, accounting swift and easy sailing to be success till upon the uncharitable ocean the sure foundering come, or the eyeless, unreasoning currents wrap them away, with deaf despatch, to their ruin-peopled dens and felon haunts.

First, the strong were bewitched with the imagination of boundless and lawless power. Were not one free with the populous world awaiting his nod, his will the mainspring by which alone the mighty mechanism of nations should be moved, his right hand armed with a sceptre wand, at whose wave innumerable peoples should start up to save or slay, or sink down in spell-bound, prostrate awe? Limitless power, — were not this limitless liberty, at least to me, though slavery to all besides? And fired by the imagination, lo, the conqueror comes to make the broad earth the untethered scope of his will, with bannered hosts, with music and march, and sharpened steel gleaming far and wide. He comes to write in red letters one privileged name on the scroll of freedom. "Smite down opposition with swift strokes of strong arms; let the keen edge cut through the living wall; yea, rear the ghastly structure of human skulls, a testimony terrible beyond refutation that here was a will that could not be thwarted, a liberty to which two hemispheres could set no bounds!"

But liberty lies in the conjunction of a will with truth. It there arises where the law, old as eternity and indestructible as God, is born afresh in the reasonable

choices of a human spirit. And as hydrophobia is more constraining than whip or chain, and the mad brute flying abroad, a token of terror, is ten thousand times enslaved, so in man license and domination may be but the measure of subjection. The gluttonous mosquito perishes by its own unrestricted voracity; and the lawless will makes itself full to its own hurt. Every fetter that one, by the mere right of might, puts upon another, remains also with himself, an iron weight to be borne; the enchained Prometheus ever holds some secret, invaluable to tyrant Jove; and the despot sinks beneath his own power, as sometimes the ancient men-at-arms sank under the oppression of their own armor. One is ever enslaved by any addition of palpable power from without, which he cannot meet and master by a divine energy within, so that wisdom shall give laws to authority, and self-sovereignty hold in poise eternal rule. And this power, so far from being the equivalent of liberty, is its opposite term, precluding rather than producing it. For comment on which text, turn to Oriental history, and see lawless despotism always taking refuge from itself in servile submission to the caprices of favorites, constantly keeping the balance even, and choosing out for itself a degradation exactly equal to that it enforced upon others. In those last prolonged years of disgrace and bitterness in Rome, the successful general ruled the empire, the army ruled the general, lust ruled the army; slavish appetite was the root of power, and the fruit was after its kind. And thus the wise and truly great will accept power only at the behest of duty, and guard against its encroachments upon their own will, like those that watch against the surprises of a plotting and relentless enemy.

But while the strong and stern pursue this illusion, there are others who seek enlargement through the whirl of intoxication and mad forgetfulness of laws and limits. "Summon the devil of wine," they cry; "let the wild delight of the body bring succor to the fettered soul; away with obedience, away with reverence, away with chastity; no more of conscience, of restraint; there is joy to be had for the taking, and all life may be a dance to nimble feet. Why do the gods withhold their pleasures from us? Why may they alone do what they will? Let

blooming Hebe bring us nectar, let us quaff and sing; joyous waking, ambrosial sleep, shall bring the circling delight of days around. We will not abide these checks and limits; we will not climb the rugged steep to heaven's door: paradise is ours by privilege of birth, and the wand of wine shall let us in!"

But the dream grows ghastly; the madness continues, the delight is gone; for not from celestial form, but from infernal caldron, where the witches circle and mutter around the simmering herbs, the false nectar was drawn.

But times change, bringing change to men; the sun of prudence ascends to the zenith; and the sober intoxication of gain succeeds to the dream of power, and the delusive emancipations of wine. Not fiery Mars, nor jolly Bacchus, but calculating Mammon now, with downward eyes that gaze in heaven on the golden floor, holds the gift of freedom. With goods laid up for many years, what constraint could there be? And then the misguided aspirant, perhaps unconsciously, says to himself: "I will lay land to land, heap gold upon gold, and add ship to ship; I will own the winds and gravitation; water shall run down hill, vapor ascend, and the sun shine for my profit and behoof; and from my all-dispensing hands the multitudes shall take their daily bread. And when not only men, but the pure river and the ocean wind, shall toil for me, — for me the imprisoned steam shoulder the piston, and the sun's rays quicken the sod, — then surely my enlargement will have come." But riches, like power, obey the rule, "To him that hath shall be given, and from him that hath not shall be taken away." They bring enrichment to the opulent soul, and enlargement to that already delivered; but the indigent spirit they impoverish, and the fettered will they bind anew. The dwarf is defenceless beyond his natural imbecility, with his right hand tied to the hilt of the giant's sword; and the miser is more miserable with each new-acquired coin. He who by his pecuniary interest in all the elements has entangled his whole being in considerations of pecuniary interest only; who values the sun's glow and glory only for the succulent roots it will bring to his cellar and the ripe grain to his barn; who prizes the green foliage only for the patterns it may suggest to his designer, and the sunset splendor for the

tint of salable hues; who sees in men only *instruments*, which he may use to load more heavily his groaning cof-fers, and add fresh superfluity to his plethoric abundance,—to that man increase is impoverishment, is ingenious beggary; he is bound in chains to which iron is as straw, and adamant as clay in the hands of the potter.

But man still gets onward, however slowly and tortuously; and his advances may be marked by his errors, no less clearly than by his cultures and achievements. It will be observed that though power, riches, and inebriate license bring not freedom, yet high authority and wide command are the prerogative of the wise and able; the dancing spirits of health are a natural stimulation, and one may sometimes not unlawfully add by conscious appliance to his store in this kind; and material wealth is the proper substratum of a true prosperity. And so we shall next come to that which is good, excellent, admirable, in its correct uses and applications; though not furnishing, while it is widely believed to furnish, an issue into the only freedom that is not merely beneficial and valuable, but essential and invaluable. The last device and possession by which it is erringly supposed that souls shall be liberated, and candidates for humanity become men, is a political constitution and universal suffrage. "The advancing thoughts and steps of mankind procure the truth and reach the goal at last," it is said: "the ballot is the true Open sesame! at the sound of which the mighty gates fly back, and the nations pour forth into the broad green spaces and sunny airs of liberty."

One would utter no word in disparagement of constitutions, of political adjustments, of privileges and immunities established by convention. These are true social achievements, by their existence marking an era, and denoting a victory. But however admirable as instruments, they make a sorry succedaneum for muscle and real human energy; the happy prolongation and appropriate ornament of a strong arm, they are the reproach of weakness, and betray the imbecility they seem to succor; they add efficiency to those who would not be helpless without them, but when thrust beneath the shoulder as an indispensable crutch, the resource of

infirmity and a substitute for natural vigor, they make not a nation of freemen, but only manifest a company of cripples.

The ballot-box, when its utmost claim is allowed, can be termed only a more peaceful and perfect instrumentality for collecting suffrages, that less perfectly and quietly would be given under all circumstances. Everything votes. The stone votes that it will lie still: you vote that it shall move; the majority will prevail. The wind votes that your house shall go down; if the architect has obtained a larger vote to the contrary, it will stand, and still give safe shelter from sun and storm. The unbroken colt votes that it will not go in harness; perhaps he will find himself in the minority. These majorities, it will be perceived, are not merely numerical, but have far more respect to quality than to quantity,—so do all majorities that the universe deigns to recognize and pronounce real. Thus the ballot is simply a pre-arranged *expression*, prudent or otherwise, of such perceptions and moral forces as exist. But the expression is not the force, and this itself may be a force of free will, or of deaf hunger and blind fate. One is not made free by holding a ballot in his hand, but by having a free hand in which to hold the ballot.

Political *well-being* consists in the wise combination of the millions for the securing of a certain limited outward good to each individual. Political *liberty* constitutes no small portion of the result reached. This is obtained by providing a space around each personality, on which no one shall outwardly and palpably encroach but at his peril. And in whatever wise these combinations may take place, with or without universal suffrage, this guarded sanctity of the person is the right of every human being. So each society should say, "This space is thine; within this dwell securely, develop the virtues and energies thou hast, eat the fruit of thy labors in peace." Without this great piece of social justice, feeble personalities will be drawn out of their orbits, and annihilated by the strong; as if Jupiter should devour his moons, and the sun devour Jupiter and the solar system, and all the lesser stars of heaven cease their separate shimmering, lost in the maw of a few gluttonous and swollen orbs. Yea, and without this, even great charac-

ter may suffer loss, be defrauded at least of external activity, and noble Dion have to wait upon poor egotist Dionysius.

Yet within this consecrated space, when society has done all its duty, the individual has the whole vast range of moral possibilities to himself, and may be either the child of Freedom or the drudge of Nature; either a noble human personality, or merely a two-legged animal without feathers. You may regulate, as to certain tangible matters, his relations to the largest society, the nation; he will for the most part regulate his own relations to the universe. And if in these more subtle and deeper relations, the root-facts of his being and the source of all other facts, he be crude and brutish, no Abbé Sieyès with a whole cornucopia of constitutions in his head, no admirable conventions and democratic enfranchisements, will do other than leave him the ignoble instrument they found him.

There is a tyranny worse than that of Roman Neros and Russian Czars. There is a slavery worse than chains can make, or whips and knouts enforce. And, as if to demonstrate the comparative futility of eternal arrangements, it is in the vaunted blaze and noonday splendor of political illumination that this shape of darkness loves to stalk abroad. Every popular government, from ancient Athens to modern America, is infested by a class whose lusty bawling of "liberty," "rights of the people," and the like, is but the deep-mouthed baying of their greed and hungry longing to devour. The gods of the ballot-box, they are the sewers and scavengers of nature. Or they are the suppurations of the body politic, channels for the diseases and base humors of the state. One may stand for certain months as the sublime and anointed manifestation of a nation's liberty, his high-reared forehead seeming to displace the stars, while within him, beneath all his brilliant wrappage of appearance, a human soul shall be picking cotton, a sweatier slave than Georgia or Carolina ever saw. He who is in bondage by his will cannot be made free by his position.

Neither can circumstance enslave those whom character has fully liberated. Nature's diploma and certificate of honorable graduation from her university, popes, kings, peoples, may refuse to acknowledge, but they cannot

take it away. What she has said none can unsay, and the attempt but brings into relief the letters of adamant in which her decision was written. Thus it is under deprivation of political right that the essential freedom, the absolute play and harmony of an emancipated spirit, has shone forth with purest glory and power. Orion wears his shining belt by day also, but night alone reveals it.

Thus Romanism seized upon John Knox, and bound him to the galley-oar. One day a monk pressed the image of the Virgin into his palm. From his hand away it spun into the sea. "Let her go down," said the indomitable man. The same Romanism said to the bravest and ablest king of France, "Make thyself in the eyes of all men an apostate and hypocrite," and with trembling he obeyed! Raleigh in the tower, Bunyan in Bedford jail, Cervantes in a Spanish galley, were free as no convention could constitute them; and, to testify of it, went forth three works, the *History of the World*, the *Pilgrim's Progress*, and the story of *Don Quixote*. Such trophies never followed a Roman conqueror in his triumph. A soul mighty enough transfigures its chains, wears its manacles as a bride her marriage ring, and compels the long succession of after ages to consecrate the tokens of its seeming ignominies with their homage, with their deepest love, and saddest, sweetest tears. There is a crucifixion; and the cross itself ascends into heaven to shine as chief of the constellations for ever.

Thus, certain greatest spirits, having entered into the realm of this higher freedom, found therein all immunities, as the light of all the planets is in the sun. "He affirms" — so the crowned caitiff of Sicily complained of Plato — "that a just man must be happy in the state of slavery, as well as in that of freedom." Nor let us, with Dionysius, fancy the statement inexcusable, though our tongue falter in repeating it. The great soul knew what he was saying, and his words were weighed in a balance such as few minds or times could ever supply. Indeed, he had the opportunity to put them to a practical test; but we do not learn that his deeds disgraced his speech. We behold him bound and borne over the barking seas; but can as soon pity the eternal azure in time of storm, or stars that shine in the cold heaven

upon wintry nights. So Epictetus was a slave, and took a broken limb from the blows of his "master"; his name is now coupled with that of the good emperor, Marcus Antoninus: these were the two last great royal souls of stoicism, and they sail down the stream of time together, monarch ships, majestic still upon that tide whose relentless lips have closed over so many a huge and haughty craft.

These various negations may be thus summed up. The Understanding, which is the victorious subduer and transformer of the visible world, cannot bring man to that freedom which is the goal of all his strivings. The demon is indeed strong and nimble; he will wrestle with the hurricane, and not be overthrown; he will bind Merrimac and Missouri to the crank of his wheels; he will grapple with the lightning and wrench a benefit from its grasp; and the giant forces of nature all succumb to him, who knows the secret of their strength. A true wonder-worker after his kind; but there is a synthesis to be produced in every human breast beyond its most marvellous operation; rough waves to be assuaged, over which its "Peace, be still!" is uttered in vain; a miracle of beauty and blessing among the possibilities of man, which to that is impossible. And he died making no sign of deliverance, a vassal after all his victories, who spoke by its purest inspiration eloquent words, heard with joy by several ages and nations,—he, the third in rank among English intellects, falsely and flipantly named "the wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind." Man has been away ballooning in the clouds, steaming across oceans, roaming through the heart of mountains, learning the secrets of outward nature, and making the elements his servitors, seeking thus the absolute good, that which is not a means, but an end, not a promise, but an immortal fulfilment of hope and prophecy. Let him now come to himself. In his own bosom is the treasure he seeks. He cannot clutch the sky and draw it down; that remains foreign, unappropriated, and he is an earthling still; but let him enter his own soul, its ever-during sentiments will arch in azure spaces over him, in the still night of contemplation all the stars of thought and slowly sailing constellations will come over the horizon to visit him, and the sun of splendid

purpose ride up the eastern road to make bright the day of action. The long quest is ended; freedom is not a charity which the soul can outwardly receive, but its natural flower, the inflorescence of divine and wondrous energies therein. Without it there may be conquerors, Cræsus, democratic citizens; but without it there can be no hero, no saint, no poet, no man.

Man is primarily a principle of light, or divine activity, involved in an opaque element. Thus the shining orbs of heaven and the sun itself are not compacted of light, but their radiance results from a light-producing energy operating in and upon a dark substratum. We see the same thing in incandescent metal, and otherwise; and one may fancy the time was when this energy had not been evolved, and darkness was on the face of the deep of space. So the Hindoos tell of the sleep of Brahm in the primal night of being, before existence and creation were.

This superior principle is brought down, and, through the concrete being of man, put into organic connection with the blind forces of nature, appetites, inclinations, passions, to prevail over and transform them; that so Light may be ever conquering Darkness, and Freedom subduing Fate. This statement is easily illustrated by a clear analogy, namely, the relation of concrete man to the elemental energies, those, for example, expressed in falling water and expanding steam. He is intelligence, they are strength, and by intelligence he can appropriate them, append them to his hand and will, and so elevate them into the sphere of use. And to impel him to the attainment of this mastery, he is involved in the midst of these forces, made to feel them in his body, made in some respect subject to them; they crowd upon him, overrun him, pinch and affright him, until he penetrates them by his understanding, and so accomplishes the due victory over them. Thus gravitation is in man as well as in the stone; he is coerced into an acquaintance therewith; but when it has been penetrated and mastered by understanding, then it becomes his servitor, the drudging goblin,

“Who in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
With shadowy flail, hath threshed the corn
That ten day-laborers could not end.”

Intellectually seen, man is not on the superficies of the world, but in its midst, enveloped by its energies, embraced by its needs. So far as he can see into it, that is, overcome its opacity and make it lucid by the effort of his intelligence, so far its powers become his own, in some sense a subordinate part of himself. The river becomes an extension of his arm, and steam of his steps: by that he clothes and feeds his body, and by this he strides over mountains and seas. Thus he is the Light-principle operating in the world of matter, rendering it translucent to his understanding, and evolving from its cold substance the warm beams of benefit and use.

Carry this analogy into the bosom of man. He is in himself a nascent Love and Reason involved in the midst of hungers, ambitions, and various fateful energies, that he may penetrate their opacity and take them up into the sphere of absolute freedom, beauty, and good. The domination of these forces is the rule of Necessity; his, not harsh repression, but absorption, sweet, loving mastery, and beautiful transfiguration of them, constitutes him God's freeman. Here it is, the old work to be done in these new days, as ever. Here is the alternative not to be avoided, the stint set to every soul born into the world. Nothing can give us escape; nothing can take the task off our hands. It is vain to put our trust in constitutions and balloting, in all most admirable political forms and finest social arrangements; with awful watch, the serene, all-judging Spirit waits and looks till in each individual being the divine energy penetrates its opaque envelopment, till the pure glow appears in every particle, and darkness is made light in bosom and brain.

We see this process going perpetually on around us. Behold dead gases and dark juices of the earth ascending to become the symmetry of forest forms, the grace of waving boughs, the verdure of leaves, and bloom of petals! Thus rooted in the brain of man, high thoughts and fragrant loves should spring, with a bloom that roses can only prophesy of from afar, and a symmetry that trees can but suggest.

But a fearful fact must not be overlooked, that in man an *inverse* development is possible, wherein though there is light, it is lurid, making a burning darkness, but

not sweet day. The Samson that came to deliver grinds now in the mill of the passions. The forces of fate in the nature ascend not to receive consecration at the hands of Reason, and to sit clothed and in their right mind at the feet of Love, but, abjuring this, drag Intellect down into their cold realm, to mask their desolation with a delusive gleam, and gift with mischievous might their destroying hands. This development is the aim of all insincere and atheistic cultures. And this is the absolute negation of freedom, as opacity is merely the absence of its affirmation. It is not only slavery, but its consecration; the hearty acceptance of Pandemonium as the only true Paradise. It is the gospel of Mephistopheles, much believed, according to which truth is plausibility; good, the satisfaction of greed; and the path of rectitude, whatever may chance to be the readiest road thereto.

Essential Freedom, — the permeation of our whole being by Truth, making its dark substratum the means and material of light. But around this shining orb clouds will cluster, through which it must send its golden arrows as it may. We are surrounded by an element of fate in some degree foreign and beyond our control; which by knowledge may be partly governed, but partly remains intractable, and may sometimes become deadly hostile. Many of these unfriendly agencies a brave man quietly looks out of countenance. So the first settlers of the forest said, that if you met a bear in the path, being unarmed, and without flinching looked him steadily in the eye, he would presently turn aside into the woods. Often our enemies are imaginary, begotten in our apprehensions by the mere arming against enemies; as many a one frightens himself by the bare locking of his doors. But the greatest and bravest soul may at last find himself standing face to face with some deaf minister of fate, which no science can control, nor any nobleness shame, nor any vigor overthrow. For such it only remains to retire into the mountain fastnesses of their manhood, leaving the city of their present fortunes to the foe. Necessity and Free-will then severally conquer on their peculiar planes. But the victory of one is momentary, that of the other eternal; the former a brief eclipse, the latter an everlasting radiance. The

fact soon appears above this illusion of appearance; and to the sorest seeming defeats of Free-will the world looks back, with reverent and joyful gaze, as the loftiest triumphs.

This conflict between spiritual might and outward oppression appears in all the delineations of tragedy. Tragedy is the apparently vain struggle of a noble will with outward necessity. It is beautiful and attractive, because intrinsically it is victory, though the eye discover only defeat. In Greek literature this picture is most boldly and grandly drawn in the figure of Prometheus chained to his rock. The sharpest wrath of Zeus is spent upon him;—

“The thunders crash up with a roar upon roar,
And red eddies of lightning flash fires in his face”;—

and while the hot flood of supernal hate goes over him, he lies naked and helpless, riveted to the rough crag. And yet he is free in defiance of all; for he continues at one with himself, and his godlike will is not surrendered. Lear, also, a more mixed instance, in the glorious conception of Shakespeare, standing with white locks bared to the storm, and, alas! with old heart bared too to the poison rain of his daughters' ingratitude, stoops no whit from his kingly height, and will not buy peace with degradation. A purer tragedy than either of these, elevated by the introduction of the saintly element, and which had the splendid advantage of being actual, drew toward the last scenes of its fifth act one morning at Athens, when sad and loving friends gathered around the couch of Socrates, while he rubbed the part that the iron had injured, and talked of alternating pain and pleasure, and of life triumphing over death. And higher raising reverent eyes, we may glance at the sublimest tragedy this planet has seen, that of Judæa; where a heavenly Will was pressed upon from without, till it was pressed quite over the verge, out of the world, leaving a deathless consecration on the place, and scattering from the cross the seeds of many thousand holy and heroic lives.

The vice of our time is that we make too much of the material and external. We put faith in arrangements and devices, not in spiritual energies. Once, in the ancient indigence of nations, men could be wise only through the birth-throes of intellect, and noble but by

the original strivings and winged ascent of the soul ; but now, grown richer, we have colleges and constitutions, and will compass the great ends of life by the cunning of the understanding. But celestial railroads exist only in the fancy of the satirist and the dream of the simpleton. Coaches may perhaps visit the summit of Mount Washington, but to Olympian heights there is, there will be, no carriage-road, hardly a footpath ; and aspirants, as of old, must stoutly climb, or stay below. And through forgetfulness of these things, there is hot running, but little winning ; and many gain a livelihood, but few live.

D. A. W.

Dr. Codman
Graveyard

ART. III. — DR. CODMAN AND THE SECOND CHURCH IN DORCHESTER.*

NOT till recently has our attention been called to this volume. The character it portrays is worthy of having been drawn by the eminent divines in whose names the book appears. It is just what might be expected from men of their high standing and intimate relations with the subject of it. It is a faithful record of the life of their friend, as it appeared to them, with their means of judging, and their peculiar sympathies and prejudices.

And so far as the general deportment of Dr. Codman, in his domestic and social relations, is concerned, and his earnest zeal and fidelity in the usual walks of his profession, no one at all acquainted with him will presume to question the record. But his character was in part developed by a violent and protracted controversy with a portion of his parish. An enlightened community were greatly interested spectators of the contest, and by no means agreed in their judgment of its merits. The opposing parties, therefore, mostly in their graves, with the pastor, are entitled to regard.

Having been interested in the rise, the course, and the

* *Memoir of John Codman, D.D.*, by WILLIAM ALLEN, D.D., late President of Bowdoin College ; with *Reminiscences*, by JOSHUA BATES, D.D., late President of Middlebury College. Boston : T. R. Marvin and S. K. Whipple & Co. 1853. 12mo. pp. 408.

results of that controversy, we feel called upon to offer some comments on the mode in which it has been rehearsed by Doctors Allen and Bates.

It is much to be regretted that these gentlemen judged it fit to go so minutely into the details of this unhappy affair, and thus create a necessity for bringing again to light things that had better have slept in oblivion; especially as they were never in a situation to present the case in any other than a strong *ex parte* light. Still, they thought it so important to the character of Dr. Codman, and to the interests of their sect, that the account of it occupies thirty-two of the one hundred and fifty-six pages of the Memoir, including a long letter from the late Rev. Dr. Miller, of Princeton College, New Jersey, who thus interfered to cheer Mr. Codman on in the contest; while sixty-seven of the one hundred and nineteen pages of the Reminiscences have a bearing, direct or indirect, upon it. In the account here given of it, the main object of his biographers was, to commend Mr. Codman at the expense of his parishioners; that portion of them, at least, whom he could not proselyte to his creed, or bend to his will. He is uniformly praised and extolled; they are as uniformly blamed and condemned.

Fortunately, the printed documents pertaining to the origin and early transactions of the Second Parish in Dorchester furnish ample testimony, from which the candid reader may form a correct opinion in the case. To these we shall have occasion to refer, as we proceed. And by following the line of the narrative, the volume before us will enable us to do equal justice to Dr. Codman.

He was a son of the Hon. John Codman, one of the most wealthy and respectable merchants of Boston, and a member of the Brattle Street Society. His fitting for College was partly at Andover Academy, and partly under the care of the late Professor Ware, Sen., then minister of Hingham. He graduated at Harvard, with a good reputation, in the memorable class of 1802. After leaving College, he studied law nearly a year, in the office of the late John Lowell, Esq. But the sudden death of his father, who "in his last sickness intimated a wish that his son should become a minister of the Gospel," "was the means of changing his profession." "He

commenced the study of theology in 1803, with his early instructor, Rev. Henry Ware, with whom he remained about a year, and then removed to Cambridge, there to continue his theological pursuits." * There "he formed a particular intimacy with several students and preachers of Evangelical sentiments." This, it seems, was "congenial society" to Mr. Codman, for he was, doubtless, strongly predisposed to Calvinism, and he then adopted those views of theology.

In the summer of 1805 he embarked for Europe, with the view of finishing his studies in Scotland. After remaining there nearly two years, "he left Edinburgh. At Bristol he obtained a license to preach. He was soon invited to preach in the Scotch church, in Swallow Street, London, where he continued his labors for about a year. Returning home in 1808, he arrived at Boston in the month of May." † He had been flattered abroad, and came home with high expectations. He preached from memory, used much gesture, and wore his hair powdered and tastefully dressed; his manner was solemn and earnest. It is not strange, therefore, that Mr. Codman should have drawn the attention of the new parish in Dorchester, who were then ready to settle a minister. After preaching there on two Sundays, and at a preparatory lecture, in September of that year, the church gave him a unanimous call, and the parish accorded with only four dissenting votes. Before giving his answer, Mr. Codman, with great apparent fairness, addressed a letter to the parish committee on the subject of his religious opinions.

"Lest there should be a doubt," ‡ he says, "in the mind of any one upon this subject, I think it my duty, in the presence of a heart-searching God, to declare my firm, unshaken faith in those doctrines that are sometimes called the doctrines of the Reformation, the doctrines of the cross, the peculiar doctrines of the Gospel. These doctrines, through the help of God, I intend to preach; in the faith of these doctrines I hope to live; and in the faith of these doctrines I hope to die.

"It gives me great pleasure to have it in my power to say that I believe my faith is the same with that of our venerable forefathers, and particularly with that of the former pastors of the church of Dorchester.

"As Arian and Socinian errors have of late crept into some

* Memoir, p. 23.

† Ibid., p. 68.

‡ Ibid., p. 70.

of our churches, I think it my duty to declare to that church of Christ, of whom I may have the pastoral charge, that I believe the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost to be the one living and true God, and that my faith in general is conformable to the Assembly's Catechism, and to the Confession of Faith drawn up by the Elders and Messengers of the Congregational churches in the year 1680, and recommended to the churches by the General Court of Massachusetts."

This is all the avowal Mr. Codman made of his sentiments, before accepting the call. And it deserves special notice, because he made it, from the first, the sole ground of his justification of the exclusive measures he adopted respecting his pulpit exchanges, which we expect to show was the true and only cause of the controversy.

Mr. Codman always took to himself great credit, and his friends claimed it for him, that he was so *full, particular, and explicit* in this avowal. That he stated most *fairly and distinctly* the doctrines he intended to preach. And yet it will be seen, by a glance at his statement, that only one doctrine is there distinctly specified. In the most general manner he tells the parish, "The doctrines of the Reformation, the doctrines of the cross, the peculiar doctrines of the Gospel, through the help of God, I intend to preach. . . . I believe my faith is the same with that of our venerable forefathers, and particularly the former pastors of the church in Dorchester, . . . and in general is conformable to the Assembly's Catechism," &c., &c.

But if it had been ever so *full and particular*, the statement would have been wholly needless. The church and society well knew he was a Calvinist and gave him a call as such, expecting and desiring, to a man, as will be shown, that he would do as other Calvinistic ministers up to that time had freely done,—exchange with neighboring ministers of liberal sentiments. And if Mr. Codman had candidly avowed the resolve, already made up in his mind, as in honor and conscience he was bound to do, not to exchange with them,—we speak from an intimate and thorough knowledge of persons and their views on the subject, and of the discussion of the question then going on in the parish,—he could not have had a vote, not a single one, to settle with them. This we think is evident from the reply of the parish to his avowal of sentiments. It is fairly met and answered,

and the course they wished him to pursue is clearly pointed out, in the letter of their committee, dated October 31, 1808.

From this there is an extract in the *Memoirs*,* to which we shall make an addition. They begin by saying:—

“Although there may be a difference in opinion among us respecting some parts of the Holy Scriptures, your communication is received with pleasure and general satisfaction, and we venerate the principles of our forefathers, especially the pious and worthy pastors of the church in Dorchester, and are happy to find you agree with them in sentiment.

“We are sensible that the office of a minister of the Gospel is in the highest degree important and responsible, but if you accept that office and we are the people of your charge, we hope it will not be rendered difficult or unpleasant by the want of candor or propriety of conduct on our part, and that no root of bitterness will spring up to trouble us.

“In our present imperfect state, various opinions and discordant sentiments will exist, and occasions occur for the exercise of a spirit of condescension, patience, and toleration. This spirit we wish to cultivate, as we all acknowledge the same Great Head of the Church, and in him are all brethren, and if we follow his example shall be all friends.

“A general unanimity and spirit of accommodation, we hope, will continue among us, and should you accept our call to the important duties of a Gospel minister, we have no doubt but you will use your endeavors to promote peace and friendship among the people of your charge, and to continue and confirm it among our sister churches and their pastors, and the University, of which you will be an overseer.”

The document from which this is extracted “was unanimously approved at a parish meeting,” and clearly enough shows the wishes and expectations of the church and society, at the time, respecting the conduct of their minister, in his intercourse with the neighboring societies and their ministers.

But this is not all. In the letter which contains the avowal of his sentiments, Mr. Codman asked the favor of the church and society “to use Dr. Watts’s Psalms and Hymns,” instead of Belknap’s, then in use; and “that they would grant him the use of the porch, back of the pulpit, for a vestry.”

* Page 71.

With these requests the parish complied. The proposal to change the hymn-books, however, was met with reluctance, and caused much sensation and discussion as to what it indicated. *Fears and doubts were freely expressed*, "whether Mr. Codman would exchange with the Boston Association of Ministers generally," and "with such ministers as they were accustomed to hear."

Accordingly, several influential members of the church and of the society waited on him, in a friendly way, to converse with him on the subject. In these conversations, by different men, and at different times, the state of feeling in regard to exchanges was distinctly made known to him. He was positively assured that the parish would not be *satisfied*, and that it would be the cause of *trouble*, — we speak now from personal knowledge of facts, — if they should be disappointed in this particular.

Mr. Codman cautiously refrained from committing himself directly on the subject, and yet managed so plausibly as to satisfy those gentlemen — they told us so at the time — that he should exchange agreeably to their wishes. He assured them of his intention to join the "Boston Association of Ministers" immediately, — which he did soon after his ordination, — and that "he meant to be upon the most intimate terms of friendship with them." He said some very kind things of Mr. Harris, the minister of the First Church.

The depositions of some of those gentlemen were taken, and are in print, with the other documents pertaining to the history of the parish. "Mr. Codman's conversation gave them satisfaction on that subject," they said; and "the impression made on their minds was such, as induced them to believe that all difficulties would be removed with those who were apprehensive that he would not exchange ministerial labors with the Boston Association of Ministers."

This no doubt was the case. For preparations were forthwith made, with unusual harmony, for the ordination, which took place on the 7th of December, 1808, the sermon being preached by the Rev. W. E. Channing.

But how are we to reconcile this wily shyness — we cannot help calling it so — on the subject of exchanges, with Mr. Codman's professed frankness of disposition, and his anxiety to prevent future difficulties and misun-

derstandings, so earnestly expressed in his letter to the parish respecting his religious opinions? He well knew the intimate relations subsisting between his church and the neighboring churches, and the united and earnest desire and expectation of the parish, that those relations would be kept up by exchanges, as before, with the pastors of those churches. But at the time he gave his answer, as the writer of the *Reminiscences* admits, he had otherwise resolved. He says: * "Mr. Codman seems early to have formed the resolution of keeping himself free from the entanglement and perplexity of promiscuous exchanges. Accordingly he intimated his intention, in the most delicate manner, to some of his confidential friends." "When called, therefore, to settle in Dorchester, he acted consistently with these views, and with reference to this fixed determination." The same is evident from the letter of Dr. Miller: † "I hope and believe, my dear brother, from what I hear, that you are determined, whatever may occur, to adhere to your original resolution respecting EXCHANGES with ministers of heterodox or doubtful sentiments." And yet this was kept secret from the confiding people who had called him to be their minister. Comment is not here needed, and we shall make none.

Here we insert an extract from the *Right Hand of Fellowship*, by Mr. Harris, at Mr. Codman's ordination; because it gives, in few words, the true character and condition of the Second Parish, and amply refutes the sad account of the churches and the ministry by the author of the *Reminiscences*. For the state of religion in Boston and the other neighboring towns was not materially different from that in Dorchester.

The closing paragraphs of the extract are given in the *Memoir*, ‡ not indeed to praise, but rather with a sneer.

"For many years have the inhabitants of this town been remarkable for their devout observance of the Lord's day, and regular attendance upon the duties of the sanctuary; and before the recent separation were considered as forming one of the largest assemblies of religious worshippers, with the greatest number of communicants, of any in the vicinity. Then, and through the whole transaction of gathering a new church and

* *Memoir*, pp. 183, 184.

† *Ibid.*, p. 101.

‡ Page 82.

forming a second society, a *Christian spirit of love and harmony* has been evinced, of which, perhaps, there is no fairer instance in the ecclesiastical history of our country."

"Standing fast in one spirit, and striving together for *the faith of the Gospel*, they have paid little attention to lesser matters, and words of doubtful disputation, and have been indoctrinated rather in those *important truths of religion* in which all agree, than in those *speculative topics*, about which so many differ. The modern distinctions of sect and party are scarcely known, and have *never been advocated among them*. To be *disciples and followers of the Lord Jesus*, has been their only endeavor; and to be called *CHRISTIANS*, the only appellation by which they have *aimed or desired* to be distinguished.

"Enter, *MY BROTHER*, into these my labors. In this portion of the vineyard may you find the vines flourishing, and the clusters fair, and gather fruit unto everlasting life."

Fifty years ago, we may here remark, the late Dr. Harris was the greatly beloved minister of the whole town of Dorchester, including the Neck, now known as South Boston.

We wish our limits would allow us to make free extracts from the interesting documents in print, relating to the history of the Second Parish, to show the reluctance with which they parted from Mr. Harris, and their earnest desire to keep peace in the town.

Suffice it to say, new accommodations were greatly needed. The first recorded movement thereto, August 4, 1804, was the calling of a town-meeting, "to see if the town will build a meeting-house in the southerly part of the town, and settle another minister." This, and a like attempt some months after, failed. A company of seventy-two persons then united for the object, who declared in the outset, that they "wished and meant to do nothing which may give a reasonable cause of uneasiness; but should strive as much as possible to cultivate peace and friendship with all their fellow-townsmen."

The house having been built, it was dedicated October 30, 1806. On the 25th of November following, the proprietors called another town-meeting. On that occasion a committee of the proprietors presented their views to the town, in a document of much interest.

The main proposal of it was, that "the town should

agree to pay two ministers out of the public income, as is the case with our schoolmasters," taking the control of the meeting-house, so that they might be a branch of the parent society, and not a separate parish. In their address, the committee speak of it as a "painful reflection, that the measure must in some degree deprive them of the services of their worthy minister, Mr. Harris, and regret that it must separate them from their worthy and respected friends in the church and congregation, with whom they have long lived in habits of intimacy and union of sentiments, in a degree far beyond what religious societies often experience." And again, "We have one settled minister, in whom all are satisfied." On mature deliberation, however, it was thought best that a new church and society should be organized.

Accordingly, sixty-four members petitioned for a dissolution of their relation, which was granted December 21, 1807. In their farewell address they say : —

"We have in every stage of this important business expressed our reluctance to complete separation. That it is now to take place is a painful consideration ; but we yield to it with sincere desires that we may be one in brotherly love and charity, though separated in place of public worship.

"And we now request that you would entertain towards us the pleasant intercourse which belongs to the communion of churches. God forbid that we should sin against the Lord, in ceasing to pray for you and your spiritual instructor, whom we bear on our hearts with the highest esteem, and separate from with the deepest regret."

We make a brief extract from the reply of the parent church : —

"In yielding to your request for a dissolution of your immediate relation to us, we reciprocate the tender and affecting sentiments with which that application was accompanied, and assure you of our good-will and cordial affection, which many considerations have served to strengthen ; and we would be far from considering that the kind regards which these have produced are alienated, or even diminished, by the separation which now takes place."

We may also remark, that this enterprise was carried on wholly under *Liberal* or Unitarian auspices. The Rev. Dr. Porter of Roxbury, and the Rev. Mr. Pierce of Brookline, were invited to assist Mr. Harris in the dedi-

cation of the meeting-house. And the house was *dedicated* "to the glory of God in the services of Christian worship."* It was not "DEDICATED TO THE TRIUNE GOD."

At the gathering of the Second Church, the Rev. Dr. Lathrop of the Second Church in Boston, Dr. Porter and the Rev. Mr. Gray of Roxbury, and the Rev. Mr. Pierce of Brookline, with the Rev. Mr. Harris, were convened as a council to solemnize the transaction, January 1, 1808.

The sermon on that occasion, by Mr. Pierce, and the Right Hand of Fellowship, by Dr. Porter, recognize "the wonderful unanimity, zeal, and success, and the decency and propriety, order and charity with which they had conducted their affairs to that issue." Dr. Porter also reminded them of "the harmony and friendly intercourse which had for many years subsisted among the churches of that neighborhood, as well as among their respective pastors," and expressed "a confidence that they would not be wanting in their disposition and endeavors, that peace and friendship might continue and abound."

Of the council which ordained Mr. Codman, nine ministers out of twelve were members of the Boston Association, and all who performed the parts on the occasion, save the venerable Dr. Eckly, of the Old South, were *liberal* in sentiment. Dr. Eckly himself, in temper and conduct, was one of the most liberal, though a Calvinist in opinion. To the end of his ministry he continued to exchange with the Unitarians of his Association, and could not be made to join the unholy band to break up *the peace of Jerusalem*.

We could bring much more documentary evidence to show, that, up to the time of Mr. Codman's ordination, peace and brotherly love and Christian fellowship prevailed in Dorchester, and the region round about. All the difficult concerns of placing and building a church edifice, of their church and parish organizations, and the adjustment of church and parish property, had been managed with as much union and harmony as if there had been but one mind to plan and one hand to execute. In less than one short year, however, all was uproar and confusion in this hitherto quiet parish and town, and

* Mr. Harris's Dedication Sermon, p. 15.

jarring sounds were heard in the neighboring parishes. And now the question comes, What spirit of discord was it that now first broke peace, and peace till then unbroken? What was the cause of this disorder and discontent? Let those immediately concerned answer the question. An address was presented to Mr. Codman, dated November 10, 1809, — eleven months after his ordination, — from which we extract the following.

“We your parishioners with diffidence address you on a subject which we think a very important one.” After alluding to the *serious evils*, social and domestic, with which dissensions between ministers and their people are fraught, and which “they have all witnessed near at home,” they go on to say: —

“We do not *presume*, neither have we a *wish*, to prescribe what doctrine would be most congenial to our feelings to hear from you; but are willing you should exercise your own opinion. But the principal object we have in view, at this time, is to represent to you, that there is a dissatisfaction and uneasiness in the parish, which appears to be daily increasing. The principal cause of which, we apprehend, arises from a disappointment that many of your parishioners feel, from your not making your exchanges *generally* with those ministers who preach the public lectures in Boston, on Thursdays, and with them indiscriminately. This we did expect, and this we think we have a just claim to expect, from your own observations, previous to your being settled as our minister.”

This was signed by forty members of the parish, and approved by others, who chose not to sign it. The following is the substance of Mr. Codman's reply: —

“With regard to the *principal object*, which you profess to have in view at *this time*, you must give me leave to say, that I never can, nor never shall, PLEDGE myself to exchange pulpits with any man or body of men whatever; and that I never did, from any observations previous to my being settled as your minister, give you any just claim to expect it.”

Things now went on fast from bad to worse in the parish. We can touch upon only a few points in the controversy, in the order of events, for it bristled with points on all sides, sharp and barbed. At the annual parish-meeting in April, 1810, an article relating to Mr. Codman's exchanges was brought up, but no direct action was taken on the subject.

At a special meeting, October 8, 1810, the parish passed a vote, "That the Rev. Mr. Codman be requested to exchange with the ministers who compose the Boston Association, of which he is a member"; and chose a committee of thirteen "to wait on him, for the purpose of obtaining, if possible, a definite answer, whether he will, or will not, comply with our sincere wishes in the above request."

The committee attended that service, and at an adjourned meeting, October 22d, reported the usual answer from Mr. Codman, — "That he cannot pledge himself to exchange with any man, or any body of men, whatever." Whereupon it was voted, by forty to thirty-five, —

"That the parish regret the Rev. Mr. Codman's not complying with their request, by giving them a decided answer in the affirmative, which would, in their opinion, have restored their former peace and harmony; — that they most ardently wish to be on terms of amity and friendship with the reverend gentlemen composing the Boston Association, and the churches immediately under their care. But if his principles are such, that he cannot comply with our request, which we conceive all-important to our future peace and prosperity, that the connection between him and us become extinct."

Mutual confidence was now lost, and moderation and decorum were scarcely preserved by either party.

On the 24th of June, 1811, a parish-meeting was called, and a committee chosen to confer with Mr. Codman, authorized to request him to ask a dismissal from them; but should he not comply with the request, to propose to him to join in calling a mutual council, to hear and determine on all matters of controversy between him and the society. And in case of his not acceding to either of these propositions, the committee were directed to proceed immediately to the choice of an *ex parte* council.

After much delay, the parties agreed on calling a mutual ecclesiastical council. It is painful to read the tedious correspondence of several intervening months, conducted much more in the style of adroit and subtle politicians than of meek and humble Christians. Through the whole of it, Mr. Codman labors to evade the matter of exchanges, as not admissible in the case; and persists

in regarding the "full and particular statement of his views and belief respecting the doctrines of the Gospel," before his settlement, as sufficient to justify his course, and satisfy his opponents.

At length a council, composed of twelve ministers, each with a delegate, convened at Dorchester, October 30, 1811. After a deliberation of more than a week, they were equally divided on the main article of complaint laid before them.

Nothing was gained, therefore, by this measure. And in less than a month, measures were in train for calling another council. And it was agreed to invite eight ministers, each with a delegate, and the venerable Dr. Joseph Lathrop, of West Springfield, without a delegate, to be moderator and umpire.

This council met May 12, 1812. To them "the parties mutually agreed to submit unconditionally, — whether it is expedient and necessary that the Rev. Mr. Codman's ministerial relation to the parish be dissolved."

On this question the council was equally divided; and the Rev. Moderator decided the vote in the negative, with the following explanation: —

"I gave my vote in the negative, on a full belief and strong persuasion, that, from this time forward, he would open a more free and liberal intercourse with his ministerial brethren; and thus remove the only objection alleged against him, and the only reason urged for his dismission. If his future conduct should be the same as in time past in this respect, I should be much disappointed and grieved; and should certainly have no hesitancy in giving my vote for his dismission, if called in Providence to give my voice on the question."

At the end of six months, it did not appear that Mr. Codman had complied, or meant to comply, with the spirit and intent of this result. With two exceptions, he had not exchanged with those ministers whom his parish wished to hear. He had uniformly insisted, that he could not in conscience exchange with them. In fact, matters had gone much too far for a reconciliation, on any terms with which he could be expected to comply. Accordingly, a meeting of the parish was called, November 24, 1812. A committee was chosen to wait on Mr. Codman, and in the name of the parish to renew the

request that he would ask a dismission. On his refusal to comply, it was voted, that

“Whereas the Rev. John Codman has refused to comply with the reasonable wish and request of the parish for him to ask a dismission, — and whereas, in the opinion of the parish, he has forfeited his office, — therefore voted, that the ministerial and pastoral relation and connection between him and the parish be extinct from and after Thursday next; and that the parish will not allow him to preach in their meeting-house, nor pay him any salary, after that time.”

This was not meant to be a decisive measure, but merely to get the case before a civil tribunal. On the Sunday following, another minister was engaged to occupy the pulpit, and Mr. Codman was forcibly excluded therefrom. Such a step was not needed, nor was it politic, or any way justifiable. Public sentiment evidently was shocked by it; and we have always supposed the active leaders in it had misgivings as to the propriety of it, though they were resolved to persevere. Happily, however, before another Sunday an agreement was made that Mr. Codman's friends should purchase all the pews in the meeting-house, at cost, that should be offered them in sixty days, by persons dissatisfied with Mr. Codman, “on condition that they take no part in parish affairs, so long as Mr. Codman shall be the minister of the parish.”

The next year, 1813, the seceders from the Second Parish built a meeting-house at the village, and formed the society now under the charge of the Rev. Mr. Pike.

Thus ended this needless and pernicious controversy. From the beginning, the opponents of Mr. Codman had the RIGHT of the case. It has never been denied, it could not be, that he introduced a new order of things respecting pulpit exchanges. And it is quite as evident, that this was contrary to the unanimous desires and expectations of the parish at the time he was settled, — desires and expectations carefully and plainly made known to him.

And now we must ask, What excuse can be framed for him in keeping them in utter ignorance, — nay, misleading, deceiving, them in this vital point? In view of the importance he attached to his peculiar doctrines, and his known aversion to the heresies of the day, we

submit whether it was consistent, — whether it was honest and Christian, — to allow himself, in silence, to be ordained by ministers well known by him to be greatly beloved by all his parish, yet with whom he had then resolved not to exchange, and could not afterwards be induced to exchange?

But it must be confessed and regretted, this good cause was not managed in the best way. Had the opposition been patient, and acted with a wise discretion, they might have kept the parish united on the subject of exchanges. There were among the leaders some wealthy men, as resolute and as obstinate as Mr. Codman, though not as artful and politic as he, who said and did rash things, which injured their cause abroad, and gave offence to the more staid part of the parish, and in fact forced some of the most liberal-minded to side with the pastor. Still, the opposition, without a remembered exception, were a church-going and a minister-loving people. And if the pastor had shown any disposition to conciliate, — if he had in good faith consented to make one half of his exchanges with their old friends, — and this they had actually calculated upon, — earnest, solemn Calvinism might have been preached the rest of the time, provided it had been free from denunciation and abuse, without breaking the peace of the parish, or lessening their regard for the pastor. But Mr. Codman was not conciliatory. He was naturally fond of power, and could not brook opposition. He had taken his ground, and was resolved to maintain it, — uncompromising warfare against the popular heresies.

His policy from the first doubtless was, to keep all the liberal ministers from being heard, and in every possible way to make their sentiments odious to his people, and thus to reconcile them to that policy. The ministers were freely denounced from the pulpit. As he gained the confidence of his people, and as occasion offered in his private intercourse, he did not shun to acquaint them with the heresies of the neighboring ministers, and in this way succeeded, we are sorry to *know*, in prejudicing some of the most liberal-minded against them. In a word, the ministrations of Mr. Codman were, in most respects, the exact opposite of those to which his people had been used. Many of his exchanges were with men

they had not known. And in making his selection, he *seemed* to choose the most violent partisans. To a great extent, his was rather a ministry of *denunciation*, than the direct inculcation of doctrines. Moreover, he had a strange fancy of the *need* of opposition. He once said to us during the controversy, that "he should not think his preaching was doing any good if it did not meet opposition."

We could go on to fill many pages with vivid recollections from our own experience, to show the headstrong party zeal with which Mr. Codman's ministry was conducted. We have admitted the impatient rashness of the opposition. But when we call to mind the whole case in all its bearings, so great was their disappointment, and so great the contrast to which they were subjected, we incline rather to wonder that they bore the infliction so well.

We have treated the matter thus far, as it relates to the parties directly concerned, as simply a *quarrel* of Mr. Codman with his parish about exchanges. And we have aimed to give a clear and connected view of the subject, as shown by documents referred to, or as it passed under our own observation, to rectify the *ex parte* aspect of it as presented by his biographers. And here we should stop.

But the volume before us has shown so much skill in attempting to find the true cause of this controversy out of the limits of Dorchester, and has bestowed such a reach of thought to fit it to a peculiar state of the churches at large, that we beg indulgence for a few moments more.

To suit the cause of party, the records of Mr. Codman's parish are set aside. Their constant disavowal of other causes of complaint, and the obvious fact that the charge relating to exchanges was the one mainly relied on before two successive councils, are overlooked, and conjecture is set to work to find an adequate cause. The Memoir says:—

"The origin of these difficulties cannot be explained, except by a declension among the people from the faith of the primitive Christians of Dorchester, and of the first settlers of New England." — p. 81.

The author of the *Reminiscences* seems determined to

have a cause of his own for the Dorchester troubles. He says :—

“ The subject of exchanges was, in my apprehension, merely incidental and subservient to the true cause. It was made, at last, by the continual pressure of an influence beyond the limits of the parish, the *ostensible* ground of the whole opposition.” — p. 186.

Again :—

“ But, as intimated, the cause of the opposition to Mr. Codman was, originally, very far from this subject of exchanges, as those who were near enough to see its rise and observe its progress well knew. To us it was perfectly evident that the pungent preaching, the full and clear exhibition of the humbling doctrines of the Gospel, was the first great moving cause of the opposition.” — p. 187.

And again :—

“ These causes, therefore, — the subjects of his preaching, the manner of his preaching, the frequency and urgent application of his preaching, rather than the fact that he neglected to exchange with some of the Boston ministers, — were most evidently the original causes, and lay at the foundation of the opposition. The course which he adopted in regulating his pulpit exchanges, as a plausible ground of complaint, seems to have been with his opposers an afterthought, probably suggested from without.” — p. 190.

But “ the whole difficulty involved in the Dorchester controversy grew out of the peculiar condition of the churches and the ministry in that region”; viz. “ a departure from the faith of the primitive fathers of New England.” (p. 173.)

“ Whatever may have been the causes, immediate or remote, the state of religion at that period was exceedingly low in all the northern portions of our country, and especially in that portion of it concerning which I am now writing. The Congregational churches in the vicinity of Boston were feeble, and their members few in number. Few came to the solemn feasts of Christianity; and those few were of a mixed character, and of various and heterogeneous sentiments. This was the state of the Congregational churches, with few exceptions, at this period, through all the region (and in some cases beyond that region) which embraced the churches connected with the Boston Association of Congregational Ministers. And the state of the ministry itself was not much better. The Scripture

adage might with great propriety be applied to the case, — ‘Like people, like priests.’” — p.179.

And yet, notwithstanding this and many pages of like fancy painting, we are happy to know that, up to the time of the Dorchester controversy, the Rev. Dr. Bates freely exchanged — sought exchanges — with those very ministers; and, what is stranger still, was heard with great satisfaction by the “*heterogeneous and discordant*” members of their several congregations.

The account given by Dr. Harris of the state of the churches in this neighborhood, in his Right Hand of Fellowship at Mr. Codman’s ordination, from which we have quoted, better accords with our own recollections than the Reminiscences of Dr. Bates. At any rate, “*feeble churches and divided churches*” were not heard of till after the controversy in question. They were the fruitful results, and not the cause, of that and like unholy controversies.

We close with expressing the confident belief, that, if Mr. Codman had foregone the ambition of being a party leader or a party instrument, and left the cause of party strife to other hands, — if he had yielded to the well-founded wishes and expectations of his people in regard to exchanges, and limited his efforts more to the best interests of his whole parish and town, — his Calvinism to the contrary notwithstanding, he might have made himself one of the most useful and beloved of ministers. If he reached the object of his wishes in the course he pursued, he earned also the fame, not to be envied, of having broken up and divided one of the most united and happy and hopeful parishes, and scattered all the evils of *religious* discord far and wide.

Our brethren in the other portion of the divided fold of Congregationalism often charge upon us the strife and injustice that attended the controversy opened half a century ago. We commend unto their candor this fair question: Should a Christian society, after building a church in which they hoped to listen to ministers who had taught them from their infancy, be expected to be debarred from this privilege, and be compelled to hear those same ministers denounced, because one whom they had called to be their pastor had *secretly* resolved to pursue this exclusive course?

L. C.

ART. IV. — CHURCH MUSIC.

It is not our intention to essay the interminable task of reviewing the various books of church music which have been published since the last article upon the subject appeared upon these pages. The task were not only interminable and valueless, but would require a knowledge of the technicalities of music to which we lay no claim. We propose to speak of church music upon that side only upon which all men of culture and taste are able to judge of it, — the side of Art.

The definition of Art given by Charles H. Goddard is the only one which satisfies us, that Art is the truth embodying itself for the mere sake of embodiment. Thus many of the ancient tongues, with deeper truth than the Greek, call poets by some name which implies that they are unconscious agents in the hands of a higher power. Thus also the Scripture speaks of a heathen sculptor as acting in his art under the direct inspiration of the true God. The Greeks called the poet a creator, which is but part of the truth; the Hebrews, the Latins, and others, gave more of the truth in calling the poet one *through whom* a creation is made, or through whom a saying is uttered.

The true artist hides himself utterly, not by an effort to conceal himself, but by such a perfect surrender of himself to the truth which he would embody, that he forgets himself, and, as it were, becomes that which he would express. If he is a true artist, he is a true prophet; that is to say, an utterer of divine truth without will of his own, his will being identified with the truth which he would utter. So far as an artist is conscious of labor and of plan and effort, he is not a true artist, but only an artificer.

The first and most natural utterance by man is through the medium of words. Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh. But there are also other modes of expression, natural or naturally inverted; and the definition of art which we adopted will cover them all. Whatever expression a true and healthful state of the soul naturally employs, that expression which is a necessitated, harmonious, self-ruled, and self-bounded expres-

sion, is art. So that dancing, sculpture, music, and painting belong, with poetry, to the service of God, and it is sacrilege to use either of them in unhallowed modes. In the reign of that great poet and musician, under whom the Jewish state made most rapid progress, we know that all of them, unless we except painting, were used in the service of the temple, or at least in religious services in the presence of the sacred ark of the covenant.

Poetry embraces in itself all art, because it is through words alone that we have a universal medium of expression. Dancing is the most limited of arts, because expression through the medium of motion is most limited, confined to the moment and the place. No art can be founded upon smelling and tasting, and probably none upon simple coloring, because we have no means of expressing ourselves through them, or allowing the truth to express itself through us by them.

Following our imperfect remembrance of the lecture to which we have referred, we might say that Sculpture is the art in which truth expresses itself through the tangible, Painting that in which it expresses itself through the visible. These two arts are limited in space, Sculpture in all three directions, Painting in two, having unlimited distance. Music is the art in which the truth expresses itself through tones. It is therefore unlimited in space, but limited, in time, to the present. But as there is time in the soul's life, as there is always a now to the soul, even when there is not a here, Music is practically as free from the limitations of space and time as Poetry herself, and is therefore the only art that can properly be "married to immortal verse."

Music is, however, limited in the range of its subjects. It is only emotions of the soul itself that can be expressed by tones. What is called descriptive music is not really art, but artifice; not the involuntary flow of the thought or emotion into sound, but a studied attempt to imitate. It bears the same relation to true music that waxwork does to sculpture, or that the copying of minute details in drawing does to painting. If descriptive music were to be accounted true music, then that artist would be greatest who should invent new instruments whereby noises could be produced like those of nature, the crackling of flames, the rustling of leaves, the roaring of waves, or the crash of the thunder.

It cannot, of course, be denied that true music is often descriptive. But this is an accidental accompaniment of the true effect. Thus in Haydn's music the scenes of nature are often presented to us in vivid coloring. But this happens simply because the music expresses emotions of such character and in such combinations as are usually excited only by certain natural scenes, and is a very different thing from the artifice of representing by rhythm, pitch, melody, and selection of instruments, the noises natural to the scene which is sought to be portrayed.

The true artist is one who seizes upon, or rather is seized by, the central idea, and through whom that idea develops itself in a true and perfect manner. Let the passage of the Red Sea, for instance, present itself in all its historic and mystic grandeur to an artistic soul. If he be a poet, he can disregard time and space, and in his portraiture of the scene present to us the whole exodus, with its interest culminating at the moment when the remorseless waves closed over the tyrant's host, and ransomed Israel was out of Pharaoh's power. If he be a sculptor, he must renounce the theme, for his art cannot go beyond representing one or two of the principal actors, and those only at the moments when they paused at the water's brink. If he be a painter, he must be limited to some single moment in the history, and to a single point of view; but he can express upon his canvas the whole scene at that point of time and of place. And if his painting be worthy of the theme, it will all be subordinate to the great thoughts and feelings of that moment. He will not spend any more thought upon the trappings of the Egyptian horses, nor upon the rocks and sea-weeds at the water's edge, than is necessary in order to make them add to the general effect of the scene. If he be a musician, he can, like the poet, range over the whole time of the exodus; but it will only be in expressing the feelings of the actors, or of himself as spectator. If he leaves this, and endeavors by artifice of rhythm and instrumentation to represent the tramp of the cavalry, the dashing of the waves, the inarticulate shrieks of the drowning Egyptians, he is like the painter who should bestow disproportionate labor upon the painting of the horses' legs, the foam of the sea, and the floating bodies

of the dead, to the neglect of the faces and attitudes of the living actors and spectators of the scene, in whom, of course, the interest of the whole event centres.

Music, more nearly than the other arts, will endure the limitation of that older definition of poetry, that it is the language of passion or emotion. And it will fill this definition with the most wonderful completeness. No innocent or holy state of heart but may be expressed in music with the most perfect definiteness and nicety of shades in the expression. All men feel this. The only difficulty lies in determining what it is that constitutes the expressive part of music. Is it in the melody, the harmony, the instrumentation, the dynamic variations, the key, — is it in any or all of these? The safest answer may perhaps be to say, that it lies in all these things combined, and perhaps combined with others not named. Nevertheless this is not the answer which we shall make. We affirm that the expression is given by the melody, that is, that the melody embodies the emotion which seeks expression in the music, and that the key, the harmony, the instrumentation, and the dynamic variations are necessitated or required by the melody. Every varying state of emotion in the human heart could sing itself in a certain melody, if that particular state of feeling were awakened in a musician's soul. And that melody would have its appropriate harmony, so that an attempt to harmonize it in different modes would always detract more or less from the beauty and power of the whole.

On the other hand, every true melody is the expression of a certain definite state of feeling, and on that account requires a key, a time, and a harmony in accordance with that feeling. The melody consists in the rhythmical construction, and in the succession of musical intervals. It may be played in the slowest or the quickest time, without giving it a new expression. A false time simply injures the expression of the melody, giving it the effect of travesty or of burlesque.

Every tune is then the expression of a definite state of feeling, the utterance of certain emotions. That is a false view of music which supposes that the emotions are wholly in the hearer's mind, and differ in every hearer. It may be that "nature wears the hues of the spirit,"

and that different hearers will put a different interpretation upon the same piece of music, according to the frame of their own feelings. But this will be by the violence which they do the music, and not from the indefiniteness of its expression. A man cannot understand a poem which utters sentiments wholly above the region of his thoughts. And in like manner a man cannot understand the expression of music which utters emotions to which he is a stranger. Any man who has ever felt the sentiment embodied in the music will perceive that the music utters it; any man who has never felt it will either think the music meaningless, or attribute to it some lower emotion of a kindred character.

But in our religious congregations we suppose that at least a large proportion of the hearers are capable of feeling religious emotions, and that they will, to a greater or less degree, be impressed by the character of religious music. The congregation assemble, and the voluntary puts them more or less perfectly into the same state of feeling with the organist who composed it. Next, in the order of services, a hymn is, perhaps, to be sung. It may, or may not, be in accordance with the spirit of the voluntary. But this is, provided the voluntary was religious in its character, a matter of small importance. The choice of a tune for the hymn is, however, an important and difficult matter. The chorister must be able to sympathize with the writer of the hymn, so as to understand the spirit which it breathes; and he must then run in his mind's eye over the list of melodies with which his choir are conversant, and decide upon that one whose spirit most nearly coincides with that of the hymn. If he does this well, he has fulfilled by far the most important part of his work. It is of comparatively little importance whether the choir do or do not keep perfect tune and perfect time; whether they do or do not swell and diminish the volume of sound in such way as to bring out most fully the meaning of the melody; whether they are or are not well balanced as to the relative strength of the parts. If in all these respects the choir is perfect, so much the better; if it is defective, the defects must be unusually great to destroy the effect of a good hymn sung to an appropriate melody. But if a tune is chosen wholly inappropriate to the hymn, no excellence

of execution can atone for the defect. We may easily prove this to the satisfaction of the most fastidious ear by supposing an extreme case. The air of Handel, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," and the Scotch melody of "Maggie Lawder," are both expressive of joy and confidence. But the one is expressive of unshaken religious confidence and religious joy; the other of a self-confident and reckless assurance, a half-tipsy, dare-devil boldness, approaching as near the borders of a sinful state of mind as music can go. Now, every one will feel that it were better to have an ordinary choir sing one of Wesley's hymns of assured peace to the former air, than to have the finest choir in Christendom sing it to the latter. The very thought of singing such a hymn to such an air seems blasphemy. Yet we have heard Wesley's hymn, "A charge to keep I have," sung to tunes which were almost as inappropriate; and although sung by an excellent choir, accompanied by a magnificent organ, it was not church music. We have heard it sung to an air called in the *Carmina Sacra* "Ain," a joyous quickstep of Corelli, very similar to a theme in one of the marches in *Tancredi*; and we have heard it sung to an air from Haydn's *Creation*, the rejoicing strain, "A new-created world." In both these cases the music was good, and well executed, and yet the choir would have done better to have held their peace; for the music gave the lie to the hymn, and the hymn to the music. It was impossible to feel the solemn sense of religious responsibility which the hymn uttered, so long as such joyous strains of music filled the ear; and it was impossible to feel the joyous music, while the solemn charge of the hymn was still pressed on the attention. The singing was therefore a nullity, a self-destroying mixture of incongruous elements.

Let it not be supposed that the error consists in introducing such strains into the service of the sanctuary. Religious joy is the natural and highest state of a sanctified heart, and hymns of triumph and gladness are properly introduced into every liturgy. If these be sung at all, they should be sung to appropriate music. If the hymn, "Come, ye that love the Lord," be sung, it should be sung to such airs as that of Haydn just referred to. To sing it to that exquisite morceau from Beethoven,

called in the *Carmina Sacra* "Gorton," would be an error of the same kind, though in the opposite direction, as those which we have mentioned.

Neither let it be supposed that the error consists in introducing into church services music which has been associated with secular words. This is; it is true, frequently an aggravation of the evil, but it by no means constitutes the principal offence. Many of the congregation may be ignorant of the fact that such words may have been associated with it, but none can be totally insensible of the fact that the words of the hymn are not adapted to it. Not one in a thousand of those who hear the tunes called in the Handel and Haydn Collection "*Smyrna*" and "*Camden*," may know that they are selected from Mozart's operas; but every man susceptible to music will perceive that they have in them no religious element whatever, the first expressing conjugal love, and the second, adulation of a hero, earthly praise and congratulation. No Christian hymn can be imagined to which the latter is appropriate, and the use of the first with hymns of Christian affection would not be in perfectly good taste, even if the melody were not associated with the scenes of *Don Giovanni*. Charles Zeuner appears to have felt this, for although he allows *Smyrna* a place in the *Ancient Lyre*, he warns the chorister that it is not a sacred melody.

Sometimes an attempt is made to alter a secular air by changing the cadence to a religious form. We have recently heard tunes of this character from some new collection of sacred (!) music; popular Irish and Negro melodies being cut off in the last measure, and a chord of the subdominant introduced, as it were to sanctify them. The result is, that the tunes are spoiled for whistling on a week-day, without being rendered fit to sing on a Sunday. They neither express the wild mingling of pathos and humor of the Irish tunes, the dreamy wailing hidden under the outside gayety of the Negro songs, nor yet any properly religious emotions. They are senseless, mutilated fragments, ill pieced together.

A large proportion of the recent psalmody published in this country seems to us almost devoid of meaning. We have said that every melody expresses a sentiment,

or a state of the feelings. But many of those of which we are now speaking express that passionless, indifferent state in which an organist may sit down and extemporize music with his fingers, while he is talking on indifferent subjects to by-standers. They are simply successions of chords which do not violate any rules of musical grammar. They answer to the poetry of newspaper correspondents, — not to the bold, glowing, burning words of Watts, not to the earnest, devoted spirit of Doddridge's hymns, not to the fervor and unction of Charles Wesley. When we hear these beautiful songs of Zion sung to one of these bloodless solfeggios, we say with Hamlet, "I had as lief the town-crier had spoke my lines." The music does not directly contradict the hymn, but it refuses to say amen to it, and so far destroys its effect on the congregation.

We say upon the congregation. Amateurs in art are apt to suppose that the multitude are incapable of appreciating art; but this is a great mistake. The amateur and critic have powers of expression above the multitude; the amateur being able to practise the art to some extent, and the critic to comprehend its laws and analyze its spirit. But it does not follow that either of them have any more real appreciation of its spirit.

To confine ourselves to music, premising at the beginning that the same remarks may be applied with the necessary changes to the other arts, we affirm that the pianist who has most facility in fingering, or the violinist who has the nicest ear, and is capable of detecting the slightest defect of intonation, or the singer who can catch at one hearing the most difficult melody and render it perfectly, is not always the one who is most capable of judging of the expression of music. The appreciation of the sentiment of a melody comes from a susceptible temperament, and a heart ready to respond to the sentiment. A man totally ignorant of music may, therefore, be better fitted to pronounce upon the suitableness of given tunes to given hymns, than many of those who can sing music at sight. There is, therefore, a strong reason for having religious people in the choir, or at least for having a religious chorister. The chorister must have, in addition to a knowledge of music, some religious emotions, or else he will not know how to perform the

most important part of his office, — the selection of music appropriate to the hymns, and appropriate to the other services of the hour. And this is the most important part of his office, because the number of those who can detect falsity of intonation, irregularity of time, and neglect of dynamic effects is small, while all that have human hearts will feel, more or less sensitively, any incongruity between the music and the words of the hymn.

The views which we have thus expressed concerning the vital importance of selecting music for the sanctuary which shall in and of itself express sentiments fitting for the occasion, and for the words, either of the prayer or sermon which has immediately preceded, or of the hymn to which it is to be sung, seem to us self-evident. But if any man doubts that every piece of music expresses definitely some particular state of emotion, we will acknowledge that we have arrived at our faith through a long series of experiments, extending over a period of twelve years, and embracing many persons of every degree of culture. We have not what is commonly called a musical ear, — recognizing airs with difficulty, unable to intonate correctly, unable to detect false intonations in others, pronounced by phrenologists deficient in the organ of tune; and yet we have been passionate lovers of music from our earliest remembrance. The psychological puzzle which we presented to ourselves, in this respect, is not of uncommon occurrence, and we have sought experimentally to solve it by endeavoring to ascertain whether music had not two languages, — one to the ear, one to the heart; whether what is usually called a musical ear was not merely an ear for the articulation, enunciation, and pronunciation of music, and whether its meaning was not recognized by means of some broader faculty of the soul. It has been our practice to test various friends by playing to them airs, with which we knew they were unacquainted, and asking them to define the character of the melody. We have found that all persons of sensitive nature, whether possessed of a musical ear or not, agree in their opinion of the same tune, and agree in attributing to it the character which is ascribed to it by the best musical critics.

But of all those whose powers we have thus tested, none have given us such exact and marvellous analyses

of music as a friend whom we will, for convenience, designate by the initial K. He is a man of the highest culture, of quick and deep emotions, of good judgment, of noble character, but entirely destitute of musical ear. This destitution is however amply balanced by the possession of an exquisite musical taste, arising from the sensitiveness, warmth, and depth of his feelings. We have been in the habit of whistling, singing, and playing to him upon the flute and upon the piano, airs from oratorios and operas, and asking his opinion of their meaning. His memory of music is so poor, that we have frequently played the same air several times within an hour without his recollecting having heard it before. But his analysis of its expression would always agree with his previous analysis. Sometimes, seating him in a different room, we have silently placed music on the piano for a third person to play, and K., without having anything to judge from save the tones of the instrument, has told us the precise character of the words for which the music was written. Sometimes we have tried him again on the same music, after intervals of weeks, months, and even years, and have always found his criticism agree with that which he at first gave. Sometimes we have at the different trials given him the melody on different instruments, but his judgment of a particular tune has been the same, whether whistled, sung, or played on the flute or the piano. He would also give us nearly the same answer when the time of the music was taken too quick or too slow, as when taken right; the expression being modified and injured by being hurried or "*dragged*," but no new expression being introduced.

A few examples of the manner in which K. speaks of music will show how delicate are the shades of feeling which melody is capable of expressing; and will be interesting, because they are at least perfectly impartial criticisms, being made by one who knew nothing of the music of which he spoke, except what the tones themselves gave him.

We will select, as instances, a few passages from Handel, and simply write, after naming each passage, what K. said concerning it, before he knew that the music was Handel's, or what were the words set to it.

"I know that my Redeemer liveth." Joyous confidence; and at another time, joyful confidence.

"Awake the trumpet's lofty sound, The sacred joyful festival comes round, When Dagon, king of all the earth, is crowned." Joyful anticipation and triumph.

"Ye men of Gaza, hither bring The merry fife and pleasing string." Cheerful encouragement.

The reply of the Chorus to Samson's desponding prophecy of his own death, "When round about the starry throne Your heavenly guided soul shall climb." Hope rising on eagles' wings to the very heavens, and yet having some reference to a previous state of despair.

"And triumph over Death, and Chance, and Time." Triumph and almost exultation. On our asking what he meant by exultation, he replied, I mean an express mention of the things over which you triumph, as though you would tread them under foot.

"Total eclipse, no sun, no moon." Sad memories, solemn and grand.

The dead march from Samson, which is introduced to form the transition from the chorus, "Weep, Israel, weep a louder strain, Samson, your strength, your hero's slain," to the bass solo, "Glorious hero." The utterance of a soul too full of emotion to refrain from utterance, and yet with emotions so nicely balanced that it knows not whether to break forth into lamentation or eulogy. This judgment has been expressed at various times, and has been nearly the same whether the march was whistled, sung, or played.

The dead march in Saul. Grief on a grand scale. Fit for the funeral of a king. The most profound consciousness of weakness, sustained by the loftiest and serenest trust in God.

We might extend this list further, not only from Handel, but from Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, and from many living composers. No music is, according to these unbiased criticisms of K., more perfectly adapted to the words, than the church tunes of Charles Zeuner in the American Harp are adapted to their accompanying hymns. But we have given examples enough, we think, to sustain our main position, that music is the language of emotions, and that it is a definite language. From this it follows by irresistible necessity, since the cause must be of more importance than the effects, that the discussions of church music, which have for several

months filled our religious newspapers, have scarcely touched the most important point of all. Of what consequence is it whether our church music is Italian, German, or American, if it is not religious? Of what consequence whether it is selected from operas or oratorios, or symphonies, or written for psalm tunes, if, after all, it is not adapted to be sung in the house of worship? Of what consequence whether it is performed by the congregation or by a choir, or by a quartette, if it expresses emotions unfit to be felt in the place of prayer?

Nay, we will even go so far as to ask, Of what consequence is it whether the music is well or ill performed, in comparison with the question whether it is well or ill adapted to the service of which it professes to make a part? We have known Yankee Doodle to be played as a voluntary in church, by an excellent organist and upon an excellent organ; and surely the perfection of the execution did nothing to detract from the pain of religious souls that heard it. No jargon of harsh sounds could have been more discordant with the occasion.

It has been assumed, by some of the few who have noticed the adaptation of music to words, that we cannot have music adapted to the hymn, unless we have the hymn expressly set to music, as in the old Lock Hospital collection, from which some of the gems of later collections have been taken. But this assumption proceeds from the error of supposing that it is essential to have the notes adapted to the words, as well as the tune adapted to the hymn. If this were so, we could seldom have different verses of a song or hymn sung to the same tune. But the attempt to make the music correspond to the words, as well as the stanza, arises from a false idea of the source of expression in music. The expression lies in the whole phrases of the melody, not in the particular notes. In like manner, the meaning of a stanza may be quite opposite to that of particular words in it, and a whole stanza and whole melody may be exquisitely adapted to each other, although particular words and notes may be badly joined. Thus, an exquisite scrap from Beethoven, called, in several collections, Germany, is beautifully adapted to a stanza beginning with the words, "Softly the shades of evening fall," although the words "silence reigns" chance to fall upon that part of the

melody which, by natural musical emphasis, will be sung the loudest.

We hold, therefore, that the true principles of music do not call upon us to give up our New England psalmody, our practice of singing successive verses to the same tune. The remedy for the defects of our church music does not lie in any outward, mechanical rule, — in giving up organs and choirs, in abandoning man-made hymns, in avoiding airs from operas, or in introducing airs from operas. Nor does it lie, as some would have us believe, in the more general cultivation of a musical ear. The cultivation of the ear alone were as foolish in music, as the cultivation of the intellect alone in general education. We need a cultivation of a correct musical taste, as well as of a correct musical ear. We need to feel that the music of the sanctuary is a matter of interest to all the congregation, and that the first duty of all is to have that music an expression of religious sentiment.

The duty devolves, in the first place, upon the organist and chorister, but it belongs also to all the people. An organist who played a waltz as a voluntary after prayer, told a friend of ours that he was not to blame, that he found that secular music was more popular than sacred music; that he had frequently been reproached with the dull character of his music, when he played really religious voluntaries, and complimented when he introduced lighter themes; and that he thought that the musical people of the congregation were as much to blame as himself for this desecration of the house of worship.

In other words, those who had no religious feelings in their hearts, light and worldly-minded people, liked worldly music, and looked upon religious music as they did upon other religious matters, as being dull and tiresome. In the Church of England it is by express statute made the duty of the minister to prevent the performance of light and unseemly music in the sanctuary. In our Congregational churches the power is, by the very nature of Congregationalism, vested in the congregation, and every member of that congregation must bear his proportion of the guilt, if that power is not exercised wisely and in the fear of God.

T. H.

ART. V.—THE SCRIPTURE DOCTRINE OF SACRIFICE.*

It is an encouraging omen in regard to the progress of religious truth, that such Sermons as are contained in the volume whose title is given below should have been preached by a clergyman in good standing, in a celebrated pulpit of the Church of England, and should be published for readers of that Church. The views of sacrifice, especially of the sacrifice of Christ, are, in their essential features, such as have been maintained by Unitarian writers, and have been slowly forcing their way among Christians of other denominations. But the public avowal and defence of them from the pulpit and the press, by clergymen holding a high standing in the larger denominations of Christians, is an event of rare occurrence.

The volume under consideration contains nineteen sermons, with the following titles: "The Sacrifices of Cain and Abel"; "Noah's Sacrifice"; "The Sacrifice of Abraham"; "Sacrifice of the Passover"; "The Legal Sacrifices"; "David's Sacrifice"; "The Lamb before the Foundation of the World"; "Christ's Sacrifice and Redemption"; "Christ's Sacrifice and Deliverance from the Curse of the Law"; "The Sacrifice of Christ a Propitiation"; "The Sacrifice of Christ the Purification of the Conscience"; "Christ made Sin for us"; "Christ's Sacrifice the Peace-offering for Mankind"; "Christ's Sacrifice a Power to form us after His Likeness"; "Christ's Death a Victory over the Devil"; "Christ the Advocate"; "Christ the High-Priest"; "The Adoration of the Lamb"; "The Word of God conquering by Sacrifice."

These Sermons of Mr. Maurice are marked by the very peculiar style of thought and illustration which prevailed in his Theological Essays, reviewed in our number for March, 1854. But they are well adapted to effect the end which he has in view, the removal of a great and noxious error from the theology of the Church. The somewhat mystical vein of thought which runs through them will probably make them more effective with those for whom they were designed, than the clearer state-

* *The Doctrine of Sacrifice deduced from the Scriptures. A Series of Sermons, by* FREDERICK DENISON MAURICE, M. A., Chaplain of Lincoln's Inn. Cambridge: Macmillan & Co. 1854.

ments of Unitarian writers, even if the latter could gain access to the same readers.

The occasion of these Sermons was the necessity, in which the writer found himself placed, of vindicating certain sentiments concerning the doctrine of atonement advanced by him in the Theological Essays above referred to. In one of those Essays Mr. Maurice had exposed the deformity of a theory which has been fastened on the Christian doctrine of atonement, — the theory that the sacrifice of Christ derived its chief value from being the actual punishment which the wicked had incurred, or a punishment equivalent to it. This theory of the efficacy of sacrifices in general, and of the sacrifice of Christ in particular, he endeavors to show, in the volume of Sermons now under consideration, to be false and heathenish : —

“I find,” says he, “from the history of the world, expounded by the Bible, that there has been always a tendency in the corrupt heart of man to make sacrifice itself the minister of man’s self-will, self-indulgence, self-glorification. Instead of giving himself to God, man seeks to make his God, or his Gods, give up to him; he offers sacrifices that he may persuade the power which he thinks he has wronged to exempt him from the punishment of his wrong. This is man’s theology; this is what has produced all the hateful superstitions under which the world groans.” — *Dedicatory Letter*, p. xlvii.

Again : —

“I must ask God himself to tell me how I may be delivered from it,” i. e. the heathenish tendency to regard the sacrifice of Christ as a punishment substituted for the punishment of the wicked, — “how I may receive the true sacrifice which taketh away the sins of the world, and so be prevented from accepting notions of sacrifice which increase and deepen the sin of the world; which suggest thoughts of God that destroy his righteousness, and make him after the image of my unrighteousness; which lead men to practices that are hateful to him and destructive to themselves.” — *Ibid.*, p. xlviii.

In the accomplishment of his design Mr. Maurice, as might be expected in sermons addressed to a popular audience, proceeds in the way of general considerations drawn from various instances of sacrifice in the Old Testament and from the language of the prophets, and from the general sense and spirit of the New Testament,

rather than in the way of exact criticism and scientific interpretation. His main proposition is, that every true sacrifice is made by God himself.

"I have compared," he says, "the sacrifice which manifests the mind of God, — which proceeds from God, which accomplishes the purposes of God in the redemption and reconciliation of his creatures, which enables those creatures to become like their Father in heaven by offering up themselves, — and the sacrifices which men have dreamed of in one country or another, as means of changing the purposes of God, of converting him to their mind, of procuring deliverance from the punishment of evil, while the evil still exists." — *Ibid.*, p. xlvi.

The remark, that "God makes the sacrifice," Mr. Maurice applies to the Old as well as the New Dispensation, to David and to Christ alike. Though we are not sure that we get his whole meaning, it appears to be not only that the eternal and unpurchased love of God appointed the sacrifice, that "He spared not his own son," and "set him forth as a propitiatory sacrifice," but that he makes it by disposing the human heart to the exercise of that spirit of self-denial and obedience which constitutes the only true sacrifice. Thus, in the Sermon on the Sacrifice of David, he says:—

"To sink humbly on the knees, to say, *Against thee I have sinned; I have done this evil in thy sight*, — how is this possible? What brings a man to this? And what kind of offering is this? David knew at last what it was. It was *the sacrifice of God*. He had not brought himself into that posture; God had brought him into it. He had corrected and broken him. He had prepared the sacrifice." — p. 95.

Again, in the Sermon, "Christ's Sacrifice a Redemption," he says:—

"He was the servant of all. Here was the sacrifice with which God was well pleased; here was the costly oblation; here was the mighty ransom, by which the one was able to deliver the many. The lowliest of all was the one who most showed forth the glory of God's love; the lowliest of all was the one who could alone exercise God's power on behalf of his creatures. That power was a redeeming power; that power came forth when the Son gave up his spirit to his Father; that power becomes effectual for us when it redeems us from our pride, when it breaks that chain which has kept us in slavery to the spirit of disobedience, which has hindered us from serving

the living God. We know the meaning of the ransom, we understand the greatness of the sacrifice, when we give up the craving to be chief of all, and ask for the spirit of Christ to make us the servants of all."—p. 130.

On the whole, while we can cordially recommend the work of Mr. Maurice as well adapted to convey, in the main, correct ideas of the Christian atonement, we cannot say that he has proceeded in a way which will satisfy scholars, or those who wish to have the Scriptures expounded according to the established laws of interpretation. We take leave of him with sentiments of respect for his deep earnestness in the cause of truth and human improvement, and for the good which he has done and is doing. As we do not recollect, in the pages of the *Examiner*, any full discussion of the subject of the Jewish sacrifices, and their bearing and influence on Christian doctrines, and as we regard it as one of great importance, we propose to enter upon it somewhat in detail, especially giving our attention to the import and design of the sacrifices for sin, and the meaning of language borrowed from them by the Apostles of Christ.

The Old Testament has nowhere defined the precise import of the Jewish sacrifices. It has informed us of their design, but not of their significance or import. They appear in the Jewish worship, as if it were taken for granted that their import and significance were too well known to need explanation. We are obliged, therefore, to gather their import from the circumstances of the case as presented in the Old Testament, and, in some measure, from those views which have prevailed respecting sacrifices in heathen nations. It is to be remembered that the age of sacrifices was not the age of definition. Sacrifices, therefore, may have expressed feelings and ideas not strictly and clearly defined even by those who offered them.

Perhaps we may find that different ideas have been connected with sacrifices in different nations and ages. But the most prevalent notion attached to them, so far as the motives and feelings of those who offered them is concerned, seems to have been that they were gifts or presents to the Deity, offered with a view to express thanks for past favors, or prayer for future blessings, or for forgiveness of sin in particular; and to make up for

the imperfect expression of human feeling in words by acts more or less indicative of self-denial and self-consecration. It is well known how universal has been the practice of endeavoring to gain the favor, or to appease the anger, of men by gifts. Thus, Prov. xxi. 14, "A gift in secret pacifieth anger, and a reward in the bosom, strong wrath." So Sirach vii. 9. Even at the present day the custom prevails in Eastern countries to an extent of which we in the Western world have scarcely a conception. So, in the general history of religion, nothing is more remarkable than the slowness with which the human mind has admitted the idea of a free pardon on the part of the Deity; of forgiveness of sin for his own mercy's sake. Notwithstanding the emphatic approbation by our Saviour of the sentiment, that to love God with all the heart is more than whole burnt-offerings and sacrifices, it has made its way slowly in the Christian Church. Faith in God, the surrender of the whole mind, heart, and will to him as a living sacrifice, has not been considered as sufficiently acceptable to him, unless some outward gift be made in order to procure forgiveness for past sins. Thus in the Church of Rome the sacrifice of the host is continually repeated; and in the Protestant Church the same tendency is manifested in the theories which have prevailed respecting the influence of the death of our Saviour. Men have been slow to believe that God can be so rich in mercy as not to impute past offences, or the remnants of sin in the most devoted Christians, to those who believe, and whose hearts and lives are changed, simply for his own eternal mercy's sake,—simply because he is God, and has revealed himself as God. Man must forgive his brother seventy times seven. Christ may forgive his timid and selfish, and inconstant disciples. But the Father of Christ and of all mankind, the Fountain of all the love and mercy which was in Christ and is in the hearts of all men, is supposed to demand something besides a believing, confiding, regenerate soul. If, then, such a sentiment prevail in the present enlightened state of the world, we see how much stronger it must have been in a low state of mental and religious culture. We see how sacrifices may have originated in the desire to give to the Deity something to make up for the imperfect ex-

pression of the feelings in words, and for the imperfect surrender of the soul to him. How natural was it for men in a low state of mental culture to suppose the favor of God to be gained, or his anger to be averted and his forgiveness obtained, by means similar to those which have been found effectual in regard to men, — that they should accompany their petitions for favors or for pardon, and their thanks for benefits received, with gifts of what they held most dear to themselves! In some stages of society, food, whether of fruits or animals, has been the most valuable possession of men. Hence the most prevalent sacrifices have been of those things which were used as food or the accompaniments of a feast, such as fruits, animals, incense, or libations. This was the case with all the sacrifices allowed by the Hebrew law. So in Homer, *Iliad*, IX. 497, &c. : —

“ The Gods,
Although more honorable, and in power
And virtue thy superiors, are themselves
Yet placable ; and if a mortal man
Offend them by transgression of their laws,
Libation, incense, sacrifice, and prayer,
In meekness offered, turn their wrath away.”

Evidently these sacrifices were regarded in the light of gifts to the Deity. That even sin-offerings were regarded in the same light by the Philistines is evident from a passage in 1 Sam. vi. 3, 4 : —

“ And they said, If ye send away the ark of the God of Israel, send it not away empty, but in any case return a trespass-offering. . . . Then said they, What shall be the trespass-offering which we shall return to him ? They answered, Five golden emerods, and five golden mice, according to the number of the lords of the Philistines ; for one plague was on you all.”

Certainly the gold can be regarded only as a gift ; and yet it was a trespass-offering.

So in Ovid, *Ars Amat*, III. 653 : —

“ Munera, crede mihi, capiunt hominesque deosque ;
Placatur donis Jupiter ipse datis.”

So Homer, near the beginning of the first book of the *Iliad* : —

“ — that we may learn
What crime of ours Apollo thus resents,
What broken vow, what hecatomb unpaid
He charges on us, and if soothed with steam
Of lambs or goats unblemished, he may yet
Be won to spare us, and avert the plague.”

Herodotus relates (Clio, c. 50) that Cræsus, having offended the god at Delphi, endeavored to propitiate him not only by offering animals, but that “having made a great pyre of couches covered with gold and silver, golden goblets, purple garments, and tunics, he burnt them.” Garments in great quantities were, as is well known, regarded as treasures in the East. Hence our Saviour says, “Lay not up treasures, which the moth may corrupt.” Whatever was regarded as of great value to the possessor used to be offered as a sacrifice. Thus in different nations warriors have presented to the gods their weapons and shields, conquerors a part of their booty, fishermen their nets, shepherds their flutes, artists their instruments or their works, sick persons pictures on which their diseases were painted, or gold and silver images of the diseased part of the body. Young men and maidens have given their hair; and the latter their girdles, and even their chastity. Fathers have even sacrificed their children, as in the case of the Moabites. So, also, according to Virgil, *Æn.* II. 117, —

“Sanguine placastis ventos, et virgine cæsâ,
Quum primum Iliacas, Danai, venistis ad oras;
Sanguine quærendi reditus, animâque litandum
Argolicâ.”

The case of Iphigenia among the Greeks has also a parallel in Jephthah's daughter.

Passages might be multiplied from the classics, which show that the prevalent idea connected with sacrifices was, that they were gifts of whatever was regarded as most precious, and to part with which was the greatest exercise of self-denial. That this was also the view of the Hebrews is evident from the circumstance, that the materials of which their offerings were composed, whether of fruits, flour, wine, oil, or animals, must always be of the best kind. This also appears from the manner in which they are spoken of by the Psalmists and prophets. Thus, Ps. l. 9-13: —

" I will take no bullock from thy house,
Nor he-goat from thy folds ;
For all the beasts of the forest are mine,
And the cattle on a thousand hills.

Do I eat the flesh of bulls,
Or drink the blood of goats ? "

So in Ps. li. 16, 17 : —

" For thou desirest not sacrifice, else would I give it ;
Thou delightest not in burnt-offerings ;
The sacrifice which God loveth is a broken spirit ;
A broken and contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise."

So in Malachi i. 7, 8 : —

" Ye bring polluted food to mine altar,
And ye say, Wherein do we pollute thee ?
In that ye say, The table of the Lord is contemptible.
For when ye bring the blind for sacrifice,
[Ye say,] It is not evil,
And when ye offer the lame and the sick,
[Ye say,] It is not evil.
Offer it, then, to thy governor ;
Will he be pleased with thee,
Or have regard to thee ?
Saith the Lord of hosts."

One more passage is the very striking one in the prophet Micah (vi. 6-8) : —

" Wherewith shall I come before the Lord,
And bow myself before the most high God ?
Shall I come before him with burnt-offerings,
With calves of a year old ?
Will the Lord be pleased with thousands of rams,
Or with ten thousands of rivers of oil ?
Shall I give my first-born for my sin,
The fruit of my body for my transgression ?
He hath showed thee, O man, what is good ;
What doth the Lord require of thee,
But to do justly, and to love mercy,
And to walk humbly before thy God ? "

All these passages in their manifest import show that the sacrifices of animals, as well as of things without life, were regarded in the light of gifts to the Deity ; gifts of what was held most dear ; gifts of what cost the

greatest self-denial; gifts by which men strove to express their feelings in a stronger way than by words, and to make up for their imperfect devotion of themselves to God in duty and obedience.

It is possible that among some nations the idea may have prevailed that the Deity was fond of blood, in itself considered. What account can we give of the horrible sacrifices of the Aztecs, as described by Mr. Prescott in his *Conquest of Mexico*, except that they were regarded as pleasing to their god of war because they were bloody, and glutted the vengeance with which, thinking their Deity to be altogether such an one as themselves, they had clothed him? Mr. Wilson, in his recent work, "*Lands of the Bible Revisited*," giving an account of the Samaritans, says:—

"We asked them why God preferred the sacrifice of an animal to an offering of fruit. They gave an answer more worthy of those who walk in the darkness of absolute heathenism, than of those who profess to be guided by the light of Divine Revelation: 'God likes blood, because in blood there is life.'"

In regard to the peculiar import of the blood in the Jewish sacrifices of animals, since it was used in sacrifices of adoration and thanksgiving, as well as in sacrifices for sin, it seems to denote the divesting of the offerer of his property in it, and the giving it up to God; giving the very essence of it, the life of it, the most sacred part of it, to God. In order to complete this idea, the whole of some sacrifices, and parts of others, used to be burned. Thus the burning of the garments by Cræsus, before alluded to, was in order to divest himself of his property in them, and make them the property of the god to whom they were presented.

We have thus far considered sacrifices in reference to the feelings, motives, and ideas of those who offered them. They also appear in the Old Testament as sanctioned by the Deity. What are we to think of the fact, that a mode of worship so abhorrent to the feelings of all enlightened nations at the present day, should appear in the Bible, we will not say as appointed, but as sanctioned, by the Deity? The answer appears to be, that they were of human origin, and were sanctioned by the Deity, in condescension to human weakness and the

circumstances of the times, as helps of worship and prayer, and as a means of pacifying the consciences of the penitent and reconciling their souls to God. It is probable that the Israelites, in their long residence in Egypt, had been accustomed to many symbols and forms in use among the Egyptians, which were the appropriate language of religious worship. To the men of that age they seemed proper and expressive. It would have been very unwise in Moses to have ordained the disuse at once of all the symbols and forms by which the religious sentiments and feelings of the Hebrews had been usually expressed. It would probably have been as unwise as it would be at the present day for a religious reformer to ordain that his followers should express their religious feelings in other modes than that of words. This is the account given of the matter by the ancient Christian Fathers, by distinguished Jewish writers, and by eminent Biblical students in modern times. Chrysostom, in his sixth homily on St. Matthew, says: "All these things," i. e. the sacrifices, purifications, new moons, etc., "had their origin in the rudeness of the Gentiles. For God, aiming at the salvation of those who were gone astray, suffered himself to be worshipped by these things with which the Gentiles worshipped demons, changing them somewhat for the better; that by degrees he might wean them from the custom, and bring them to a higher wisdom." Similar quotations might be made from Justin Martyr, Origen, Tertullian, Theodoret, St. Cyril, and Epiphanius, from Maimonides and Abarbanel, and from Petavius, Grotius, and Spencer.*

Of all the forms of Jewish worship, that which has exerted the greatest influence on Christian theology is the sacrifice for sin. A false view of it still continues to uphold one of the most irrational doctrines which ever prevailed in the Church. We shall, therefore, be engaged in no question of mere curiosity or antiquity, when we devote a few pages to the illustration of its design and meaning.

The design of the sin-offering is expressed in the words, *to make an atonement* for the offender, or for the soul of the offender. In every case, however, where the

* See Spencer, *De Legibus*, Lib. III. Diss. 2, Cap. 1, § 1, 2, where quotations from the writers mentioned may be found.

term *atonement* occurs in connection with the sin-offering, it denotes *reconciliation*, *at-one-ment*. It was, probably, so understood by the translators of the Common Version; 1. because such was the common meaning of the term at the time, as may be learned from Shakespeare and other writers; and 2. because they translate the same Hebrew term sometimes *atonement* and sometimes *reconciliation*. Thus, in Exod. xxxii. 30: "And it came to pass on the morrow that Moses said unto the people, Ye have sinned a great sin; and now will I go up unto the Lord; peradventure I shall make an atonement for your sin." On this verse we remark, first, that Moses is represented as expecting to make atonement for the people by prayer. This alone shows that the term denotes simply *reconciliation*. Secondly, the same Hebrew word, in the same conjugation, is rendered "*to make reconciliation upon it*" in Lev. viii. 15. So in Lev. vi. 30: "And no sin-offering, whereof any of the blood is brought into the tabernacle of the congregation, *to reconcile withal* in the holy place, shall be eaten. It shall be burnt in the fire." So also in Ezek. xlv. 15, 17; Dan. ix. 24.

But the most important consideration is that the Hebrew term כָּפַר, sometimes rendered *to make atonement*, undoubtedly means *to make reconciliation*, or, more strictly, *to cause forgiveness*. In Kal, כָּפַר, it means *to cover*, *to smear over*, for instance, the ark with pitch, Gen. vi. 14. Hence, *to obliterate* or *annul* a compact, Is. xxviii. 18. In the Piel conjugation, the first meaning, being derived from the sense *to cover*, or *obliterate*, is *to forgive*. Thus, Ps. lxxviii. 38: "He being full of compassion, *forgave* their iniquity," יִכַּפֵּר. Jer. xviii. 23: "*Forgive* not their iniquity." Ezek. xvi. 63: "When *I forgive* thee for all thou hast done." Here the word is the same, and in the same conjugation, though the Common Version renders it; "when *I am pacified* toward thee," etc. The first meaning, then, of the Piel conjugation being *to forgive*, the second meaning is *to cause forgiveness*, according to the well-known use of that conjugation. *To cause forgiveness*, *to make reconciliation*, *to make atonement*, have the same meaning. A consideration of the Hebrew verb, as well as the other facts which have been mentioned, shows that the phrase "*to make atonement*," as understood by the translators of

the Common Version, is equivalent to the phrases "to procure forgiveness," "to effect reconciliation." It never means "to make satisfaction," "to expiate by punishment;" or anything of the kind, but simply *to procure forgiveness, to effect reconciliation or atonement*. We do not know that the term *expiate* or *expiatory* is ever used in the Scriptures. This term is used by some theological writers to express the meaning of the Hebrew term on which we have commented. If then we meet the term *expiate* or *expiatory* applied to the Hebrew sacrifices, we must remember that *to expiate* means simply *to procure forgiveness*, and that an *expiatory* sacrifice means a sacrifice *which procures forgiveness or effects reconciliation*, without reference to the material of the sacrifice, or the manner in which it was made. Moses, in Exod. xxxii. 30, is represented as making atonement by prayer. The Israelites "made atonement for their souls" by the payment of a half-shekel.

The design, then, of the sacrifices for sin was simply *to procure forgiveness, to effect reconciliation* with God, and thus to pacify the consciences of the believing and the penitent. And the significance of the material offered was, that it was a gift of what was regarded as valuable; a token to complete and indicate the entire surrender of the soul to God. Prayer and confession of sin, accompanied by true faith and repentance, would have been enough in themselves; but sacrifices for sin were permitted and sanctioned in condescension to human weakness, and to the education, the religious associations, and other circumstances of the Israelites in the time of Moses. As a means of obtaining the favor of the Deity, they strike us in this period of the world as irrational, unsuited to the nature of man and of the Deity. Hence, long before the time of Christ, they had lost their power over all thinking men, and were rapidly passing away before the progress of intellectual and moral culture. One of the later Hebrew prophets expressed this conviction in a very strong way, when he said (Isaiah lxvi. 2, 3): —

"For all these things hath my hand made;
By it do all these things exist, saith Jehovah.
But to this man will I look,
Even to him who is humble and of a contrite spirit,

And who trembleth at my word.
He that slayeth an ox killeth a man ;
He that sacrificeth a lamb beheadeth a dog ;
He that maketh an oblation offereth swine's blood ;
He that burneth incense blesseth an idol."

These expressions of the Evangelical prophet were not probably intended to forbid sacrifices, but they do indicate a deep sense of their inappropriateness to the worship of God, and their want of intrinsic value.

There is another view of the significance of the Hebrew sacrifices for sin, which has obtained the support of so many modern theologians, that it requires a careful examination. This view regards the sacrifices for sin as *vicarious punishments*. It regards the animals sacrificed as, in some sense, taking the sins of the offerer, and suffering the punishment which the offerer deserved, or at least as symbolizing in their sufferings that punishment. This is the view maintained by Jahn in his *Archæology*, by Magee in his work on the Atonement, and by some other writers less under the influence of dogmatic theology.

The theory that sacrifices for sin in the Jewish worship imported vicarious punishments appears at first view plausible, from the circumstance that death has been generally regarded by human governments as the highest punishment for crimes. Indeed, it would be remarkable in the history of superstitious sacrifices if, among some nations and at some periods of the world, the sacrificed animals had not been regarded as taking the sins and suffering the punishments of the offender who offered them. But that such a meaning was attached to their sacrifices by the Jews, we can find, in the Old Testament or elsewhere, no reason to believe.

The most strenuous advocates of the vicarious punishment of the sins of men in the person of Christ would reject the view, that the sin and punishment of a man were actually transferred to the animal which was sacrificed. For, if the animal sacrificed actually took the sins and suffered the punishment of the offender, what need could there be of such a sacrifice as that of Christ? If guilt could be transferred to a brute, and the punishment of guilt be borne by the patient ox, or the innocent lamb, or the loving dove, what more was necessary in the way of punishment?

All consistent orthodox theologians would deny that the Deity ever sanctioned such a view of the efficacy of sacrifices. They can only maintain that guilt was symbolically transferred to the animals sacrificed, and that the sacrifice of the animal was *symbolical* of the punishment which he deserved. This last view is all, then, which it is necessary for us to examine.

I. Our first objection to this theory of the significance of sacrifices for sin is, that it fails to give that importance to them which was given them in nations where they have prevailed. It makes them amount simply to a figurative, emblematic acknowledgment of sin and desert of punishment on the part of those who offered them; an acknowledgment by symbolical action, as well as by words. But can it be that all the sacrifices were regarded as mere symbols? Were all the hecatombs of the heathen, all the garments which were burned, all the children that were sacrificed, all the human beings that were immolated, *mere* symbolical acknowledgments of guilt, and emblematic representations of punishment? Is not the view which we have given above, that the sacrifices were regarded as gifts to the Deity, by which they hoped to make reconciliation and avert punishment, far more probable? The same questions may be asked respecting the sacrifices of the Jews. We are told that Solomon offered at the dedication of the temple twenty thousand oxen, and one hundred and twenty thousand sheep. When sacrifices were offered in such number and variety, were they not regarded as *gifts* rather than symbolical representations?

II. A strong argument against regarding the sin and trespass offerings of the Jews as symbolical punishments, is the nature of the sins for which they were made. They were made for sins for which no express punishment was provided in the laws of Moses; chiefly unintentional sins, or sins of ignorance, inadvertence, and precipitancy, or mere violations of ritual laws. We do not, however, make much account of the distinction between moral and ritual laws, so far as the Jews are concerned. But in cases where the impurity for which atonement was to be made was the direct consequence of a law of nature, for instance, the legal impurity of a woman after child-birth, the distinction seems to us to

be important. Allowing that in some cases the sin-offerings were made under a sense of actual guilt, yet, being made in other cases for what was wholly unintentional, or for what was in consequence of a law of nature, it is highly improbable that the sacrifice of the animal was intended to be a symbol of the punishment which the offerer deserved. How could a Jewish woman feel that she deserved the extreme punishment of death, on account of what was the inevitable consequence of bringing a human being into the world?

III. The principal argument, and at first view a plausible one, and one which has had the greatest influence on those who have not made the Jewish sacrifices the subject of study, in favor of the opinion that the sacrifices for sin were symbolical of the punishment which the offerer deserved, is that the animals were slain, and that premature death is universally considered a great evil, and is employed by human governments as the highest penalty of crime. But this argument is susceptible of complete refutation. For, in the first place, it does not account for the circumstance that all the animals used by the Jews for sacrifice were such as were in ordinary use for food, and those the best of their kind. The swine was as innocent an animal as the ox. It has no horns to push with; and if the sacrifice for sin were intended to be a symbol of the punishment which the offerer deserved, it is not easy to see why the swine would not have answered the purpose as well as the ox.

In the second place, the sacrifice of animals as sin-offerings does not appear to have been accompanied by such circumstances as indicated punishment. There was no torture in the mode of putting them to death, and nothing indicating execration or contempt. On the contrary, the blood of the animal, the life of it, was offered in the most solemn manner to God through the priest, and was said to be of a sweet savor to him.

In the third place, a complete answer to the argument that sacrifices for sin were symbols of punishment because they were bloody, is, that bloody sacrifices were offered on other occasions, to which acknowledgment of sin and desert of punishment would be entirely foreign. Sacrifices of blood were used for thank-offerings as much as for sin-offerings. They were also used in ado-

ration and general prayer for blessings. They were helps to the expression of gratitude, and were constantly used for this purpose by heathen nations, as well as by the Jews. We must therefore seek an explanation of the fact that the life or blood of the animal was so acceptable to God, which will apply to eucharistic sacrifices as well as to sacrifices for sin. The true explanation is, that taking the life of the animal divested the offerer of his property in it, and made it the property of God; and that the blood or life was considered the most precious thing which could be offered to God.

In the fourth place, a very strong argument against the supposition that the animal sacrificed was a symbol of the punishment which the offerer deserved, is to be found in the circumstance that a poor man might bring as a sin-offering a portion of fine flour instead of a bullock, a kid, or a pair of turtle-doves. Now, a poor man needed to feel his guilt and desert of punishment as much as a rich one; and his being allowed to bring fine flour for a sin-offering shows that it was not intended to symbolize the punishment which he deserved for his sins. So, in some cases, the Jews made atonement by the payment of money, the Philistines by golden emeralds, and Cræsus by the burning of rich garments.

IV. Another argument which has been urged in favor of the idea that the Jewish sacrifices for sin were symbols of the punishment which the offerer deserved, is the ceremony of the imposition of hands upon the head of the animal sacrificed. This imposition of hands has been considered as a symbolical translation of the sins of the offender to the head of the animal preparatory to his suffering a symbolical punishment for them. But that this argument has no force is obvious from several considerations. 1. The imposition of hands was used in eucharistic sacrifices as well as in sacrifices for sin. Transferred guilt or substituted punishment could not have been thought of in the case of eucharistic sacrifices, when thanksgiving for deliverances and blessings received alone occupied the mind. 2. The ceremony of the imposition of hands has an obvious import, established by custom, in relation to various objects, as well as to sacrifices; objects in respect to which the idea of transference or substitution is inappropriate. It denotes the

setting apart of any person or thing to the purpose for which it was designed. It was used in commending a person to God in prayer, and in setting apart a person for any office. So, in the Christian Church, it has been used in the ordinance of confirmation, and in ordination to the ministry. According to these well-known usages, the imposition of hands on the head of the animal merely denoted the giving it up, in form, to God, or its consecration to the uses intended by the sacrifice, whatever those uses might be. So obvious is this, that even De Wette* admits that the argument for transferred guilt and substituted punishment, drawn from the imposition of hands on the head of the animal sacrificed, has no force. Jahn,† who makes use of this argument, is obliged, in order to preserve his consistency, to maintain that, when the Apostles laid their hands on the heads of persons to be ordained for the service of the Church, it was to substitute them in their own place. According to this view, Paul did not ordain helpers and associates with him in the ministry, but rather substituted certain persons in his place, that he might retire on his laurels. Such are the absurdities to which men are often driven by a false theory. And yet, weak as this argument from the imposition of hands is, it seems to be the only argument on which a writer in the April number of the *Bibliotheca Sacra* for 1852 relies for the support of his view, that substituted punishment was denoted by the sin-offering.

V. Another argument in favor of the opinion that sacrifices for sin were regarded as vicarious punishments, or as symbols of the punishment which the offerer deserved, has been drawn from the supposition, that the animals used for sin-offerings were after death regarded as unclean, as if polluted with the transferred guilt of him that offered them. The answer to this argument is, that the supposition on which it proceeds is unfounded. It cannot be shown that the sin-offerings were regarded as unclean after the sacrifice. Certainly such a thing is nowhere stated. And the only reason for supposing it is, that, after the fat, kidneys, blood, and other parts of

* *Opuscula Crit.*, p. 264.† *Archæology*, § 378.

the animal, had been burned or used on the altar, the rest of the bullock — i. e. his skin, flesh, blood, etc. — was to be carried forth to a clean place and there burned.* But this fact by no means supports the conclusion which has been drawn from it. On the contrary, if any part of the animal were regarded as polluted by transferred guilt, it would be that part which made the atonement, viz. the blood and what was burned on the altar. But this is not pretended. De Wette used this argument in an early work of his, but in a subsequent one, his *Archæologie*, p. 267, he pronounces it untenable, and gives it up, after it had been largely employed, by those who relied on his authority, in favor of imputed sin, and punishment by substitute, as denoted by the sin-offering. The writer in the *Bibliotheca Sacra*, above referred to, is also obliged to admit (p. 41) that "a weaker, more distorted argument in support of the theory of vicarious penal death in the offering could not be given."

VI. There is one case, however, in which an animal was represented as bearing, in some sense, the sins of the people, which requires distinct consideration. We refer to what in the Common Version, Lev. xvi. 8, etc. is called "the scape-goat," which was sent into the wilderness on the great day of annual atonement. On entering upon an explanation of this matter, it must be premised that the term *scape-goat* is probably an incorrect rendering of the Hebrew *אָזָזֵל*, *Azazel*. *Azazel* is to be regarded as the name, not of an animal, but of an evil demon, whose abode was in the wilderness. Such was the opinion of Spencer, Witsius, Gesenius, Rosenmüller, De Wette, Hengstenberg, and some of the ancient Fathers. The passage will then read as follows : —

"And Aaron shall cast lots for the two goats, one lot for Jehovah, and the other lot for *Azazel*. And Aaron shall bring the goat upon which the lot for Jehovah fell, and offer him for a sin-offering. But the goat on which the lot for *Azazel* fell shall be presented alive before Jehovah to make an atonement with it, to let him go to *Azazel* into the wilderness."

And in verse 21 : —

"Aaron shall lay both his hands on the head of the live goat, and confess over him all the iniquities of the children of Israel,

* Leviticus, chap. ix.

and all their transgression in all their sins, putting them on the head of the goat, and shall send him away by the hand of a fit man into the wilderness. And the goat shall bear upon him all their iniquities into a land not inhabited, and he shall let go the goat in the wilderness."

Now it is to be observed that the live goat which was sent into the wilderness, symbolically laden with the sins of the people, was not sacrificed at all; of course he could not represent *the punishment* of sin. The design of sending the live goat into the wilderness seems to have been to represent symbolically the complete removal of the sins of the people, which had obtained forgiveness through the sacrifice of the other goat, and thus more completely to pacify the consciences of the people.* Their sins were to be carried to a land not inhabited, the chosen abode of demons, to Azazel in the wilderness. But nothing of this kind was said of the sin-offering. That was given to Jehovah in sacrifice. A similar case occurs, in Lev. xiv. 4, in the purification of a leper, where two birds were used. One of them was offered in sacrifice, and the other let loose and caused to fly away, thus symbolically denoting the removal of the disease. So the goat sent into the wilderness denotes, not the punishment of sin, but the removal of it.

VII. The case of the covenant sacrifices has been adduced as favoring by analogy the idea of vicarious suffering in the sin-offering. In the covenant sacrifices those who made the covenant walked between the parts of an animal cut in two, thus imprecating upon themselves a calamity as great as that inflicted on the animal, if they should break their covenant. But who does not see that the covenant sacrifice is used only as a symbolic help to give force to an imprecation? There is nothing of a vicarious nature in it.

VIII. Another case, which has been supposed by some writers to have a bearing upon the subject under discussion, is that of the heifer, mentioned in Deut. xxi. 1-9. When a murder had been committed, of which the perpetrator was unknown, the elders of the nearest city were required to bring a heifer, which had never been used, to a field which had never been sown nor reaped, and strike off its neck, and wash their hands over the

* So De Wette, *Opusc. Crit.*, p. 30; also Witsius, *Œcon. Fœd.*, p. 513.

heifer that was beheaded, saying, "Our hands have not shed this blood, neither have our eyes seen it." On this custom we have been surprised to see the remark of so distinguished a critic as De Wette, "that he does not know what is meant by the washing of hands over the head of the animal, except it be to wash away the fault, and transfer it to the head of the heifer." On the contrary, the design of the washing of hands by the elders of the city was to show that they had no fault to transfer; that they were innocent of the murder; that "their hands had not shed the blood, nor their eyes seen it." So the Psalmist says, "I will wash my hands in innocency." So of Pilate, we read that "he took water and washed his hands, saying, I am innocent of this blood. See ye to it." The washing of the hands over the head of the slain heifer was probably symbolical of an imprecation, as in the covenant sacrifice, of the vengeance of God, if the elders or the city which they represented were guilty of the murder, or acquainted with its perpetrators. So it has been said that the most binding oath among the Chinese is accompanied with the cutting off the head of a cock.

IX. In regard to the names of *sin-offerings* and *trespass-offerings*, viz. חטאת and עושה, *sins* and *trespasses*, they appear to denote simply the object for which such sacrifices were made, viz. to obtain forgiveness of sins; just as *thank-offerings* were called *requitals* or *thanks*, because they were designed as a help in giving thanks; a stronger expression of gratitude than could be given by words. The argument for transferred guilt and vicarious punishment which has been drawn from the *names* of the sin-offerings and trespass-offerings is too weak to need refutation.

We have thus shown that the idea of vicarious punishment does not appear to have been connected with sacrifices for sin, either really or symbolically, so far as the Old Testament gives us information on the subject. But the advocates of the doctrine that the death of Christ was a vicarious punishment for the sins of the human race have not confined themselves to the Bible in their search for arguments for its support. They have sought to strengthen their argument by referring us to the history of Grecian, Egyptian, German, and modern

Jewish superstition. We have already shown that the prevailing idea attached to sacrifices for sin, as well as other sacrifices, by all nations, was that of *precious gifts*, by which they supposed the anger of the gods might be averted or their forgiveness obtained. But it would be singular if, among the manifold superstitions of different ages and nations, that of the actual or symbolical transfer of guilt and punishment from the offender to the victim offered should not have existed. Thus Servius relates, "that the Massilians, as often as they were afflicted with a pestilence, used to maintain some poor man a year at the public expense, feed him with all kinds of delicacies, and then lead him about the city with imprecations, that upon him all the calamities of the city might fall, and then cast him forth." The same custom, according to Suidas, in his explanation of the word *περίφρημα*, prevailed among some of the ancient Greeks. We strongly suspect that this was in the expiring age of human sacrifices, when, instead of the best and dearest, the very dregs of the people were offered; just as by the Jews, in the time of the prophet Malachi, the blind and the lame instead of the best animals were offered. We are confirmed in this view by Dr. Schmitz, the author of the article *Sacrificium* in Smith's Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities, the latest and most valuable work on the subject: —

"The custom of sacrificing human life to the gods," says he, "arose undoubtedly from the belief, which, under different forms, has manifested itself at all times and in all nations, that the nobler the sacrifice and the dearer to its possessor, the more pleasing it would be to the gods. Hence the frequent instances in Grecian story of persons sacrificing their own children to the gods of the lower world. In later times, however, persons sacrificed to the gods were generally criminals, who had been condemned to death."

The history of Grecian sacrifices given in the article here quoted is strongly against the view that sacrifices for sin were regarded either as actual or symbolical punishments.

The history of sacrifices among the Germans seems to contain nothing inconsistent with the views which we have maintained. Thorpe, a learned English scholar of the present day, in his recent work on Northern mythology, thus speaks of the German sacrifices: —

"With prayer, sacrifice, which formed the chief part of the heathen worship, was inseparably connected. In general there was prayer only at the sacrifices. The principal sacrifice was a human one, the offering of which by all the Germanic races is fully proved. Human beings appear chiefly to have served for sacrifices of atonement, and were either offered to the malign deities, or as propitiatory to the dead in another world. The custom of burning the servants and horses with the corpse must therefore be understood as a propitiatory sacrifice to the shade of the departed."

Thorpe also tells us, that

"The baked image of a sacrificial animal was sometimes offered to the gods in the stead of a real one. Similar usages are known to us among the Greeks and Romans; and in Sweden, even in recent times, it was a custom on Christmas eve to bake cakes in the form of a hog."

We have no reason, then, to suppose that sacrifices were regarded as real or symbolical punishments among the Germans, any more than among the Greeks and Jews. But among the sacrifices of the Egyptians there is one which, if the account of Herodotus is to be trusted, seems to denote the actual or symbolical transfer of guilt and punishment from the offenders to the animal, which was probably an ox.

"Having," says Herodotus, "brought the marked animal to the altar of sacrifice, they kindle a fire, and then, having poured wine upon the victim and called upon the god, they kill it. Having killed it, they cut off the head. They then take off the skin from the body, and, having made many imprecations against the head," they sell it to Greek merchants, or cast it into the Nile. "The imprecation which they use over the head is this: that, if any calamity were about to befall either the sacrificers themselves or the land of Egypt generally, it might fall on this head."*

But this case of apparent transfer of real or symbolical punishment from a man or people to animals, in Egypt, cannot be regarded as of much weight in determining the meaning of the Jewish sacrifices, especially as the scape-goat, so called, of the Jews, which bears some resemblance to it, was not sacrificed, but sent alive and uninjured into the wilderness, as a token of the removal, not the punishment, of sins.

* Euterpe, c. 39.

One more argument which has been made use of by those who regard the Jewish sacrifices as real or symbolical vicarious punishments, we should pass over as undeserving consideration, were it not for our purpose to notice everything which has been considered of importance by the advocates of the view which we have endeavored to refute. We allude to the practice which has prevailed among some modern Jews of sacrificing a cock or a hen as a sin-offering. Buxtorf gives an account of it in his *Synagoga Judaica*, p. 508 et seq., and Allen in his *Modern Judaism*.

“On the great day of atonement all the males take a cock, the females a hen, and a pregnant woman a cock and a hen. He who performs the ceremony of sacrifice strikes the bird three times in the head, saying every time, Let this bird be a substitute for me, let it come into my place, let it be an expiation for me ; let death be to this bird but a happy life to me and all Israel ; amen ! Then, putting his hands on the bird, he kills it, having drawn the skin round its neck so as to strangle it, and thinks within himself that he ought to be strangled like the bird, but that he substitutes it in his place. Then he cuts its throat with a knife, thinking within himself that he deserves to be slain with a sword. Then he throws it with violence to the ground, thinking within himself that he ought to be stoned. Finally, he cooks it, to show that he himself ought to perish by fire. They then throw the entrails on the top of the house, that the crows may come and carry them, representing internal sins, into the wilderness. At one time they gave the body to the poor ; but they complaining that they should thus eat the sins of the rich, they gave the value of the animal in alms, and then roasted or boiled it, and made a pleasant meal of it.”

So says Buxtorf. The date of the superstition is not given by him, nor the extent to which it prevailed. He only says that in Italy and the East it was regarded as a superstition, and was going out of use.

We cannot believe this superstition of the modern Jews to be entitled to any weight in determining the significance of the ancient Jewish sacrifices. After the lapse of one or two thousand years, it might well happen that sacrifices, instead of being considered as precious gifts, offered to the Deity with the view of obtaining forgiveness of sin and reconciliation, might come to be regarded by some persons or communities as receiving the guilt and suffering the punishment of the sinner, or as

symbolizing his guilt and punishment. This would be so natural a process in the progress of superstition, that we cannot regard the account given by Buxtorf as the *traditional* exposition of the significance of sacrifices, in opposition to the valid arguments which we have given for a different view of it. On the contrary, if the ancient sacrifices had such a meaning as seems to be indicated in the modern Jewish superstition, why were not the same forms and the same language, implying actual or symbolical punishment, used in the Old Testament? Indeed, the bringing forward of this modern superstition for the purpose of showing the significance of the Jewish sacrifices, as understood by Moses or by St. Paul, appears to us to be an indication of a desperate cause. We thus, in view of all that has been said on both sides of the question, come, on critical grounds, to the same conclusion at which Maurice arrived by a somewhat different process, that sacrifices for sin were not regarded by the ancient Jews as suffering or symbolizing vicarious punishment. We are happy to be supported in this conclusion by so sagacious an inquirer as Dr. Bushnell, who says:—

“The representation that the victim, in the ancient sacrifices, had its atoning power in virtue of the suffering put upon it, is favored by no word of the ancient Hebrew literature. On the contrary, the atoning power of the victim stands connected rather with the pains or painstaking expense of the owner himself, who in this manner signified his wish to make amends to God for the desecration of law and duty by sin.” *

Before we come to the consideration of the bearing of the important conclusion which, by a critical examination of the Jewish sacrifices, we have thus reached, on the sense in which Christ is represented as a propitiatory sacrifice by the Apostles, we wish to devote a brief space to the question, whether the Jewish sacrifices had a *prophetic* import; whether they were expressly designed as prophetic types of a great future sacrifice, that of Christ, which gave them all their value and efficacy. Were it not for the strange views which have prevailed and still prevail in the Christian Church, we should consider the affirmative of this question too unfounded and fanciful

* Christ in Theology, p. 284.

to merit consideration. But the design of our article would not be answered by passing it over with a mere word of contempt. We deny, then, that the Jewish sacrifices had any such prophetic import. 1. Because there is no evidence of it in the Old Testament. Not a syllable was uttered by the Jewish lawgiver, or by any prophet, or by any person who offered a sacrifice, that he understood it to be prophetic of the great future sacrifice of the Messiah. Now, if the Jewish sacrifices had such a prophetic import, which gave them all their value and efficacy, is it credible that it should not once have been alluded to in the Old Testament? 2. The Jewish sacrifices had no natural force or expression to indicate the death of a man. Human sacrifices were regarded by the Jews with horror. They were regarded as heathenish. The slaughter of an animal was not adapted to suggest the sacrifice of a man, especially to the Jewish mind. 3. The design which is expressly assigned to the sacrifices for sin is inconsistent with such a prophetic import. This design is over and over again said to be, to make atonement or reconciliation, to procure forgiveness of sin. It was not to furnish a prophetic symbol of a future sacrifice which should make atonement, but actually to make atonement. 4. When the prophets of the Old Testament complain of a misuse of the Jewish sacrifices, it is not that their prophetic reference to the future sacrifice of the Messiah is lost sight of. The complaint always is, that the moral purpose of sacrifices is lost sight of; that they are not accompanied with those feelings, that faith in God, and that true repentance for sin, which they were designed to express and to produce, and without which they were an abomination. This consideration alone is sufficient to convince one who duly weighs it, that the idea that the sacrifice of the Messiah was prophetically indicated by any Jewish sacrifice never crossed the mind of any of the Old Testament prophets. 5. The fact that similar sacrifices to those of the Jews have prevailed in almost all nations of the world, in a similar state of cultivation, shows that the Jewish sacrifices ought not to be regarded as having a prophetic import, rather than those of any other nation, unless such an import is expressly assigned to them in the Old Testament. 6. There are no passages in the New Testa-

ment which assert or imply that the Jewish sacrifices had such a prophetic import. There are one or two passages which have been misinterpreted so as to favor such an idea. Thus, in Col. ii. 17, the ordinances of the Law generally relating to meats, drinks, fast-days, and Sabbaths are said to be "a shadow of things to come, but the body is Christ's." But even so orthodox a critic as Bloomfield remarks on this passage, that

"It is not to be understood that these and all other ritual institutions of the Law of Moses shadowed forth some Christian mystery, but only, as the best expositors are generally agreed, that they were as mere shadows compared to that solid and substantial truth which Christ by his Gospel hath discovered to us." *

So also in the Epistle to the Hebrews, x. 1, we read, "the Law having a shadow † of the good things to come, and not the very image of the things," etc. But it is plain from ix. 11, and from the connection, that by "the good things to come" were meant the things of the heavenly world which were objects of desire and expectation to the Christian. And the design of the writer is to affirm that the Law contained only an imperfect, shadowy outline of the things of the heavenly world, and gave no express image, no perfect representation, of them, as Christ did. The assertion of the writer is, that Judaism was very imperfect when compared with Christianity, not that one was a prophetic type of the other.

"The allusion," says Dr. Doddridge, "is to the different state of a painting, when the first sketch only is drawn, and when the piece is finished; or to the first sketch of a painting, when compared with what is yet more expressive than the completest painting, an exact image. . . . Even under the Gospel we have not the heavenly blessings themselves, but only a clearer representation, or revelation, of them."

This explanation seems to have been borrowed from Calvin's note on the verse, who says:—

"Similitudinem hanc mutuatus est ab arte pictoriâ. — Hoc ergo discrimen inter Legem et Evangelium statuit apostolus, quod sub illâ rudibus duntaxat et inchoatis lineis fuit adumbratum,

* See Bloomfield's *New Testament*, *ad loc.*

† What the writer meant by the Law's containing a shadowy outline of the heavenly world may probably be learned from Philo, *De Vita Mosis*, Lib. III. See also Heb. viii. 5.

quod hodie vivis et graphice distinctis coloribus expressum est. Hoc modo iterum confirmat quod prius dixit, non otiosam fuisse Legem, nec inanes ejus cœremonias. Nam etsi non fuit illic rerum cœlestium effigies, quasi extremâ (quod aiunt) artificis manu absoluta, tamen illa qualiscunque indicatio Patribus non parum utilis fuit, etiamsi nostra conditio sit potior. — Futura bona pro æternis dici puto. Hoc nunc agitat, non Veteris modo Testamenti respectu futura bona dici; sed quia a nobis adhuc quoque sperantur." See Calvin's Comment. *ad loc.*

So Hammond: —

"For the Mosaical Law, which contained no more than an imperfect shadow, or rude first draught, of those mercies made over to us by the Gospel, eternal life, &c., and not the lively representation or effigies of them, such as the Gospel now affords us," &c.

We have, then, in these and similar passages, no intimations that the Law was designed to prefigure the facts of Christianity, or that any of the sacrifices had a prophetic import. Indeed, the reasoning of the author of the Epistle to the Hebrews seems to be decidedly against that fiction of theologians. For if the Jewish sacrifices really had a prophetic import, present to the minds of those that offered them, why was faith in the actual sacrifice of Christ so much better than faith in it as a future event?

7. But it may be asked, whether the sacrifice of Christ may not have had a retrospective effect on the Jewish sacrifices, so as to give efficacy to them, though the offerers were unconscious of any relation of one to the other. To this we answer, first, that such a retrospective influence is inconceivable to reason; and secondly, that it is unscriptural in two ways. In the first place, no such retrospective influence on the Jewish sacrifices is ascribed in the New Testament to the death of Christ, and in the second place, no influence whatever is ascribed to the death of Christ except in connection with faith. But it is certain that the Jews, when they offered their sacrifices, could not have had faith in a future sacrifice of Christ, of which they had no knowledge whatever. Neither could the fact, that Christ was the lamb slain, i. e. designed to be slain, from the foundation of the world, have any influence on those to whom the secret purpose of God had not been revealed.

8. But it may be said, that, though the Jewish sacrifices had not a prophetic import to the minds of those who offered them, they may have had such an import, which was designed to be understood by Christians when Christ should have fulfilled it. But this is to suppose that the prophetic import of the sacrifice was not known till it was useless. For when the reality had actually come, of what use was it to know that a prophetic symbol of it existed ages before? If the alleged typical or prophetic import of the Jewish sacrifices were real and of any value, it must have been designed for those who offered them, and not for those who make allusions to them, hundreds of years afterwards? Who can believe that the Supreme Being would have assigned a prophetic import to sacrifices, which import was never discovered till it was of no use, i. e. till men had received the antitype, the reality, signified by it? When men had received Christ, when they actually enjoyed the benefits of his life and death, of what use to them would be the prophetic import of the type? It might recommend Christianity to Jews or Jewish Christians, to point out analogies more or less close between the death of Christ and the Jewish sacrifices. But this would have no connection with any typical or prophetic import in them.

It may be well to notice one more view which has been given of the design of the Jewish sacrifices, and thus show our respect for the distinguished minister from Connecticut, who, in his discourse before the Divinity School at Cambridge, gave so ample a refutation of every form of the Calvinistic or vicarious penal atonement.

"In sacrifices," says Dr. Bushnell, "are prepared correspondences, and so, types or bases of language, in which the more spiritual grace of Christ may be represented." *

Again :—

"The positive institutions, rites, historic processes of the antichristian ages are all so many preparations made by the transcendent wisdom of God with a secret design to bring forth, when it was wanted, a Divine form for the Christian truth." †

* God in Christ, p. 224.

† Ibid., p. 249.

Again:—

“It is expressly declared in the Epistle to the Hebrews, and is tacitly assumed elsewhere, that the old system had a certain relationship to the contents of the new. Not, as the old theologians somewhat childishly conceived, that the types of the Old Testament ritual showed the saints of that age the Christ to come; but that by means of this ritual the national mind was impregnated with forms, impressions, associations, not derivative from nature, which, when the Christian ideas are born, are to become types or bases of a language to convey them.” *

As we agree with Dr. Bushnell in all the essential points of his Discourse at Cambridge, we are sorry to differ with him in a matter of less importance. But we cannot think his view to be at all tenable on the ground of Scripture or reason. As to what he says on certain passages in the Epistle to the Hebrews, that they declare that “the Old system had a certain relationship to the contents of the New,” it by no means follows from this, that they support his peculiar theory. His theory is, that the Old Testament forms were designed to furnish a terminology for the writers of the New. But this is nowhere declared; and how he could discover “the secret design of God,” except by express revelation, it is difficult to perceive. We have already shown, and fortified our view by quotations from various writers, ancient and modern, that the sacrifices of the Jews were sanctioned by the Deity for a very different purpose from that which Dr. Bushnell supposes. He has himself well said, in another passage less savoring of mere theory, that “the value of the sacrifice terminated principally in the power it had over the religious character,—in the impressions, exercises, aids, and principles which, as a liturgy, it wrought in the soul of the worshipper.” † So far, then, as the Scriptures give us information, the sacrifices of the Jews were not for the purpose of furnishing a terminology for Christians, as maintained by Dr. Bushnell, but for a very different purpose. And on the ground of reason, it appears to us that little can be said in favor of this theory. It makes too much to depend on the mere artificial language in which facts and ideas are expressed. We can readily conceive that the use of sacrificial lan-

* God in Christ, p. 259.

† Ibid., p. 225.

guage in presenting the facts concerning the life and death of Christ might have an affecting influence on the Jews and Jewish Christians to whom Paul and the author of the Epistle to the Hebrews wrote. They had from infancy been familiar with sacrifices and sacrificial ideas. They had associations and feelings connected with sacrifices, which it is impossible for any one at the present day to have. But how can mere sacrificial language be so very expressive to those to whom the sacrificial system has become obsolete? When we have all the facts before the mind, as to what Christ was, as to what he said, as to what he did, and as to what he suffered, how can it be deemed as of sufficient importance to require a miraculous provision of the Deity for preparing a symbolic language in which these facts should be expressed? Or how can it be deemed rational, that *language* borrowed from rites and customs which have been done away should be regarded as peculiarly Divine? Some Christians, accustomed to such language from infancy, and taught to believe the use of it necessary to their salvation, may think themselves edified by it, or be edified by it. But one who has received so much intellectual culture as to be able to distinguish ideas and things from the mere words which convey them, must find it intolerably irksome to be tied down to any particular "terminology," or "objective mystic forms of the altar."

Another objection to the theory of Dr. Bushnell is, that a very small part of the Jewish ritual can, with the utmost stretch of fancy, be made to express Christian ideas, or ever has been so used. How much, then, of the Jewish ritual did the secret design of God "to prepare moulds or types for Christian ideas" apply to? Was it limited to sacrifices for sin, or did it extend to every minute ceremony of the ritual? To select these sacrifices alone out of the whole Jewish ritual as "the prepared mould for Christian ideas," seems to be in the highest degree arbitrary.

Dr. Bushnell remarks in behalf of his peculiar theory, that the faith and feelings of a Christian need certain objective forms, on which they may fasten. Very well. But why should the forms of a religious system which has been done away be retained for a new one? Why

put new wine into old bottles? Why confine Christian ideas to fixed moulds, assumed to have been manufactured for them ages before they had an existence. Has not Christianity itself enough that is objective? Are not Christ himself, and the facts of his life, death, and resurrection, as truly objective as sacrificial language? Is not the cross objective? But the cross itself has nothing to do with the altar form. We are not urging objections to the use of sacrificial language in relation to the work and sufferings of Christ, when it is the natural and unstudied language of Christian faith and feeling. Our objections are to the theory that "Aaron's old wardrobe" was expressly designed by the Deity to be the perpetual clothing of Christian ideas, and that every Christian is under obligation to labor continually to cast his ideas into sacrificial moulds, as if expressly prepared by God for the purpose. Such a labor seems to us to have a tendency to sink the spirit which giveth life in the letter which killeth, or, in the still stronger language of the Apostle of the Gentiles, to carry us back to the "beggarly elements" of Judaism. It is a step in the same direction with the mimic sacrifice of the Roman Catholics in the celebration of mass.

The important bearing of the true meaning of the Jewish sacrifices on the language and doctrines of the New Testament will, we trust, be our justification for having gone through with what may seem to many a tediously minute inquiry. We know that just views of the sufferings and death of our Saviour in their influence upon the salvation of man may be gained in a more compendious way. But it is our aim to take away one of the chief supports on which the false views of many theologians have rested; we mean the imagined vicarious import of the sacrifices of the Old Testament, and the imagined necessity of clothing our thoughts of Christ in language borrowed from the altar service of the Hebrews.

All admit that Christ is by the writers of the New Testament called a sacrifice. All Christians unite in regarding him as, in some sense, the true sacrifice, who takes away the sin of the world, — the true sacrifice, in consequence of which sins have been forgiven, and man reconciled to God. But respecting the sense in which

Christ is represented by the New Testament writers as a sacrifice, there has been great doubt and disagreement among Christians. Now, if the view which we have given of the significance of the Jewish sacrifices be correct, — if the animals sacrificed for sin under the Jewish dispensation were not regarded as bearing, or even symbolizing, the punishment of the offenders, but only as an appointed means of manifesting a sense of sin and a desire for forgiveness, and as a means of obtaining assurance of Divine forgiveness, — then it follows that the dogma of the infliction by the Deity of vicarious punishment upon Christ for the sins which he did not commit, has no foundation in the sacrificial language applied to him by the Apostles. Whatever may be the true sense in which Christ is represented as a sacrifice in the New Testament, it follows from our view of the significance of the Jewish sacrifices, that the Apostles could not mean that he endured the threatened penalty of human transgression, — that he received the punishment due to the guilty, — whether, as Calvin supposed, by experiencing after death the torments of hell,* or by the immediate infliction of the wrath of God on the head of his beloved Son in this world. It is to be presumed that the Apostles, when they applied sacrificial language to the death of Christ, had correct views of its import. And we have seen that, whatever may be the significance of the Jewish sacrifices, they do not import vicarious punishment. Now if this irrational and unscriptural idea of atonement by the vicarious punishment of Christ could be banished from Christian theology, the remaining difference among Christians respecting the true import of the sacrifice of Christ would be comparatively unim-

* Thus, in his Institutes, Book II. Ch. XVI., Calvin, speaking of the descent into hell, says: "If Christ had merely died a corporeal death, no end would have been accomplished by it; it was requisite, also, that he should feel the severity of the Divine vengeance, in order to appease the wrath of God and satisfy his justice. Hence it was necessary for him to contend with the powers of hell and the horrors of eternal death. . . . For the relation of those sufferings of Christ which were visible to men is very properly followed by that invisible and incomprehensible vengeance which he suffered from the hand of God; in order to assure us that not only the body of Christ was given as the price of our redemption, but that there was another greater and more excellent ransom, since he suffered in his soul the dreadful torments of a person condemned and irrecoverably lost."

portant. Other views, somewhat mystical, might prevail, which would not be at war with the eternal principles of Divine and human justice. It is the idea of punishment by proxy, of innocence taking the place of guilt, that has been a foul blot on our holy religion, corrupting its friends and strengthening its enemies.

Still it may be well to make a few remarks on the use of sacrificial language in the New Testament. In the first place, we call attention to the remarkable fact, — remarkable when we consider what theories have prevailed in the Church, — that our Saviour never compared himself, or his death, to a sacrifice for sin in any sense, figurative or literal. He often speaks of his death by violence as certain, as in conformity with the will of God, and as the means of breaking down the reign of evil, and establishing the kingdom of God in the world. But he never speaks of himself as a sacrifice for sin, a sin-offering. He calls himself the good Shepherd, who lays down his life for the benefit, not in the place, of the sheep. He says that only those who eat his flesh and drink his blood shall have life. He says that he came to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many, i. e. a means of delivering many from the bondage of sin. He compares himself to the brazen serpent lifted up on a pole, to which the serpent-bitten Israelites looked for deliverance. But the brazen serpent was no sacrifice, much less an example of vicarious punishment. In one place only he compares his death to a sacrifice, but, in this case, to a covenant sacrifice, — a sacrifice by which covenants used to be confirmed. "This cup is," i. e. denotes, "the blood of the new covenant, shed for many for the remission of sins." That in this last expression, "for the remission of sins," no sacrificial efficacy is included, is evident from the circumstance that the same phrase is connected with baptism, which is called the baptism of repentance for the remission of sins. Jesus thus speaks of his death in plain terms, and under various figures; but makes no allusions to sacrifices for sin. This is certainly a very remarkable fact, if his death was a literal sin-offering in the Jewish sense, and if this be a fundamental doctrine of his religion. He not only does not use sacrificial language in reference to his death, but uses many expressions of a different import. "I, if I be

lifted on high from the earth, *shall draw* all men unto me." John xii. 32. "Now," i. e. in immediate view of his death, "is the prince of this world cast out." When he tells his Apostles (John xvi. 7) that "it is expedient for them that he should go away," it is not on account of the sacrificial nature of his death, but that the Comforter may come. Again, he says, "If ye loved me, ye would rejoice, because I said, I go to the Father; for my Father is greater than I"; i. e. he can do more for my cause than I by remaining in the world. He gives prominence to the idea that his religion is a religion of the spirit. Under its influence the true worshippers were to worship *in spirit and in truth*. In John vi. 63, he says, "It is the spirit that giveth life; the flesh profiteth nothing." When the teacher of the Law said to him, that to love God with all the heart was more than whole burnt-offerings and sacrifices, he replied, "Thou art not far from the kingdom of God." The parables of the lost sheep, the lost pieces of money, and especially of the prodigal son, if well considered, make it impossible to suppose that Christ believed that the forgiveness of God to the penitent depended on any sacrificial view of his death, much less on the view that it was the vicarious punishment of sin. What we have said of the letter and spirit of Christ's teaching undermines also the hypothesis of Dr. Bushnell. For if the ancient sacrifices for sin were specially designed by the Deity to be a sort of mould, or symbolical language, with which to express Christian ideas, how remarkable it is that the Author of Christian ideas did not use it in either a literal or figurative sense! How very remarkable, when we consider to what an extent it was his wont to use symbolical language! How improbable that the Founder of Christianity should leave out of his instructions an essential part of his religion!

In the Epistles of the New Testament the death of Christ is alluded to in language borrowed from the Jewish sacrifices. The presumption is, that their views accord with those of Christ, and that they regarded the truest fulfilment of the Jewish sacrifices to take place, when Christians presented themselves living sacrifices to God, a spiritual, not a ritual service. But we will consider separately what ideas or feelings they meant

to express when they used the sacrificial language in question.

It has been made a question of great importance, whether the Apostles regarded the death of Christ as a literal or figurative sacrifice. To us it seems not to have been noticed by writers on either side, as it ought to have been, that, so far as the question whether the atonement by Christ was effected by his vicarious punishment is concerned, it is of little importance whether the death of Christ was regarded by the Apostles as a literal or figurative sacrifice; and this for two reasons. First, because, according to the true view of the significance of sacrifices for sin, they had no vicarious import. They were not regarded as a punishment by substitute, nor as symbolical of the punishment of the offender. They were gifts expressive of self-denial, designed to aid those whose consciences were burdened by sin to express their penitence and prayers for forgiveness, and thus to procure peace of conscience and a sense of being forgiven, when these offerings were accompanied with faith and penitence, and followed by obedience. If, therefore, the Apostles regarded the death of Christ as ever so literal a sacrifice, they could not, on this true view of the significance of Jewish sacrifices, have regarded it as a judicial vicarious punishment for the sins of men. Secondly, it seems to us that we shall arrive at the same result, if we take the other view of the significance of sacrifices for sin, which we have shown to be unfounded, namely, that the sacrificed animals were symbolical of the guilt and punishment of those that offered them. For on this view the sacrifices for sin were only *symbols* of ideas; of the ideas of guilt, demerit, and punishment. If, then, the death of Christ was a literal sacrifice, as Magee and others have maintained, then it follows that the death of Christ was only a *symbol* of the punishment which the wicked deserve. The more literal a sacrifice the death of Christ was, the less can it be regarded as an actual vicarious punishment. For the most orthodox writers do not maintain that the Jewish sacrifices for sin were actual vicarious punishments, but only symbols or emblems of punishment. Of course, then, the more the death of Christ was like them, the more literal a sacrifice it was, the more reason have we to believe, even on

that view of the significance of sacrifices for sin which we have opposed, that the design of it was simply to display the evil of sin, and the punishment which it deserved. In this case there would be no endurance of actual vicarious punishment, no suffering of the penalty of the law, no experience of the wrath of God, but only an expressive symbol, designed to exert an influence on the minds of those who should contemplate it. The doctrine of atonement by the vicarious punishment of Christ disappears, therefore, as really and truly on the ground that Christ was a literal sacrifice, as on that of the figurative interpretation. This we regard as an important view of the subject, and one which has not been set forth as it ought to be. For the doctrine of atonement by vicarious punishment has derived its chief support, first, by assuming that the Jewish sacrifices were symbolical of vicarious punishment; secondly, by assuming that the death of Christ was a literal sacrifice; and thirdly, by setting aside, with a sort of legerdemain, the *symbolical* character ascribed to the Jewish sacrifices, and assuming that the sacrifice of Christ was a real vicarious punishment, an actual endurance of the penalty of the law threatened against transgressors, an actual endurance of the pains of hell. Surely, those who hold that the death of Christ was a literal sacrifice ought, in consistency, to hold that it was only a symbolical punishment, an expression of certain ideas, exercising no influence except on the minds of those who contemplate it.

We have said that, so far as the doctrine of atonement by the vicarious punishment of Christ is concerned, it is immaterial whether the Apostles regarded the death of Christ as a literal or a figurative sacrifice, or whether they held that view of the significance of sacrifices which we have maintained, or that which we have opposed. But on other accounts we do think it of great importance. The idea that it was the express and immediate design of God, that Christ should be sacrificed as a symbol of the punishment which the wicked deserve, or that it was the express design of Christ, in giving himself for us, to exhibit himself as a symbol of this punishment, appears to us to be derogatory to the character of God and of Christ, and to have a tendency to weaken the influence which the death of [the Saviour

ought to exercise upon the mind and heart. It appears to us to be essential to the proper influence of the sufferings and death of Christ on the mind and heart, that they should be regarded as incidental to his mission, as incurred in the way of accomplishing it, and not expressly designed to have a symbolical meaning, or to express certain ideas in an impressive manner. On this point Dr. Bushnell has written with such force and clearness that we prefer his language to our own.

"It is to be noticed as a law of expression, that when evil is endured simply and only for what it expresses, it expresses nothing. If a man wades out upon some mountain in the snows of a wintry night, to carry food to a perishing family, then what he encounters of risk and suffering, being incidentally incurred, is an expression of charity. But if he call upon us to observe his charity expressed in what he will suffer, and, waiting for a stormy night, goes forth on the same expedition to the mountain, he expresses nothing but ostentation. So if Christ comes into the world to teach, to cheer, to heal, to pour his sympathies into the bosom of all human sorrow, to assert the integrity of truth, and rebuke the wickedness of sin, in a word, to manifest the eternal life, and bring it into a quickening union with the souls of our race, then to suffer incidentally, to die an ignominious and cruel death, rather than depart from his heavenly errand, is to make an expression of the heart of God, which every human soul must feel. And this expression may avail to sanctify the law before us, even though there be no abhorrence expressed in his sufferings. But if Christ comes into the world invoking, as it were, the power of God, and undertaking to suffer evil as evil, that he may express God's justice, or his abhorrence of sin, then he expresses nothing. The very laws of expression, if I understand them rightly, require that suffering should be endured, not as suffering, or as evil taken up for the expression of it, but that the evil be a necessary incident encountered *on the way* to some end separate from expression, — some truth, benefaction, or work of love."*

And now the question recurs, What was the meaning of the Apostles, when they represent the death of Christ as a sacrifice? Was their language literal or figurative? What if the truth should be that it was not literal, and yet something more than figurative in the usual sense of the term. Christ was crucified by Roman soldiers, by the order of Pontius Pilate, instigated by the Jews.

* God in Christ, pp. 201, 202.

There was no altar, no priest; in short, none of the ceremonies which the Jews regarded as essential to a sacrifice. How, then, could converts from Judaism, like Paul, Peter, and John, regard him, whom the Jews by wicked hands had crucified and slain, as a literal sacrifice?

On the other hand, Does not the language of the Apostles imply that they connected some sacrificial ideas and feelings with the death of Christ? They certainly regarded Christ's voluntary death in the cause of truth, duty, and human salvation, as being by the determinate counsel and foreknowledge of God. They, as well as Christ himself, regarded it as essential to the fulfilment of the Divine purposes. He was the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world. Now, allowing that the direct or immediate design of Christ's death, as it existed in his own consciousness, the end for which he was born and for which he was sent into the world, was "to bear witness to the truth," to establish "the new covenant by his blood," "to draw all men unto him" by being lifted up on the cross, to touch their hearts and move them to penitence and love, "to cast out the prince of this world," or break down the reign of evil, and establish God's kingdom of truth and righteousness, yet who shall limit the purposes of God to these effects of the death of Jesus? Who shall say that the death by suffering and torture of a man, filled with the spirit of God without measure, distinguished by the miracles which God gave him the power to perform, and the mission of truth which God raised him up to discharge, in whom was no sin, who made it his meat and drink to please God, and who by his powers and character, if not by a higher nature, was well entitled to the appellation of Son of God, may not have been designed, under the providential government of God, to illustrate the Divine character, as an object of direct contemplation? Surely something respecting the character of God is revealed in the events which God permits, or which he ordains, in the accomplishment of his benevolent purposes? Who shall say that the sufferings and death of Christ were not incidentally designed to express and to awaken thoughts and feelings, and to accomplish an end, so analogous to what was designed by the Jewish sacrifices, that the Apostles connected sacrificial ideas

and feelings with them; and thus regarded Christ as "set forth to be a propitiatory sacrifice" in something more than a figurative sense, which admits of definite explanation? Who shall say that the sufferings and death of Christ as of all righteous men* for the benefit of the race, were not incidentally designed to declare God's righteousness and love, to express God's hatred of sin and love of holiness, and at the same time to pacify the conscience by a sense of his forgiveness?

All Christians unite in believing that the death of Christ was a direct manifestation of Divine love. "Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that he loved us, and sent his Son to be a propitiation for our sins." "God commendeth his love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us." "I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any created thing, shall be able to separate us from the love of God toward us, which is in Christ Jesus, our Lord." "He that spared not his own Son, but freely gave him up for us all, how shall he not with him freely give us all things?" But some have found a difficulty in the representation of the Apostle Paul, that by setting forth Christ as a propitiatory sacrifice God has manifested his own righteousness. But does not the fact that God suffered so pure and righteous a being as Christ, his own Son, to suffer and die in the cause of righteousness, show how great an evil he regards unrighteousness or sin to be, and how great a good he regards righteousness or holiness to be. What is it to declare God's righteousness, but to declare that he loves righteousness and hates iniquity? If God did not love righteousness and hate iniquity, would he suffer righteous men, and especially so righteous a being as Christ, to suffer and die in order to secure the one and put an end to the other? Does not the cost, the precious blood, by which God establishes righteousness in the earth, declare his own righteousness. Now as the ancient sacrifices were designed to manifest both the righteousness and the mercy of God, as sin-offerings were brought under a sense of sin against that God who hates sin and loves holiness, and thus expressed a desire for forgiveness on the

* Comp. Phil. ii. 17; Col. i. 24; Is. liii. 5.

part of him that offered them, and conveyed a sense of forgiveness when offered with right feelings, how natural it was for the Apostles to express their thoughts and feelings respecting the death of Christ in the language of sacrifice; that they should connect some sacrificial views and feelings with their contemplation of the influence of his sufferings and death! The purposes which were included in the design of the Jewish sacrifices had been more effectually secured in their case by Christ, especially by that which most touched their hearts, as the consummation of his life and religion, his death upon the cross. They had become penitent, they had exercised faith in the righteousness and mercy of God, as manifested therein; they had obtained a delightful sense of Divine forgiveness. Christ had become their propitiatory sacrifice, and they felt an efficacy and a power in it which assured them that it did not need to be repeated. The contemplation of it was sufficient "to purge their consciences from dead works to serve the living God," and in an important sense "to make them perfect." We are not sure that they drew the line carefully between figurative and literal expressions. We are not sure that they, born Jews, accustomed to the sight of sacrifices from their infancy, may not have connected some mystic sacrificial ideas and feelings with the death of Christ, which it might be difficult for us moderns to express in definite and plain language.

On the other hand, we are equally sure that the language of sacrifice can convey nothing valuable at the present day, which is not suggested by a plain statement of all the facts relating to the life and death of Christ, independent of sacrificial language. When it is suggested naturally, let it be used like any other figurative or symbolical language. But if it be laid down as a dogma that sacrificial language must at all events be used as a necessary and essential mould for Christian ideas, we believe the result will be error and mischief. Especially will this be the case, if we connect with the Jewish sacrifices a meaning which the ancient Jews never saw in them, namely, that of transferred guilt, or punishment by proxy.

Did our limits permit, we should be glad to go into an examination of all the passages in the New Testament

in which the death of Christ is referred to as a sacrifice. But we will content ourselves with a few comments on two celebrated texts, one of which is in Paul's Epistle to the Romans, the other in the Epistle to the Hebrews, the author of which differs from Paul only in the extent to which he pursues the analogies between the Jewish and Christian dispensations.

What has been called Paul's standard text is in Rom. iii. 21-26. There is in the Common Version a mistranslation, caused by overlooking the distinction between the Greek terms *ἀφεις* and *πίπεις* which was pointed out by Dr. Hammond, and is well illustrated by Trench in his recent useful publication on the New Testament Synonyms. We translate the passage thus:—

“But the righteousness which is of God, to which the Law and the Prophets have borne testimony, even the righteousness which is of God through faith in Christ Jesus, has now without the Law been made manifest to all and upon all who believe. For there is no distinction. For all have sinned and failed of obtaining the glory which is with God; being accepted as righteous freely, by his grace, through the redemption which is in Christ Jesus; whom, in his blood, through faith, God has set forth as a propitiatory sacrifice, in order to manifest his righteousness on account of his passing by, in his forbearance, the sins of former times; in order to manifest his righteousness at the present time, so that he may be [i. e. appear to be] righteous, and accept as righteous him who believes in Jesus.”

By “the righteousness which is of God,” verses 21 and 22, we understand the right moral and spiritual condition of a man who has faith in God as manifested in Christ, a faith of the heart as well as the head, which is said to be “of God,” or God's gift, because it is accepted by God in mercy, implying the gratuitous pardon of past sins, and not as a perfect obedience of the precepts of the Law. It is still righteousness, however, even as “Abraham believed God, and it was counted to him for righteousness”; counted to him because he had it, and not because he had it not. To make *δικαιοσύνη* mean the mere act of God in pardoning sin, is against all Greek and Scripture usage of the term, and takes away just one half of the Apostle's meaning. The verb *δικαίω* we translate to *accept as righteous*, i. e. to *regard and treat as righteous*; not to *make* righteous, in the sense of *imparting* moral excellence. This is contrary to the New

Testament usage of the word, as the lexicons and concordances will convince any one who will resort to them. So to make the term denote simply *to pardon* or *acquit* is to depart from New Testament usage, and to rob it of half its meaning.

By the expression "his righteousness," in verses 25 and 26, we understand righteousness as an attribute of God, that attribute in consequence of which he hates sin and loves holiness, and shows that he is not indifferent to the moral conduct of men. Could we allow ourselves to follow our theological bias, we might give some plausible reasons for understanding *δικαιοσύνη* as denoting *mercy*, or *goodness*, instead of righteousness, as so distinguished and orthodox a critic as Dr. Hammond understood the term. But we cannot regard such a meaning as sufficiently supported by New Testament usage, nor can we see why the Apostle should not have used the common Greek terms by which mercy, or goodness, or love is denoted, if such had been his meaning. On the other hand, we protest against prefixing the epithet "judicial" to this "righteousness," as if the only way in which God could manifest his righteousness was by inflicting punishment as a judge; and as if this passage meant that God manifested his righteousness by inflicting upon Christ the punishment of all the millions who had lived and died in their sins before his time. There is not a particle of evidence to show that Paul thought that the sufferings of Christ were greater in intensity than those which a man of sensibility would experience under similar circumstances to those in which he was placed, encountered in the way of his duty, and inflicted by Jewish malignity and cruelty. How, then, could the sufferings of one man, (this too on the Trinitarian as well as the Unitarian theory,) endured for a comparatively short time, be regarded as the punishment, or equivalent in pain to the punishment, of the sins of all the world? Even if reason could admit, or the Scriptures justify, the doctrine, that the righteous might be punished by the Deity in place of the guilty, who can convince himself that that punishment was endured by Christ. Especially what believer in the doctrine that endless misery is the threatened punishment of every transgressor, can imagine that that punishment was en-

dured by Christ, and this, too, not merely for one sinner, but for all sinners? We have already shown that the righteousness of God might be manifested by the propitiatory sacrifice of Christ in a very different way.

In arranging the phrases "through faith" and "in his blood" so as to make them both relate to "propitiatory sacrifice," we give them a more important connection, and avoid the expression "faith in his blood," which nowhere else occurs in the New Testament. Paul thus intimates that the blood of Christ constitutes him a propitiatory sacrifice, but that it is the faith of the Christian that makes it his sacrifice, — a sacrifice for his benefit. So Conybeare, Alford, Meyer, and De Wette.

In adopting the rendering "*propitiatory sacrifice*," we again remark, that, if we could follow our theological bias, we should choose the rendering "*mercy-seat*"; and in this case we should have the support of numerous Calvinistic as well as Unitarian critics. Any one who will turn to *λασθήριον* in Robinson's or Schleusner's Lexicon will see that the term in itself considered admits of either translation, according as *θύμα*, *sacrifice*, or *ἐπίθεμα*, *cover*, is supposed to be the implied noun to be connected with the adjective *λασθήριον*. But as the death of Christ is, in several passages of the New Testament, compared to a sacrifice, and never to the mercy-seat, unless this passage be an exception, we believe, with Professor Stuart and most modern critics, that "*propitiatory sacrifice*" is the true rendering. Besides, it cannot be denied that *λασθήριον* is capable of being rendered *mercy-seat*, only because it denotes literally the *propitiatory lid*, or *cover* of the ark of the covenant; and this lid or cover was propitiatory, only because the blood of a sacrificed animal was sprinkled upon it. So that it is doubtful whether there will be much difference in the general meaning, whichever translation may be preferred, *whom God hath set forth as a propitiatory cover*, or *propitiatory sacrifice*.

This propitiatory sacrifice of Christ Paul does not define. But he tells us plainly what was in part its design. It was that of *manifestation*. It was expressive of the Divine mind. Its design on the part of God, as a fact in his supreme government of the world, was to accomplish what the Jewish sacrifices had accomplished in a less perfect manner; namely, to manifest his righteousness; to show

that he was a righteous Being, a Being not indifferent to the moral conduct of men, although he had "in times past suffered all nations to walk in their own ways,"* and had "winked at the times of ignorance."† In the Common Version the distinction between *πάρεσις*, *passing by*, and *ἀφεσις*, *forgiveness*, ‡ is disregarded, and thus the sense of the passage is lost. The former refers to God's forbearance to the wicked, in suffering them to go on in their sins without adequate punishment; the latter, to his forgiveness to those who believed and repented. The meaning of the Apostle in the passage seems to be, that there was needed a signal manifestation of the righteousness of God, on account of his forbearance in passing over without adequate punishment the sins of mankind before the coming of Christ. § Such a signal manifestation of God's righteousness was given when he set forth his own Son to be a propitiatory sacrifice. His estimate of the evil of sin was to be inferred from the cost at which he undertook to deliver men from it. "He spared not his own Son, but freely gave him up for us all, that he might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify for himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works." || Would he have done it unless he had regarded iniquity as the most terrible of all evils, and righteousness the object of his supreme love? ¶ Such was the incidental significance of the death of Christ, considered as an event under God's moral government of the world, in addition to its direct moral consequences, as the seal of his ministry and consummation of his mission, in establishing his religion in the minds and hearts of men. It is possible, as we have intimated, that Paul may have connected some feelings, if not ideas, with what he calls the propitiatory sacrifice of Christ, which we of the present day are unable to define or estimate. But to maintain that Christ could manifest the righteousness of God only by enduring the *punishment* of all the wicked who lived before his time, or what was equivalent to it in pain, is to

* Acts xiv. 16.

† Acts xvii. 30.

‡ This distinction is well pointed out by Dr. Hammond *ad loc.*, and by Trench in his recent useful book on the Synonyms of the New Testament.

§ Comp. Hebrews ix. 15.

|| Romans viii. 32; Titus ii. 14.

¶ We cordially recommend to the inquirer additional illustrations of this topic by Dr. Bushnell, in his "God in Christ," pp. 225 - 238.

be rationalistic without being rational. It is to add to the meaning of Paul a monstrous theological fiction, contradicted by fact, by just views of the Jewish sacrifices, and by the pervading spirit of the Old Testament and the New. How incongruous is such a horrible view of the sufferings of our Saviour with another in reference to them by the same Apostle!—"Walk in love, as Christ also hath loved us and hath given himself for us, an offering and a sacrifice *for a savor of a sweet smell to God.*"*

The other passage to which we call the attention of the patient reader is in Hebrews ix. 11-15: "But Christ having appeared, the high-priest of the blessings which are to come, passing through that greater and more perfect tabernacle not made with hands, that is, not of this creation, entered once for all into the most holy place, not with the blood of bulls and goats, but with his own blood, procuring for us eternal redemption. For if the blood of bulls and goats and the ashes of a heifer sprinkling the unclean sanctifieth to the purifying of the flesh, how much more shall the blood of Christ, who through an eternal spirit offered himself without blemish to God, purify your consciences from dead works to the worship of the living God. And hence he is the Mediator of the new covenant, that, death having taken place to effect a redemption from the transgressions under the first covenant, they who were called may receive the promised eternal inheritance."

It is not our purpose to go into a full exposition of this striking passage, and attempt to point out all the mystic analogies which the writer has traced between the death of Christ and the sin-offerings of the Jews. But there are some things very prominent in this passage, as well as in the whole Epistle, which go to confirm the general views which we have endeavored to support, and which it is the design of Mr. Maurice's book to support. One is, that the superior efficacy of the sacrifice of Christ does not consist in the intensity, the measure, or the duration of the sufferings which he endured, but rather in the inward spirit which they expressed. There is no word in the passage under consideration, or in any other passage of the Epistle, which intimates that the

* Ephesians v. 2.

punishment of the sins of men was to be endured or expressed either by the Jewish sacrifices, or by Christ. On the contrary, both are regarded as offerings or gifts to God. Indeed, the sacrifice of Christ is represented as offered by him after all his sufferings were over; after he had passed through the tabernacle of the skies into the holy of holies in heaven itself. Comp. iv. 4; viii. 2.

The difference which in this passage the writer puts between the Jewish sacrifices and that of Christ is, that the former were a mere outward shedding of blood, while the latter was an inward voluntary offering, a free surrender of the soul to the will of God. Comp. x. 7. Christ would not disobey his Father's will in order to avoid suffering. In the one case animals were offered which were only outwardly or physically stainless, and which could not offer themselves, but must be offered by others. Such sacrifices could be expected to give only an outward purity. In the other case the sacrifice was offered by a man, a moral agent, inwardly and spiritually blameless, a man filled with the spirit of love, and the sacrifice was the man himself. More than this, the sacrifice not only did not consist of an animal, which ceased to exist when it had once been put to death, but Christ offered himself as a sacrifice, in the possession without measure of that eternal spirit of God which exempted him from the power of death (comp. Rom. i. 4), and made him a perpetual intercessor, an eternal high-priest (comp. vii. 24, 25), able to succor them that are tempted (ii. 18). Now, the real and definite ideas which the writer meant to express by saying that Christ entered the holy of holies in heaven with his own blood, and by some other mystical and obscure analogies which he pursues between the old and new dispensation, we may not be able to point out. But the obvious drift of the whole passage is, that the sacrifice of Christ was a moral act of eternal significance, an act exhibiting that obedience which was better than sacrifice, and came in place of sacrifice (comp. ver. 8, 9), and which was adapted to exert a perpetual moral influence on the mind of the Christian believer, — "to purge his conscience from dead works," from a formal service destitute of faith and the spirit of life which is in Christ Jesus, "to the service of God who lives," and therefore requires the living spirit of faith and

obedience. All who are truly baptized to Christ, who through the eternal spirit which was ever with him offered himself without blemish to God, will feel their obligation "to present themselves, a living sacrifice, holy, well-pleasing to God, their spiritual worship."

G. R. N.

— *Rev. G. R. N.*

ART. VI.—KINGSLEY'S *SIR AMYAS LEIGH*.*

IN his letter expository of the *Fairy Queen*, "safe, serious Spenser" assures his friend, "the right noble and valorous" Sir Walter Raleigh, "that the general end of all the book is to fashion a gentleman or noble person in all virtuous and gentle discipline."

With equal truth might Mr. Kingsley claim the credit of a kindred aim in the composition, not of "*Amyas Leigh*" alone, but of all those various and vigorous works which within the space of a few years have won for him a prominent and even a brilliant place in the eyes of the literary world on both sides of the Atlantic.

No man can read the *Fairy Queen* without feeling that Spenser wrote in serious earnest, that his poetry glows with purpose. Bunyan was not more sincere. Spenser's heart is in his high-flown words, and the most far-fetched conceits of his delicate fancy do but symbolize the scrupulous refinements of his sensitive conscience. Kindred, as he was, with the kindling spirit of that new morning of history in which he lived, he was yet filled with the sweetest virtues of the catholic past. He would not believe that the ideal graces of the Christian knight could pass away with the armor of the Crusades.

The pure, proud poet might have worn the motto of a noble Breton house, "I will not condescend." And the

* *Westward Ho! The Voyages and Adventures of Sir Amyas Leigh, Knight, of Burrough, in the County of Devon, in the Reign of Her Most Glorious Majesty Queen Elizabeth*. Rendered into Modern English by CHARLES KINGSLEY, Author of "*Hypatia*," "*Alton Locke*," &c., &c. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1855. 12mo. pp. 588.

consciousness of every man whose experience has shown him that life can bring no calamity so dreadful as the degradation of the soul's ideal, applauds the stately words of Spenser when he says : —

“ Let no man blame me, if in discipline
Of virtue and of civil uses' lore
I do not form them to the common line
Of present days, which are corrupted sore,
But to the antique use which was of yore
When good was only for itself desired.”

It is this fine quality of aspiring purity which gives to the poetry of Spenser its most undying charm. To read the *Fairy Queen* is to live in the highest company. The same subtile influence which makes a man carry himself more nobly in the presence of the pictures of Vandyke, finds its way to the heart as we commune with the

“ Courteous Calidore,
Whose every act and word that he did say
Was like enchantment, that, thro' both the eyes
And both the eares, did steal the soul away.”

An accomplished editor of Spenser takes occasion to infer the comparative uselessness of the *Fairy Queen* as a moral influence, from the impossibility which exists for a modern man to model himself into a mediæval knight-errant. But this is a strange misapprehension, for the uses of an imaginative ideal are to be sought where we look for those of an inspired life, in the confirmation which it lends to our own independent aspirations, and in the light which it sheds upon our own relations with the actual world in which we live. Are the models of an Apostolic age of no service to any but missionaries ? Has the life of a Hebrew prophet no moral value for any but the man who refuses to shave, and makes his home in a cavern ?

There is and will always be a value beyond the value of many tracts in the portraiture of Spenser. They are a light in the world. For they paint with the glow of an untarnished trust, as Cervantes has painted with the shadows of a larger and a sadder experience, the trials of a lofty and generous ambition in a world of low and selfish aims. And never did Lord Bacon's

grand definition of the substance of true poetry find a brighter illustration than in the *Fairy Queen*, which indeed "serveth and conferreth to magnanimity, morality, and delectation."

Modern philanthropy may quarrel (if philanthropy can be allowed to quarrel) with Spenser's delight in battle and in the interchange of ringing blows; modern propriety may drop its green veil over some of Spenser's Ariostan picturings; but after all it is true of all worthy admiration in letters as in love, —

"What outward form and feature are
It guesseth but in part,
But what within is good and fair
It seeth with the heart."

If the heart of the writer be sweet and sound, the life of the work cannot be other than inspiring and wholesome. And when we set about judging the *morale* of a work of art, we must test it as if we were dealing with a man, and handle it as we would ourselves be handled.

There is no limit to the injustice and the absurdity into which an opposite course must lead us. Here, for instance, in the small world of American letters, we have had, within a little time, one critic who is sure that Milton was almost a fetichist, because he loved and used the grand old personalities of the Hebrew faith; and another, who has set down Shakespeare as a sycophant, because he spoke respectfully of his sovereign. And really, if the incidental characteristics of a man's views and conduct are to weigh more with us than the essential traits of his temper and his spirit in an estimate of himself and his works, what shall become, not only of the world's greatest men, but of all of our humble selves who fill our little places in the passing scene?

We make these remarks here, because we know no living writer whom it is more necessary to approach in the true spirit of criticism than Mr. Kingsley. He is a man in conviction so emphatic, in passion so intense, and in purpose so earnest, that there is hardly a page of his writings that may not startle a thinking reader into differences of opinion or antagonism of sentiment.

A preacher, not merely by profession, but by constitution, his painting and his poetry preach. He seeks

firstly, and above all, to move men, and the main question to be settled with respect to him, therefore, is, *why* he seeks to move men, and *whither* he seeks to move them. That once settled, we are free to quarrel with his means.

What then is the *animus* of Mr. Kingsley's writings? Various are the forms which Mr. Kingsley's preaching has assumed, but the spirit which informs them all lies involved, we think, in the statement which we find in a little book of his, entitled "Loose Thoughts for Loose Thinkers," in which he does trenchant and tremendous justice upon some of the Transcendentalists, falsely so styled, of our own dear country. And the statement is this: that "Socrates is, as Augustine styled him, the philosopher of the Catholic faith." For what does this imply? That the highest truths of religion are convertible into common sense; that the warm natural emotions of the human heart, healed and made sound by faith, involve the solution of our metaphysical doubts, and the victory over our sensual temptations; that the man who, in whatever direction, throws himself out of his humane relations with his fellow-men, must thereby become a stumbling-block to his generation and a torment to himself.

It is by virtue of these convictions that Mr. Kingsley has been led to paint the disastrous realities of modern life like a socialist, and to treat of their remedies like a churchman. He finds in the cruelties of caste, in the selfishness of competition, in the meanness of Mammon-worship, so many falsifications of the relations which man should sustain to his fellow-man; and he looks for the cure of these evils to a practical revival of that religion of humility and brotherhood which he believes to be set before the people of England in the faith of the English Church. He would not have men go out of the way of their immediate opportunities into the vanities of proud and private speculation in search of consolation for themselves or the means of influence with their brethren.

That we are correct in this estimate of the main tenor of Mr. Kingsley's writings might easily be demonstrated at great length. But a few examples must serve us here.

Let the reader revive for a moment and reflect upon his recollections of Alton Locke. What was the burden of the wail which rang through the pages of that most effective work? Was it not complaint of the utter inadequacy of our present social system to develop and employ the best capacities of individual men? In the relations of the young Alton with his employers, with the family of his patron, and then with the world at large, this one lesson was reiterated, that the organization of society is equally unchristian and clumsy; that the influences of what we call the "struggle with the world" conspire to madden men into extravagance, to harden them into selfishness, or to stun them into indifference. Nor was the lesson less earnestly pressed, that the only spirit which can truly comfort and strengthen the individual man, and the only spirit to which we can look for the regeneration of society itself is the spirit of a religion at once submissive, energetic, patient, and practical. The burning criticisms of Alton Locke bear not more severely upon the surly egotisms of the pluralist and the capitalist than upon the frantic wilfulness of the unbeliever and the chartist; and while well-fed Tories have berated the Rector of Eversley over their port-wine and walnuts as a disorganizing radical, impassioned enthusiasts of the subversive school have denounced him as a clerical dreamer, who would turn the mighty stream of revolution into the narrow channel of the Jordan.

In the romance of *Yeast* the same ideas reappear. There we have high-born ladies dying of diseases engendered by the neglect of the habitations of the poor, men of fashion perishing miserably in the despair of a selfish and heartless career, intellectual reformers elevated into earnest evangelists by the discipline of calamity and the influence of the piety which makes a poor man strong to resist the degradations of his condition.

Once again, in *Hypatia* the same old foes come before us, wearing a new face, but to be defeated by the old weapons. In Bishop Cyril we see religion grow worldly, inflaming the misery of the world whose sorrows it was commissioned to relieve; in *Hypatia* we see the hopeless failure of aspirations too lone and haughty; in *Raphael*, the withering worthlessness of, scornful speculation and luxurious doubt; in *Philammon*, the

blight of a mistaken and ascetic earnestness healed at last by the shower of burning tears and the sunlight of a merciful faith; in Synesius, a good, honest Christian heart, willing to love God in his creatures, and glad to serve him in the open ways. And now, once more, in this new romance of Amyas Leigh we find the indefatigable preacher enforcing his faith upon the living Englishmen of modern England, from the examples of the most heroic age of English history.

✠ The key-note of this romance, as of all the others, is the supreme importance of doing the day's immediate duty in hearty sympathy with those among whom our lot is cast. This is a good, a clear, and a noble note. It strikes upon a sounding chord in the human heart. It quickens brave impulses within us, and manly aspirations. It scatters speculation, and strikes doubt dead. It may heed intolerance, but never indifference. It may make men terrible, but never contemptible.

The friends of an easy and showy virtue may find the romances of Mr. Kingsley, as Madame de Staël found the Fairy Queen, "the most tedious things that ever were written." The patrons of a cosmopolitan philanthropy may find them fierce and narrow. But consistent, vigorous, and impassioned they unquestionably are. There is nothing vague in Mr. Kingsley's aims, nothing weak in his purpose. And therefore we cannot but think his books to be essentially good books, books hostile to the loose and flaccid temper of the times, friendly to that "girding up of the loins" which is the first condition of a masculine piety and an efficient faith. They are in so far good romances, that they "serve and confer to magnanimity and to morality."

Take, for instance, this picture, from "Amyas Leigh," of the hero in his youth:—

"This young gentleman, Amyas Leigh, though come of as good blood as any in Devon, and having lived all his life in what we should even now call the very best society, and being (on account of the valor, courtesy, and truly noble qualities which he showed forth in his most eventful life) chosen by me as the hero and centre of this story, was not, saving for his good looks, by any means what would be called now-a-days an 'interesting' youth, still less a 'highly educated' one; for, with the exception of a little Latin, which had been driven into him by

repeated blows, as if it had been a nail, he knew no books whatsoever, save his Bible, his prayer-book, the old 'Mort d'Arthur' of Caxton's edition, which lay in the great bay window in the hall, and the translation of 'Las Casas' History of the West Indies,' which lay beside it, lately done into English under the title of 'The Cruelties of the Spaniards.' He devoutly believed in fairies, whom he called pixies; and held that they changed babies, and made the mushroom rings on the downs to dance in. When he had warts or burns, he went to the white witch at Northam to charm them away; he thought that the sun moved round the earth, and that the moon had some kindred with a Cheshire cheese. He held that the swallows slept all the winter at the bottom of the horse-pond; talked, like Raleigh, Grenville, and other low persons, with a broad Devonshire accent; and was in many other respects so very ignorant a youth, that any pert monitor in a national school might have had a hearty laugh at him. Nevertheless, this ignorant young savage, 'vacant of the glorious gains' of the nineteenth century, children's literature and science made easy, and, worst of all, of those improved views of English history now current among our railway essayists, which consist in believing all persons, male and female, before the year 1688, and nearly all after it, to have been either hypocrites or fools, had learnt certain things which he would hardly have been taught just now in any school in England; for his training had been that of the old Persians, 'to speak the truth, and to draw the bow,' both of which savage virtues he had acquired to perfection, as well as the equally savage ones of enduring pain cheerfully, and of believing it to be the finest thing in the world to be a gentleman; by which word he had been taught to understand the careful habit of causing needless pain to no human being, poor or rich, and of taking pride in giving up his own pleasure for the sake of those who were weaker than himself. Moreover, having been intrusted for the last year with the breaking of a colt, and the care of a cast of young hawks which his father had received from Lundy Isle, he had been profiting much by the means of those coarse and frivolous amusements, in perseverance, thoughtfulness, and the habit of keeping his temper; and though he had never had a single 'object lesson,' or been taught to 'use his intellectual powers,' he knew the names and ways of every bird, and fish, and fly, and could read, as cunningly as the oldest sailor, the meaning of every drift of cloud which crossed the heavens. Lastly, he had been for some time past, on account of his extraordinary size and strength, undisputed cock of the school, and the most terrible fighter among all Bideford boys; in which brutal habit he took much delight, and contrived, strange as it may seem, to extract from it good, not only for himself, but for others, doing

justice among his school-fellows with a heavy hand, and succoring the oppressed and afflicted ; so that he was the terror of all the sailor-lads, and the pride and stay of all the town's-boys and girls, and hardly considered that he had done his duty in his calling if he went home without beating a big lad for bullying a little one. For the rest, he never thought about thinking, or felt about feeling ; and had no ambition whatsoever beyond pleasing his father and mother, getting by honest means the maximum of ' red quarrenders ' and mazard cherries, and going to sea when he was big enough. Neither was he what would be now-a-days called by many a pious child ; for though he said his Creed and Lord's prayer night and morning, and went to the service at the church every forenoon, and read the day's Psalms with his mother every evening, and had learnt from her and from his father (as he proved well in after life), that it was infinitely noble to do right, and infinitely base to do wrong, yet (the age of children's religious books not having yet dawned on the world) he knew nothing more of theology, or of his own soul, than is contained in the Church Catechism. It is a question, however, on the whole, whether, though grossly ignorant (according to our modern notions) in science and religion, he was altogether untrained in manhood, virtue, and godliness ; and whether the barbaric narrowness of his information was not somewhat counterbalanced both in him and in the rest of his generation by the depth, and breadth, and healthiness of his education." — pp. 8, 9.

Can anybody be so superfluous as to suppose that the sympathy which every one must feel with the writer, in his admiration of the *fine* qualities here portrayed, must lead us to desire the abolition of our common schools, or even the serious mitigation of the scientific wisdom therein imparted ? And is it not good for us to be moved with a quick pleasure in these traits of simplicity, strength, and manliness ? *

* Nothing could have been more felicitously appropriate than Mr. Kingsley's dedication of "Amyas Leigh" to Bishop Selwyn of New Zealand, and Rajah Brooke of Borneo. Bishop Selwyn is such a missionary as Sydney Smith himself would have honored, — a noble and manly soldier of the cross, who carries civilization, liberality, and good sense with him wherever he goes. And various as have been the rumors concerning Rajah Brooke, we see not how any man who reads his letters and his journal can fail to recognize in him a character of the true heroic stamp, a man who makes his mark wherever he treads, and in whom the antique thirst of adventure is ennobled by a large benevolence and an unselfish prudence. It is but recently that we have seen a letter from Borneo, in which the condition of the Dyaks under the sway of the English Rajah is represented as more truly satisfactory than that of any people in the Archipelago. A few skulls are indeed to be seen still appended to the rafters of

Or go on a little further with the hero in his history. Follow him to his stout wrestles with danger far across the sea, to his facing of the Spaniard on the golden shores of the New World, to his perils in the tropic wilderness, and his brave bearing in the leaguer of the Fort del Oro on the Irish coast; go with him through his manifold sorrows and his stubborn sinfulness; try the *animus* of the whole tale by your final emotions, fair and candid reader, and we think you will agree with us that the lesson of the whole leaves you less in love with bigotry and Titanic wrath, than moved to manly thought and pregnant feeling.

Much fault has been found with Mr. Kingsley for the light in which he has portrayed the Catholic antagonists of Elizabethan England. He certainly has made his Jesuits very unlovely characters, and in his pictures of the Catholic Spaniards of the sixteenth century, he has painted them rather as they appeared to their Protestant foemen than as they really were. But to expect that he should have done otherwise is to misapprehend utterly the character and the purpose of his work. Great injustice has, doubtless, been done to the "Paynim giants" in the romances of chivalry, but a judicious reader can sympathize with the knights of Christendom without accepting their notions of the "Saracen dogs" to whom they were opposed. And if we will remember that, in reading such a book as *Amyas Leigh*, we are not reading a philosophical history, nor a "View of all Religions," but strictly a *romance*, there is little reason to fear our being inflamed thereby into a "No-Popery" fever.

If a man is so constituted that he cannot avoid surrendering up his common sense and his judgment into the hands of the preacher or the romancer who happens for a time to engage his attention, there is no safety for him either in reading romances or in listening to sermons. It enters into the very quality of a romance to idealize the bad qualities of the bad, as well as the good qualities of the good, and the comparisons which we have

the new houses, but they are mementos of the past; no new ones have been added since the accession of the Rajah to power, and the reformed Dyak of "Young Borneo" regards these trophies of his ancestors with a pure antiquarian interest, such as "Young England" might take in the armor of the conquest and the rusty swords of the civil wars.

seen instituted between the "Amyas Leigh" of Mr. Kingsley and the historical novels of Sir Walter Scott, to the disadvantage of the former as respects the question of historical accuracy, fall to the ground in view of the fact that the works of Sir Walter are *novels*, while the work of Mr. Kingsley is a *romance*.

We do not mean to push this point so far as to assert that Mr. Kingsley himself is not to a certain extent deceived by his own imaginations in this matter. For we are inclined to the opinion, not merely by the evidence internal in "Amyas Leigh" itself, but still more by our perusal of the author's article on "Sir Walter Raleigh" in the North British Review for April of this year, that Mr. Kingsley believes his typical pictures to be more consonant with historical reality than we can admit them to be.

But this does not affect the decision of the question, how far a romancer is bound to strict accuracy in his delineation of historical types. When those types are employed, as in the present instance, to enforce the legitimate objects of a hortatory romance, a writer cannot justly be required to show both sides of the shield. In this respect we have no fault to find with the artistic execution of Mr. Kingsley's romance.

But as the consideration of this matter introduces us to the third element of Lord Bacon's definition of poetic romance, we may go on to say, that, in regard of "delectation," the tale of "Amyas Leigh" seems to us to fail, partially through the imperfection, and indeed the inadequacy, of the plot.

The construction of the romance, we think, bears the marks of haste, and may perhaps be pronounced clumsy. The charms of Rose Salterne are not set forth so impressively as to justify the extravagant passions she excites, and on the force of which the main development of the story is made to hinge. Neither is there much ingenuity displayed in the weaving of that chain of relations by means of which the heroine of the secondary plot, Ayacanora, is introduced into the history. We must strenuously object also to the violation, not of conventional, but of intrinsic probabilities, by which Amyas Leigh is made to be so long, and we had almost said so brutally, insensible to the tender influences of his sweet

and noble mother, and of the artless and loving girl who finally becomes his wife. And the abundant strength and beauty with which the flight of the shattered Armada of Spain around the weary circle of the Northern seas is described, hardly reconcile us to the somewhat theatrical and even melodramatic way in which Amyas Leigh is led by the thirst of vengeance up to the catastrophe of his conversion by a flash of lightning. A simpler and more truly artistic construction of the plot would have enhanced the interest, and to the general reader would have facilitated the reading of this romance.

In beauties of detail no work of the author is more rich. Mr. Kingsley rarely constructs a character. But in the honest Jack Brimblecombe, that strange compound of imperfect literature and genuine feeling, of skin-deep valor and heart-sound faith, he has drawn a living man, less adequately developed indeed, but as fresh and original, as the inimitable Saunders Mackey of Alton Locke. The scene in which Jack, sore smitten by the fear of sharks, invades and conquers a boatful of Spaniards, is "of an excellent mirth." Nor is the character of the girl Ayacanora, though less original, without reality and sufficient sharpness of outline. And Mrs. Leigh, the sweet, sad, and stately mother of Amyas, is a fine conception worthily wrought out.

Mr. Kingsley's love of Nature, in all her moods, is simple, hearty, and passionate, and it reveals itself in the subdued and finished beauty of his landscapes. His delight in human strength and grace is truly Homeric, and communicates a singular zest to his hunting-scenes and his battle-pieces. What reader of his works will not easily recall such pictures as the headlong gallop after the hounds, which opens the strange romance of *Yeast*, or the ostrich hunt and cavalry skirmish to which the worthy Bishop Synesius introduced Raphael Abenezra in the wilderness of North Africa?

In certain departments of descriptive power, Mr. Kingsley is indeed without a superior. In perception of chiaroscuro, physical and moral, he is not excelled by the brilliant author of *Eothen*; his pictures are as subtly interfused with healthy sentiment as those of the lamented "Carrer Bell," and Mr. Ruskin, in his best moments, has hardly a finer mastery over pictorial speech, while the

indefinable quality of the poet's eye belongs more truly to Mr. Kingsley than to any of these gifted writers. It is with no ordinary interest that we look forward to the publication of his promised volume of poems.

Who, but a poet, with his singing-robcs about him could have given us such a scene as this ?

"Three o'clock, upon a still, pure, bright, midsummer morning. A broad and yellow sheet of ribbed tide-sands, through which the shallow river wanders from one hill-foot to the other, whispering round dark knolls of rock, and under low tree-fringed cliffs, and banks of golden broom. A mile below, the long bridge and the white-walled town, all sleeping pearly in the soft haze, beneath a cloudless vault of blue. The white glare of dawn, which last night hung high in the northwest, has travelled now to the northeast, and above the wooded wall of the hills the sky is flushing with rose and amber.

"A long line of gulls goes wailing up inland ; the rooks from Annery come cawing and sporting round the corner at Land-cross, while high above them four or five herons flap solemnly along to find their breakfast on the shallows. The pheasants and partridges are clucking merrily in the long wet grass ; every copse and hedgerow rings with the voice of birds ; but the lark, who has been singing since midnight in the 'blank height of the dark,' suddenly hushes his carol and drops head-long among the corn, as a broad-winged buzzard swings from some wooded peak into the abyss of the valley, and hangs high-poised above the heavenward songster. The air is full of perfume ; sweet clover, new-mown hay, the fragrant breath of kine, the dainty scent of sea-weed wreaths and fresh wet sand." — p. 250.

Where shall we look for a more exquisite and finished scene of rural English beauty, than this ?

"From the house, on three sides, the hill sloped steeply down, and the garden where Sir Richard and Amyas were walking gave a truly English prospect. At one turn they could catch, over the western walls, a glimpse of the blue ocean flecked with passing sails ; and at the next, spread far below them, range on range of fertile park, stately avenue, yellow autumn woodland, and purple heather moors, lapping over and over each other up the valley to the old British earthwork, which stood black and furze-grown on its conical peak ; and standing out against the sky on the highest bank of hill which closed the valley to the east, the lofty tower of Kilkhampton church, rich with the monuments and offerings of five centuries of Grenvilles. A yellow eastern haze hung soft over park, and wood, and moor ; the red

cattle lowed to each other as they stood brushing away the flies in the rivulet far below ; the colts in the horse-park close on their right whinnied as they played together, and their sires from the Queen's park, on the opposite hill, answered them in fuller though fainter voices. A rutting stag made the still woodland rattle with his hoarse thunder, and a rival far up the valley gave back a trumpet note of defiance, and was himself defied from heathery brows which quivered far away above, half seen through the veil of eastern mist. And close at home, upon the terrace before the house, amid romping spaniels and golden-haired children, sat Lady Grenville herself, the beautiful St. Leger of Annery, the central jewel of all that glorious place, and looked down at her noble children, and then up at her more noble husband, and round at that broad paradise of the west, till life seemed too full of happiness, and heaven of light." — pp. 120, 121.

And is not this a sea-piece worthy of Stanfield or Turner ?

"The short light of the winter day is fading fast. Behind him is the leaping line of billows lashed into mists by the tempest. Beside him green, foam-fringed columns are rushing up the black rocks, and falling again in a thousand cataracts of snow. Before him is the deep and sheltered bay : but it is not far up the bay that he and his can see ; for some four miles out at sea begins a sloping roof of thick gray cloud, which stretches over their heads and up and far away inland, cutting the cliffs off at mid-height, hiding all the Kerry mountains, and darkening the hollows of the distant firths into the blackness of night. And underneath that awful roof of whirling mist the storm is howling inland ever, sweeping before it the great foam-sponges, and the gray salt spray, till all the land is hazy, dim, and dun." — pp. 174, 175.

And this ?

"Outside, the southwest wind blew fresh and strong, and the moonlight danced upon a thousand crests of foam ; but within the black jagged point which sheltered the town, the sea did but heave, in long oily swells of rolling silver, onward into the black shadow of the hills, within which the town and pier lay invisible, save where a twinkling light gave token of some lonely fisher's wife, watching the weary night through for the boat which would return with dawn. Here and there upon the sea, a black speck marked a herring-boat, drifting with its line of nets ; and right off the mouth of the glen, Amyas saw, with a beating heart, a large two-masted vessel lying-to, — that must be the 'Portugal !' Eagerly he looked up the glen, and listened ; but

he heard nothing but the sweeping of the wind across the downs five hundred feet above, and the sough of the waterfall upon the rocks below ; he saw nothing but the vast black sheets of oak-wood sloping up to the narrow blue sky above, and the broad bright hunter's moon, and the woodcocks, which, chuckling to each other, hawked to and fro, like swallows, between the tree-tops and the sky." — pp. 99, 100.

We forbear to dwell on the terrible strength with which the horrors of Mr. Oxenham's fatal march over the mountains of the Isthmus are described. Of their more terrible truth who can doubt, that has shuddered and rejoiced over the sufferings and the heroism of our own countrymen, who, in our day, have trod the same pathway of death, and have given to the annals of American renown the brave names of Truxton and of Strain?

We prefer to set before our readers these gorgeous canvases, glowing with the luxuriant hues of tropical nature:—

"All day long a careful watch was kept among the branches of the mighty ceiba-tree. And what a tree that was! The hugest English oak would have seemed a stunted bush beside it. Borne up on roots, or rather walls, of twisted board, some twelve feet high, between which the whole crew, their ammunitions and provisions, were housed roomily, rose the enormous trunk, full forty feet in girth, towering like some tall lighthouse, smooth for a hundred feet, then crowned with boughs, each of which was a stately tree, whose topmost twigs were full two hundred and fifty feet from the ground. And yet it was easy for the sailors to ascend ; so many natural ropes had kind Nature lowered for their use, in the smooth lianes which hung to the very earth, often without a knot or leaf. Once in the tree, you were within a new world, suspended between heaven and earth, and, as Cary said, no wonder if, like Jack when he climbed the magic bean-stalk, you had found a castle, a giant, and a few acres of well-stocked park, packed away somewhere amid that labyrinth of timber. Flower-gardens at least were there in plenty ; for every limb was covered with pendent cactuses, gorgeous orchises, and wild pines ; and while one half the tree was clothed in rich foliage, the other half, utterly leafless, bore on every twig brilliant yellow flowers, around which humming-birds whirled all day long. Parrots peeped in and out of every cranny, while, within the airy woodland, brilliant lizards basked like living gems upon the bark, gaudy finches flitted and chirruped, butterflies of every

size and color hovered over the topmost twigs, innumerable insects hummed from morn till eve; and when the sun went down, tree-toads came out to snore and croak till dawn. There was more life round that one tree than in a whole square mile of English soil." — pp. 381, 382.

"On the further side of a little lawn, the stream leaped through a chasm beneath overarching vines, sprinkling eternal freshness upon all around, and then sank foaming into a clear rock-basin, a bath for Dian's self. On its further side, the crag rose some twenty feet in height, bank upon bank of feathered ferns and cushioned moss, over the rich green beds of which drooped a thousand orchids, scarlet, white, and orange, and made the still pool gorgeous with the reflection of their gorgeousness. At its more quiet outfall, it was half hidden in huge fantastic leaves and tall flowering stems; but near the waterfall the grassy bank sloped down toward the stream, and there on palm-leaves strewn upon the turf, beneath the shadow of the crags, lay the two men whom Amyas sought, and whom, now he had found them, had hardly heart to wake from their delicious dream.

"For what a nest it was which they had found! The air was heavy with the scent of flowers, and quivering with the murmur of the stream, the humming of the colibris and insects, the cheerful song of birds, the gentle cooing of a hundred doves; while now and then, from far away, the musical wail of the sloth, or the deep toll of the bell-bird, came softly to the ear. What was not there which eye or ear could need? And what which palate could need either? For on the rock above, some strange tree, leaning forward, dropped every now and then a luscious apple upon the grass below, and huge wild plantains bent beneath their load of fruit.

"There, on the stream-bank, lay the two renegades from civilized life. They had cast away their clothes, and painted themselves like the Indians, with arnotto and indigo. One lay lazily picking up the fruit which fell close to his side; the other sat, his back against a cushion of soft moss, his hands folded languidly upon his lap, giving himself up to the soft influence of the narcotic cocoa-juice, with half-shut dreamy eyes fixed on the everlasting sparkle of the waterfall, —

'While beauty, born of murmuring sound,
Did pass into his face.'

"Somewhat apart crouched their two dusky brides, crowned with fragrant flowers, but working busily, like true women, for the lords whom they delighted to honor. One sat plaiting palm-fibres into a basket; the other was boring the stem of a huge

milk-tree, which rose like some mighty column on the right hand of the lawn, its broad canopy of leaves unseen through the dense underwood of laurel and bamboo, and betokened only by the rustle far aloft, and by the mellow shade in which it bathed the whole delicious scene."— pp. 423, 424.

Extracts of this attractive nature we might largely multiply. But the admirable abundance of such gems itself forbids us to go on. It is enough if we have satisfied our readers that, after all allowances and deductions made, the tale of "Amyas Leigh" possesses, in no ordinary degree, the great elements of a fine and a worthy romance.

We hail it as a strong and a suggestive work. We shall be glad, indeed, if the author shall attain with advancing years a grander sweep of vision, and shall train his fertile genius to the production of riper, calmer, greater works, more rightly balanced, more deftly trimmed for the voyage of immortality. But that which he has already done has made for him a power and a presence among men, a living influence in which the purest may rejoice, and from which the manliest may take new strength and health.

W. H. H.

NOTICES OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

Memoirs of the Life, Writings, and Discoveries of Sir Isaac Newton. By SIR DAVID BREWSTER. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1855. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 478, 564.

ABOUT twenty-five years ago Dr. Brewster published a life of Sir Isaac Newton in the "Family Library" series, using such confessedly scanty materials for the work as he then had at his command. That volume was especially deficient as regards such details as the popular class of readers would desire most to have presented to them. It revealed to us very little concerning the life and character of the man, and could hardly be pronounced successful in its evidently feeble effort to convey an intelligible idea of the principles and the substance of his philosophical discoveries. The splendid work now before us will therefore

find all the more welcome a reception, because amid all its other attractions it is most complete and satisfactory where its predecessor was most defective. The author has had the free use of all the manuscript papers preserved in the family of the Earl of Portsmouth, and has availed himself of all the other sources of information which the most diligent search could open to him. The results of his labors are given to us in these fair volumes, which constitute an adequate memorial of one of the noblest men, as well as of one of the profoundest intellects, of our human race. The perusal of them has afforded us an intense pleasure, and has awakened in us feelings which reach to the deepest pages of our being.

A sufficiently full narrative of the youth, the domestic relations, and the early education of Newton prepares us to follow his career, which, while it was made illustrious beyond the usual splendors of fame by the most signal achievements of pure intellect in the abstrusest scientific pursuits, was also most attractive in the loveliness of piety and virtue. His biographer has shown an admirable appreciation of the true glory of Newton's character in his candid dealing with the only infirmities which it manifested amid the jealous rivalries and the petty annoyances which philosophy, no less than politics or theology, offers to try the spirits of men. We have no misgiving as to the perfect candor with which the acrimonious issues opened between Newton and Leibnitz, Bernoulli and Flamsteed, are dealt with by Sir David Brewster. He admits enough of sensitiveness, irritability, and jealousy on the part of Newton to satisfy all who are not the one-sided partisans of those three philosophers, and at the same time he clears up wholly those unpleasant impressions which the publication of Baily's *Life of Flamsteed* had naturally created as to the perfect uprightness of the author of the *Principia*. As these controversies related only to some of the incidental points in Newton's scientific discoveries, and did not reach to the grand and unchallenged eminences on which he was seated beyond all the daring pride of his rivals, they could at the worst be used merely to dim his moral renown without abating from the glory of his genius. His biographer has so cleared up everything that had a dubious aspect in these matters, as to leave us the rare satisfaction of offering our homage of mind and heart to the subject of his pages.

In attempting to give to readers at all qualified to appreciate it an intelligible view of the real merits of Newton as the most eminent of all natural philosophers, Sir David Brewster had a work of great difficulty. Of course only those who can understand the optical and the astronomical discoveries of Newton, and

can peruse his own pages by the aid of ideas answering to the almost cabalistic lore before their eyes, can expect to appreciate his genius. Minds thus qualified are very rare. Locke, a philosopher in a different field, and the famous Dr. Bentley, a prince among scholars, both of them friends of Newton, felt impelled by their pride of mind, by their personal esteem, and by all the natural impulses which could act upon eminent men living in the age of signal discoveries, to apply themselves to the task of mastering the results set before them on the printed page. But those results can do but little more than amaze and bewilder, except they are reached by the processes from which they are developed. Those processes neither Locke nor Bentley could pursue, though they both had the especial help of Newton in answer to their earnest request. Sir David Brewster gives us the list of "books necessary to be read before studying the Principia" prepared for Bentley by Newton, and the much longer list drawn up for the same scholar by John Craig, an eminent mathematician. But we apprehend that the keen old critic found his task very unlike that of dealing with the Epistles of Phalaris. Our author gives us the most lucid pages which we have ever read in any attempted exposition of Newton's pursuits. The sketch presented in these volumes of the astronomical discoveries of Copernicus, Tycho Brahe, Kepler, and Galileo, is graphic and interesting, and level to the comprehension of general readers. But Newton leads us beyond our depth. Nor are we greatly surprised at a most downright contradiction of statement into which our author is betrayed within the space of ten pages of his work. After speaking of some contemporaneous opposition which the philosophy of Newton encountered on its first publication, and allowing some few exceptional instances in which its principles were accepted on the Continent, Sir David pens this sentence: "But notwithstanding these and some other examples that might be quoted, we must admit the truth of the remark of Voltaire, that, though Newton survived the publication of the Principia more than forty years, yet at the time of his death he had not above twenty followers in England." (Vol. I. p. 332.) Starting from this admission, Sir David, in proceeding to trace the progress of the Newtonian philosophy in England, quotes Professor Playfair's statement, that the Universities of St. Andrews and Edinburgh were the first in Britain where it was adopted. Though the author's Scotch prepossessions might dispose him to favor this statement, his candor compels him to question it. He goes on to show that the new philosophy was at once introduced into England, and to specify its agencies and triumphs, till, in seeming oblivion of the sentence just quoted, he says: "From the

time of the publication of the *Principia*, its mathematical doctrines formed a regular part of academical education, and before twenty years had elapsed its physical truths were communicated to the public in popular lectures, illustrated by experiments, and accommodated to the capacities of those who were not versed in mathematical knowledge. The Cartesian system, though it may have lingered for a while in the recesses of our Universities, was soon overturned; and long before his death Newton enjoyed the high satisfaction of seeing his philosophy triumphant in his native land." (p. 342.) This is certainly a very interesting point, and we should be glad to receive instruction on it from Dr. Brewster; but as he both denies and affirms the same thing, he leaves us without the desired information.

Our readers may naturally expect us to acquaint them how the author deals with the question of Newton's religious opinions. We answer, that with evident reluctance, and coupled with the unnecessary expression of his own adhesion to Trinitarianism, Dr. Brewster frankly admits that Newton was a heretic of the sort which we regard as truly Christian in belief. Newton did not believe that Jesus Christ was God. Able as he was to cope with problems which would overset the brains of most theologians, he could not accept the mathematical puzzle of a Trinity in Unity. When Dr. Brewster published his first *Life of Newton*, he says he had not sufficient proof to convict his subject of heresy, as he conformed outwardly to the Church of England, and suppressed his paper on two disputed texts most urged in support of the Trinity. Further research has forced upon his biographer the evidence that Newton, like Milton and Locke, rejected the Athanasian absurdity which has sought for acceptance under the title of a *mystery*. It is melancholy, however, to notice with what a sheepish and timid spirit the biographer allows the truth on this point to transpire. He suggests to us that Newton, with other men in office, had good reason in an existing Parliamentary enactment for practising concealment of religious opinion. We do not believe that this motive operated, if it did at all, half as powerfully as did the prevailing superstition and bigotry of men's minds. When Dr. Brewster published his first *Life of Newton*, Dr. Burgess, Bishop of Salisbury, addressed to him a letter accompanying a paper in defence of the Trinity. In this letter the Bishop wrote that his piece was "*occasioned by the perusal of your very interesting Life of Sir Isaac Newton, which I read with great pleasure till I came to the statement of the contents of Sir Isaac's Dissertation on 1 John v. 7; and 1 Timothy iii. 16. I thought the restatement of his opinions on these subjects injurious to his memory, as he had expressly and anxiously sup-*

pressed them." The Bishop charged the writer with omitting to notice this suppression. Dr. Brewster replied by letter, referring the Bishop to page 274 of his work, in which he had not only mentioned the fact of the suppression, but had printed in full Newton's letter to Locke which enjoined the suppression. Mark now the Bishop's answer: "I am still more sorry that I should have overlooked, or *rather not have seen*, the account in your work to which your letter directs me, and which I have since read, of the suppression of the dissertation. *The pages of your work (281 - 284) containing the statement of Sir Isaac Newton's opinions and paraphrase, were shown to me by a friend*, and as they contained no allusion to the suppression of the dissertation, I was led to suppose that you had altogether omitted to notice it." Was not this a humiliating exposure of himself to be made by a Bishop of the Church of Christ! To convict himself of downright falsehood while attempting to hunt down the heresy of such a man as Newton! The Bishop had perused the *Life* with great pleasure *till he came to something on pages 281 - 284*, and yet, on being challenged for *overlooking* something on p. 274, he was forced to confess that all he knew of the book *was on three pages shown to him by a friend!* One would prefer to take his chance with Newton, to adopting an orthodoxy which could consist with such shameless effrontery in falsehood. One of the Bishops of the Church describes Newton as "knowing more of the Scriptures than them all," and another Bishop said he had "the whitest soul" he ever knew. We are safe in affirming that three of the holiest, wisest, and most conscientious men that have lived in England were Milton, Locke, and Newton. In spite of Parliamentary edicts against heresy, these men, who had a knowledge of the Scriptures far exceeding that even of a majority of the Bishops of the realm, have succeeded in leaving to the world the evidence that they held the Unitarian doctrine. Such a fact as this must have its effect, perhaps all the deeper and more decisive on account of the slow methods by which it is developed.

The Note-Book of an English Opium-Eater. By THOMAS DE QUINCEY, Author of "Confessions of an English Opium-Eater," etc., etc. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1855. 12mo. pp. 294.

It should seem as though Mr. De Quincey's intellectual treasury is inexhaustible. Here we have the eighteenth or the nineteenth volume of selections from his miscellaneous writings; and yet it exhibits scarcely a trace of inferiority to the best of the

previous volumes. Certainly, in the amazing fertility of his mind, in the breadth and exactness of his learning, in the flexibility and fastidious elegance of his style, and in vigor as a thinker, he is surpassed by few writers of this century. With each new volume of his miscellanies we are introduced to some new phasis of his intellectual character, or the impression produced by some previous volume is strengthened. Taken altogether, he must be placed in the first rank of English prose-writers. Still it may be doubted whether any one ever reads his writings without a certain feeling of dissatisfaction,—without a feeling that the author is greater than his work, that he is, or might have been, capable of far greater things than he has accomplished. Whatever he has done has been fragmentary. His writings are the records of promises unfulfilled, of plans left incomplete, of works projected only to be thrown aside. And if we admit that his opium-eating has given added brilliancy to his style, and sometimes clarified his imagination, it is not less true that there are not a few pages in his writings over which a thick cloud lingers; and probably to this habit of opium-eating we may refer the existence of so many unfinished designs. It is because De Quincey's rank is deservedly so high, that defects which would be disregarded in a writer of inferior powers are so sensibly felt in reading the works of this profound and comprehensive scholar. His powers have been dissipated in fragmentary productions of astonishing brilliancy and force, but still mere fragments; and his name must be added to the splendid but melancholy list of those who have left in dying no adequate memorial of their intellectual wealth.

The volume before us comprises thirteen papers of a miscellaneous character, but all strongly marked by De Quincey's peculiarities of thought and style. Of these papers the most striking is a brilliant and lawless review of Schlosser's *Literary History of the Eighteenth Century*,—an article which no one except De Quincey could have written, and such as he could have written only under particular circumstances. There are also a scholarly essay on the *Antigone* of Sophocles as represented on the Edinburgh stage; two brief and thoughtful essays on the *True Relations of the Bible to merely Human Science*, and on *Superficial Knowledge*, which, in a few words, penetrate directly to the heart of the subject; some keen criticism of Dryden's *Hexastich*, and Pope's *Retort upon Addison*; two characteristic articles on *Milton vs. Southey* and *Landor*, and on *Falsification of English History*; and several other noticeable papers on kindred topics.

Full Proof of the Ministry. A Sequel to the Boy who was trained up to be a Clergyman. By JOHN N. NORTON, A. M., Rector of Ascension Church, Frankfort, Ky. New York: Redfield. 12mo. pp. 245.

It is hard to find fault with a story of which the temper is so amiable, and the style so pure, as that of this narrative of the patient labors and the early death of a simple-hearted Episcopal missionary. The character of the Rev. Edward Mason is, in the main, what the character of a good minister ought to be. We have no doubt that such a man would be sure, in any denomination, to succeed in building up a church. Yet apart from his personal character, we cannot see in this book any good reason why the particular form of religion which he brought should have made so many proselytes. The logic of the story is not sound, and not in place, when one considers that the scene of it is laid in the Western valley, where minds do not readily give themselves up to the fascination of a mere decent ritual. We notice beneath the pleasant charity of this tale the same undertone of confident assumption which characterizes almost always the tracts of "the Church." We are early informed that the existence of various religious *denominations*, with one or other of which most of the influential people had already united themselves, "offered in Rockford" no insurmountable obstacle in the way of the Church. It might hinder her growth for a season, and try the faith and patience of her ministers, but nothing can withstand the steady advance of God's universal kingdom. The beginning may be small, but the final triumph is certain. Zion will come forth with songs of rejoicing, "fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners"! So, too, we learn (on p. 36) that when Miss Claxton's father, a popular Methodist preacher, died, "the young lady got hold of Cooke on Episcopacy, and a life of Wesley, which put her upon the right track, and though bitterly opposed, I might almost say *persecuted* by her friends, she persisted in joining the Church."

In another place (p. 41), Mr. Mason, visiting in a Free-will Baptist family, incidentally suggests that, if they would trace back their family history for a few generations, they would find that their great-grandfathers and mothers "all worshipped God according to the forms of the prayer-book; for then the unhappy divisions which now disturb the Christian world did not exist." In another visit (p. 72) he is moved playfully to ask how many churches we read of in the Bible, and in what chapter and verse "Brother Bilger's church is mentioned." On page 171, Mr. Mason visits rheumatic Mrs. Syle, a Baptist, comforts her with portions of the prayer-book, and is impressed with her answer to

his statement concerning its *unadulterated* transmission of "the pure and ancient faith." She paused a moment, and then remarked, "*I think* that, after all, must be the true Church, because it never changes."

We might give several more examples of the same kind, and comment upon the reasons which the Rev. Mr. Mason gives for declining to unite in a Sabbath-school celebration with other "denominations," but these are enough to show that the author is a sound Churchman. We are surprised, however, in a story which does not apparently aim to be satirical, to see the unworthy and stale artifice of designating the characters of preachers by ludicrous significant names. The predecessor of Mr. Mason, a liberal Episcopalian, who of course *failed*, is styled "the Rev. Moses Latitude." The Methodist revival preacher rejoices in the high-sounding name of "Rev. Euphonious Brown." The Freewill Baptist's name is "Rev. Obadiah Bilger." The free and easy "Low Church" brother, who spits tobacco, gives out five verses to the hymn, and berates Puseyism, is "Rev. Dexter Doolittle." We may complain, too, that the peculiarities of other sects are caricatured. Mr. Mason rebukes his friend Mr. Doolittle for going to a Baptist meeting, where he saw "four boys dipped, the oldest of them ten." Yet Mr. Mason is a great stickler for the rubric of his own sect; a Baptist convert must be baptized over again, and the congregation must go two long years without a communion service, because their pastor has not taken priests' orders, or been touched by the anointed hands of a real bishop.

It comes out all right in the end. Poetical justice is done. The "Church" triumphs. A rich merchant comes home from India, and builds at his own expense an elegant edifice, architecturally correct, the parish adding a parsonage. The Methodist minister is converted and is licensed as a lay reader, and it does "one's soul good to hear Mr. Greenfield's [quondam Methodist] responses in the church on Sundays." His congregation follow him back into the "old paths." Even "Brother Bilger" is softened. And, finally, when everything has proved successful with Zion, the meek, inoffensive pastor, who had made such signal proof of his ministry, dies, and is honored by a marble slab at the right hand of the altar, and a few sentences of vague rhetoric from the "Bishop of Kentucky."

A History of the Christian Church. By DR. CHARLES HASE, Professor of Theology in the University of Jena. Translated from the Seventh and much improved German Edition, by CHARLES E. BLUMENTHAL, Professor of Hebrew and of Modern Languages in Dickinson College, and CONWAY P. WING, Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in Carlisle, Pennsylvania. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1855. 8vo. pp. 720.

A HISTORY of the Christian Church is still to be written. We have the materials, and many noble attempts have been made towards the construction of the work, but as yet the master-builder has not appeared. It would be ungrateful indeed to complain of what so learned a scholar and so indefatigable a writer as Neander did not do, or to deny the great merits of his volumes, but those who are best persuaded of his excellent deserts in this way will not claim for him the skill to mould his vast amount of material into a well-proportioned form, or to set forth his narrative with those various lights that cheer the reader along. The first three volumes of Milman were exceedingly agreeable reading, but his Latin Christianity makes large demands upon the grammatical ingenuity of the student, and, as we have already been obliged to say in our notice of the work, seems to have been wearily finished. Dr. Hase does not claim to have supplied this deficiency, but he has done much in aid of one who should have the genius, both as an investigator and writer, to clothe the skeleton which he has given us with flesh, and make the living tide flow through the arteries, and withal has himself provided a volume, which for a compound is very fresh and sprightly. Any abstract that attempts to give the events of eighteen hundred years within some eight hundred octavo pages must touch very lightly upon each point, and often remind one of a chronological table, and our author's book will be read rather for instruction than for entertainment; but it is as little heavy as was possible in the circumstances, and, so far as our examination has extended, is entirely reliable. Dr. Hase can hardly supersede Gieseler, with his very full foot-notes and vouchers of all sorts, and yet for a book to lie upon the table and to be taken up when the student desires to refresh his memory and gain added direction in his search, its equal in this department cannot be found. In its most modern portions, and as a history of sects, it must secure a reading from a large multitude. The enterprise of translators and of publishers that has given so valuable a book to American students has been well bestowed, and the result is in every way satisfactory.

History of Turkey. By A. DE LAMARTINE, Author of "The Girondists," "Travels in the Holy Land," &c. Translated from the French. In Three Volumes. Vol. I. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1855. 12mo. pp. 403.

It is a history of Turkey and more, for, besides a very full Preface upon the Eastern Question, we have quite an elaborate account of the rise and progress of Islamism, the wonderful story of Mahomet, which, as it seems to us, has never been told so well as in this volume. We have here only a third portion of the whole work, and the narrative is brought down no farther than to the death of Mahomet I. called the Generous, one of the noblest of the Ottoman Sultans. The book is exceedingly opportune, and cannot fail to interest a large circle of readers. The life of the famous prophet, seen in the light which modern Oriental research has earned for us, is a most curious psychological problem, and can no longer be disposed of with the single word "imposition." The story of the progress of the Mussulmans, of the first appearance of the Turks, dating from the time when Khotaibah, lieutenant of the reigning Khalif, established Islamism in Turkestan, of the victories of Amurath and the rest, of the appearance of Timeur the Tartar upon the stage, and of the sad decline of the Byzantine Empire, would of itself fasten the attention of the reader like the most highly wrought romance; and when such marvels are set forth by a writer so brilliant as Lamartine, our interest scarcely flags for a moment, unless perhaps we grow a little weary of the very brilliancy, and long for some prose, as one who had been fed for days upon confectionary might long for a little dry bread. For we will not deny that Lamartine is too rhetorical, too *French*, to please us altogether, and we never feel quite safe with a writer who will not in any circumstances be dull. Wondrous events are constantly coming into the light of the world, and yet some events are not wondrous, and if they are to be narrated at all, very plain words will suffice. We observe that the translator, in a note to the Preface, is quite severe upon what he calls "the hubbub of antitheses" into which Lamartine has been misled in comparing the civilizations of the East and the West. He himself has not always succeeded in giving us English for the French of his author, though these failures are only the few exceptions to a general felicity. Let any one who knows what poor Turkey is now, and how hopeless it seems to attempt her renovation, read this famous story of her youth, and he will realize that nations have their term of natural life as well as individuals, and that, like individuals, they can aspire to immortality only as the divine element which Christ brought into the world gets possession of them.

The Life of WILLIAM H. SEWARD, with Selections from his Works. Edited by GEORGE E. BAKER. New York: Redfield. 1855. 12mo. pp. 404.

FROM the portrait over against the title-page, the distinguished Senator from New York looks out benignantly upon this story of his laborious and successful life. It must be an exceedingly delicate task to write the biography of a living man, and a candidate for a Presidential nomination,—to “take the stump” for him, as it were; but we are inclined to regard this attempt as very successful. Mr. Seward is an exception to the general statement, that the ablest minds of our country hold themselves aloof from politics, and allow small men to have their way. If he is true to himself and to his antecedents, he may do much to illumine the dark future which is before us. This brief memoir and the accompanying selections are well fitted to secure for an eloquent and right-minded man even a more extended reputation than he now enjoys.

Kenneth; or, The Rear Guard of the Grand Army. By the Author of “The Heir of Redclyffe,” “Heartsease,” “Castle-Building,” etc. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1855. 12mo. pp. 320.

THE name of the writer does not yet appear upon the title-page, but we believe that our indebtedness to a lady for the very excellent novels enumerated above is past doubt. *Kenneth*, as the remainder of the title might suggest, is rather too full of horrors to be very pleasant reading, and we cannot but think that such a man as Colonel Lindesay could hardly have been left to marry such a woman as Céleste de Rocheguyon, beautiful as she is affirmed to have been, though indeed there is no knowing what men will do in this way. Still the book is conceived in an excellent spirit, and wrought out in many passages with considerable power. It is, in a good sense, a religious novel; the piety is not paraded. Its vivid pictures of the suffering that attended the disastrous retreat of Napoleon from Moscow ought to have a healthy influence in cooling martial ardor, though, strange to say, we think our author is not entirely free from it herself. On the whole, *Kenneth* may be read not without satisfaction and profit; but in comparison with the other productions from the same hand, an inferior position must be assigned to it.

Discourses by W. H. FURNESS. Philadelphia : G. Collins. Boston : Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1855. 12mo. pp. 308.

THE thirteen Discourses in this volume present yet another illustration of the truth so often and so strikingly brought to our notice, that the common themes of Christian instruction, however familiar or hackneyed in some of their relations, may be made to glow with fresh beauty and power through the thought and the pen of an earnest Christian preacher. Dr. Furness has studied those themes with all the fidelity and love which it is their highest office to quicken in the heart of a believer. He seems to be penetrated by the persuasive and refining influence of their most spiritual views of life, and love, and duty, and trial, and faith. If we exclude from our estimate some few writers of sermons whose originality consists in eccentricity, and those who aim after conceit, or pedantry, or extravagances in language, we may truly say that none of the many volumes of sermons on our shelves offer us on their pages so much of that kind of interest and pleasure which is found in the development of unexpected trains of glowing thought, as does the volume before us. Though there is such a diversity of gifts among preachers, there prevails among them considerable sameness of phrase. We might safely agree to find the same or very similar combinations of words, and the same or very similar forms of expression, in the sermons of some dozen ordinary divines, even of different communions ; for pulpit formularies are well-nigh unavoidable by men of ordinary culture, and those who try hardest to avoid them will generally fall upon something not so good as they are. Dr. Furness's originality is that of native genius, cultivated by independent thought, directed by deep sincerity of feeling, and exercised for purposes which strong conviction and generous sentiment present to him, as being eminently those which demand the whole devotion of a Christian minister. These qualities will make any man original in his way of dealing with the inexhaustible themes of Christian doctrine when brought to bear upon human life ; but the golden charms of well-chosen speech, and the wealth of a refined fancy, and the dignity of tone which never falls below the grandeur of the loftiest themes, are rarely found in such a combination as impresses us in some of these Discourses. Dr. Furness has evidently possessed and indulged a strong predilection for writers of the sentimental school, both in prose and poetry, but he has caught none of their "babyisms" or puerilities. His manliness and strength of mind have saved him from the effeminate exaggeration of trifles, as well as from the belittling treatment of solemnities. His tone is one of deep earnestness, and his subjects are those which, while they

are appropriate to the pulpit, are also the most vital of the bonds by which the pulpit can still attach itself to the sympathies of men pressed upon by all the solicitations and distractions of the world.

We shall attempt no analysis of the contents of these Discourses, but content ourselves with inviting to them a large circle of readers, under the assurance that they will find here the richest nutriment of spiritual life. The fact that the preacher has been censured in some quarters for the earnestness of his protests against slavery, and its consequent corruption of our social and political life, will sufficiently account for the frequent references to that subject in this volume. If a man is challenged for such utterances as we find here, one must infer that the utterances need to be reiterated till they cease to be offensive.

Beginning and Growth of the Christian Life; or, The Sunday School Teacher. "Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit; so shall ye be my disciples." Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co., for the Sunday School Society. 1855. 12mo. pp. 190.

THIS volume is the first contribution of the Sunday School Society to our religious literature. It is a beginning wholly in the true spirit and the right direction,—the very manual which the pastors of our churches continually need to put into the hands of Sunday teachers. We hope that no one will pass it by as probably the thousandth reiteration of commonplaces about the value of Sunday schools, and the importance of the lessons which they are charged to convey. This book is nothing of the sort; but a very wise and earnest exhibition of the true aims and methods of one of our most valuable and yet most abused institutions, by one who has the ability and the courage to meet the facts of the case, and abstain from all inanities and smooth preaching. The grand idea of the writer is this,—that those who are not Christians themselves cannot make others Christians; and whilst questions of method and the details of instruction are by no means overlooked or carelessly treated, they are naturally subordinated to the enforcement and illustration of the inward and spiritual necessity in the case. We are satisfied that no one acquainted with the state of Sunday schools, with their serious deficiencies as well as with the little which they have accomplished, will hesitate to say that, if they are to be sustained any longer, it must be by teachers such as this book would aid in forming. Until some measure of this success can be reached, we should decidedly prefer the old method of catechismal in-

struction by the pastor, over the clumsy, creaking, and not seldom harmful machine of a merely formal Sunday school, — a weariness, and worse, both to teachers and scholars. We fear that our churches can hardly supply the material which this writer demands for the service; but if this is so, it is all the more necessary that the demand should be pressed, the poverty exposed, and some earnest efforts made to change the name of life into the reality. If the vital tide is ebbing, we cannot afford to be ignorant of it. We earnestly commend the book to pastors, teachers, and *parents*. The Sunday School Society deserves the thanks, not only of the friends of their cause, but of all who would see the Gospel established in the affections and lives of men, for a work so thoroughly evangelical in doctrine and spirit, and so attractive in style, as “The Sunday School Teacher.” Its errand must be a blessed one.

Art Hints. Architecture, Sculpture, and Painting. By JAMES JACKSON JARVES, Author of “History of the Sandwich Islands,” “Parisian Sights and French Principles,” Member of the American Oriental Society, etc., etc. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1855. 12mo. pp. 398.

MR. JARVES is already favorably known to the readers of good books, and, as we judge, his excellent reputation will be increased by this fresh contribution to our literature. Amongst the almost numberless volumes which the legion of travellers has given us, we can recall none more readable or generally attractive than the “Parisian Sights and French Principles”; but the work before us is conceived in a higher spirit, and proposes a far more elevated aim. It is a noble sermon on Art, in which the preacher reaches the twentieth head, and even closes with an Appendix instead of the old “improvement,” and yet escapes that quality of dulness which ill-natured or restless persons have persisted in attributing to this form of composition. The book is devoted to setting forth, by fitting and pleasant illustrations quite as much as by arguments, the high function of Art in the culture of humanity, — that only wise culture which recognizes our spiritual nature and immortal destiny. This object is earnestly pursued through every page, without the least element of *dilettantism*. The use of Art is clearly distinguished from its abuse, and Beauty is shown to be the natural ally and handmaid of true religion and civilization; not, as some, misled by too many unhappy instances, believe, the precursor and the author of individual and national decline. Such a discussion could never be out of season, but here and now it is specially timely.

In this matter, here in America, the world is all before us, and we have reached a crisis in our progress when it is to be settled whether a devotion to Art shall help or hinder us; whether our love of the beautiful shall be perverted and degraded into mere luxuriousness, or become a sweet persuasive to all righteousness; whether we shall expend our rapidly increasing wealth upon architectural monstrosities, upholstery, and incentives to passion, or upon those fair and noble structures and those chaste ornaments which at once express and foster the better spirit in man. According to Mr. Jarves, and the reasonableness of his opinion will commend itself at once to every one, we are in a far better condition to profit by the wonders of Art than our European brethren who are in possession of them. Bigotry and despotism, the priest and the tyrant, have not yet drained the life-blood from our souls. Religion still holds us in her firm grasp or her gentle embrace. Our educated men are not yet atheistic, as is so largely and sadly the case with educated men on the continent of Europe. Still we are fearfully exposed to materialism; and even our religion is too often hard, ungenial, unlovely, a matter of conscience more than of feeling, of fear more than of love, of dogma more than of sentiment. It is more inclined to express itself in creeds than in chants, in denunciations than in pleadings. It would be far more effective if it would only add grace to truth, and clothe the skeleton of doctrine in the flesh and blood without which a body even of divinity is impossible. The people of the South of Europe have imagination with too little reason; we have reason with too little imagination. It is plain what each needs, and this book aims to put us upon the right track for supplying our need. Mr. Jarves has enjoyed the best opportunities for the education of artistic taste, and brought to the study of the grand masterpieces of art an excellent natural aptitude. A loving student of nature from boyhood, a wide traveller, a very receptive man, and for many years a resident in the chosen seats of architecture, painting, and sculpture, his word is with authority. There are details of criticism in the work, about the accuracy of which we are not competent judges; but we are confident that we do not over-estimate its general value. In one or two instances we notice a slight carelessness in the construction of the sentences, as in the paragraph near the foot of the thirty-ninth page, and a little vagueness in the use of terms; as, for example, in the employment of the word "theoretic." Occasionally, too, the function of Beauty as a mediator between the soul and the highest truth is set forth without a sufficient acknowledgment, in word, of the One Mediator; we say in word, because this one mediation is all along taken for granted. A very few hours spent in revision before the second edition shall be demanded will remove these slight blemishes, if we are right in so regarding them.

Which: the Right, or the Left. New York: Garrett & Co. 1855. 12mo. pp. 536.

THE plan of this book is stated in a few curt sentences of the short preface. The author's theory is, that there are two Churches in the world,—the Church of Christ, which is a church of goodness, is "productive of gentleness, humility, and single-heartedness, and leads its people to happiness,"—and the Church of Society, "which is a church of evil, is productive of pride, arrogance, and selfishness, and leads its people to misery." These two Churches are set in contrast in the familiar story of a young man who goes from his home in the country to be clerk in a New York dry-goods jobbing-house. The character of the young man is well drawn, and consistently sustained. He goes from home a Christian, and he comes back at last to die in his father's house a Christian death, after a faithful service and a heroic endurance in the cause of his Master. We have no fault to find with "Samuel." He is better than his theology.

Some of the other characters, too, are true to life. There are undoubtedly a good many such merchants as John P. Townsend, who value religion, virtue, honesty, frankness, and decency as good *paying* qualities, whose piety is a calculation of the main chance, and whose Christianity is a commercial speculation. There are not a few such precious villains as "the confidential clerk," who love by nature the popular forms of hypocrisy and depravity. There are cynics like Mr. Chittenden, "the silent partner," proud beauties, like the detestable Isabella, and rather weak angels, like good little Miriam, to be met with in every society. The machinery and side details of the story are not altogether improbable. We are assured by one familiar with the secrets of the traffic, that the picture of those thirteen clerks in John P. Townsend's great establishment, each a cheat in his own particular way, is not very much overdrawn, and that the language of the craft is exceedingly well given. The domestic life, too, of the great proprietor, is about an average specimen of what is found in the houses of those pious tradesmen who reconcile so nicely the service of Mammon with the patronage of God. We trust, however, that the description of the Rev. Mr. Engold's church, "a fashionable church," with a "fashionable preacher," is not to be taken as characteristic of the churches of his order generally. If it be, we should think the sarcasms of Mr. Griscom on the subject of fashionable piety not very much out of the way.

The scene at the party, the "*converzatione*," bating extravagance and bad spelling, is amusing and graphic. We know what the "Satanic Chuckle" newspaper is, what sort of man is

Ruffin, "proprietor of Ruffin's ale," and who are the respectable "Sly Slocum," publishers of the books which *sell*. Mr. Jessup, the cotton-broker, and Mr. Shellwick, the "straw-watcher," are acquaintances of ours, to be met on Wall Street any fair morning. These special sketches show the author's power, and show that he knows what he is talking about. The "revival" is got up rather hurriedly, makes headway too fast; but the narrative thereof shows that the author has had some experience in that line.

As a work of art, the book is a failure. The plot is clumsily managed, and the love-story has not a particle of interest. The deaths are conveniently but not gracefully brought in, and the lights and shades of the tale are grotesquely intermingled, so as to leave a picture about as pleasant to look upon as an ordinary country barn-yard, or a city street in hot weather. The canons of good taste are violated in the most free and easy way, and in every chapter. All the benevolence of the pious laundress cannot bring us to tolerate her "rip-dip-dippy" melodies. The constant application of the term "Prince" to Jesus is Scriptural, no doubt, but is not the common or the best word to describe his office with men. We are accustomed in this latitude to hear about our "Saviour," our "Master," our "Lord," but not about our "Prince."

As an exposition of social ethics and an illustration of practical Christian virtue, the book is better. It leaves the impression that honesty is the best policy, that uprightness will in the end win respect, that it is possible to overcome even the hardest temptations, and that the sure wages of sin are suffering and spiritual death. The morality of the volume is sound and earnest.

The theology of the book is interpolated, and has nothing to do with the progress of the story or its moral impression. There is not much of it, and it might, without any loss, be left out in a second edition.

Wealth and Beauty. A Poem read before the Phi Beta Kappa Society in Cambridge, July 19th, 1855. By WILLIAM HENRY HURLBUT. Cambridge: John Bartlett. 1855. pp. 31.

WE are glad to see this poem in print for two reasons. The first is, that it is among the most wealthy and beautiful which our classic festival has called out, — opulent in its full stores of scholarly allusion, and lovely in its robes of colored fancies and the voice of a sweetly poetic diction. It is truly a poem; thought out and expressed with the delicate taste, the high cul-

ture, and the fervid heart of one whom the Muse seems to love. Our second reason is, that it was in a great degree lost to the audience through a want of elocutionary power in its delivery ; and it would have been an injustice, if a performance of such sterling worth had left no impression beyond that of the day which it helped to celebrate. We hope it will find the more readers for having reached rather faintly the ears of those who first listened to it.

Glaucus, or the Wonders of the Shore. By CHARLES KINGSLEY.
Boston : Ticknor and Fields. 1855. 16mo. pp. 165.

A delightful book for summer sea-side reading,—at once learned and popular,—full of fresh, sparkling sentences, which relieve the abundant scientific terms of their provoking hardness. The name “Glaucus” pleasantly recalls that old classic fable told by Pausanias of the Bœotian fisherman, who became a god by his lucky eating of the divine plant sown by Chronos, and visited afterwards all the coasts and islands of Greece, with his train of monstrous attendants, the protector of all who do business in the waters. No one will suspect Mr. Kingsley of more love for science than what may help a poet’s fancy and an artist’s dream. The erudition of the book is confessedly borrowed. But it will stimulate thought, show how to observe, and possibly aid to improve some of the lazy hours which belong to summer recreation. The chief defect in the volume which we notice is, that it has no points of rest, and is all in a single chapter. We should have been glad, too, to have had more about the real vegetable life of the sea-side, even with the loss of some of the mollusks, polypi, and sea-urchins, which are interesting to a much smaller class of naturalists.

Waikna : or, Adventures on the Mosquito Shore. By SAMUEL A. BARD. With Sixty Illustrations. New York : Harper and Brothers. 1855. 12mo. pp. 366.

FROM the lively style of the etchings and the playful spirit of the Introduction, this volume seemed a pastime for a holiday : but, as we proceeded in the free-hearted story of hairbreadth escapes, of deadly contests with wild beasts and wilder savages, of shipwreck and starvation, of exhausting labor and more exhausting disease, it became impossible to lay the book down until the half-year’s roaming ended upon the threshold of civilized life.

Bating the unpardonable omission of dates and numbers, not in this case easily supplied by descriptions of that Caribbean coast, and the lack of any higher purpose than kindling his artistic imagination by pictures of tropical nature, Mr. Bard has given a narrative as interesting as Robinson Crusoe's, of an experience far more eventful. His fights with native tribes, towards whom he manifests a general spirit of humanity, diversify the narrative of midnight forays among the turtles, or fearful contests with the walrus. Judged from his own book, besides remarkable powers of endurance and a wonderful spirit of adaptation, our artist-voyager is gifted with the greatest persistency, love of adventure, and self-reliance. He luxuriates in hardships, and feasts with unsated appetite upon peril. Most of the time he is beyond the protection, succor, or sympathy of a single civilized man, assailed by bloodthirsty savages, surrounded by an inaccessible forest during the rainy season, completely hemmed in by wild hogs, or prostrated by the fever of the climate, with no companions save two native lads: and yet he abandons this forlorn swamp with seeming regret, and the sympathizing reader would have been gratified by another chapter of life from the tropical wilderness.

The whole region of his adventures, the eastern coast of Central America between Cape Gracias and Bluefield Lagoon, a distance of two hundred miles, is too miserable a country ever to be "settled" until the rest of the earth is crowded, and is admirably adapted to the slavers and pirates, its original occupants. The Mosquito Indians seem as wretched as their country, a mixed medley of "negroes, Indians, pirates, and Jamaica traders." A more ridiculous sham than their sovereign has not been contrived by politicians in recent times. The present king's commencing his reign by annulling the grants of his predecessor because of his drunkenness, and playing the puppet himself to an English official at Bluefields, are significant facts. If the report of native proficiency in vice given by this apparently favorable observer be correct, little is to be hoped from the Lagoon kingdom besides the gradual extinction of all the Mosquitos.

INTELLIGENCE.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Of that all-engrossing theme, the European War, two volumes now before us afford in brief compass the most lucid and interesting accounts. Under the title of "A Visit to the Camp before Sebastopol," Messrs. Appleton & Co. have published a work by Richard C. McCormick, Jr., of New York, which, in concise but graphic and spirited narrative, and with some admirable engravings, presents us a perfect *résumé* of this momentous strife. Under the title of "The Story of the Campaign: a Complete Narrative of the War in Russia, written in a Tent in the Crimea," Messrs. Gould and Lincoln give us a reprint of an English work by Major E. Bruce Hawley, in which the reader has an intensely exciting sketch of events, with descriptions of the localities, and a candid discussion of the conduct of the War.

A cursory examination of two works which we have received too late for careful perusal and extended notice in our crowded space, leads us to reserve them for future attention. They are a volume published by Messrs. Gould and Lincoln, entitled "The Christian Life, Social and Individual, by Peter Bayne, M. A.," — the author of which is a Scotchman, who aims in these pages to present the positive necessity and value of a Christian basis and culture for heart and life; and a volume published by Messrs. J. P. Jewett & Co. from the pen of President Mahan, which, under the title of "Modern Mysteries Explained and Exposed," deals with the real and the supposititious phenomena of so-called Spiritualism.

Messrs. Crosby, Nichols, & Co. have published a work by Professor Guillaume H. Talbot, a distinguished teacher of French, entitled "French Translation Self-taught; or, First Book on French Translation." The system adopted in this volume is founded on the author's own experience in teaching, which fully qualifies him to present a method best suited to facilitate the efforts of the pupil. By notes defining the rules of syntax and pronunciation, by interlining French with the corresponding English terms, by giving interesting extracts in prose and poetry, and by all the other approved helps, the author leaves for the pupil his own portion of the task as easy of performance as the case will admit.

A promised volume, the publication of which has been waited for with high-raised expectations, is published only in season to allow of this mention of the fact in our closing sheet. It is from the pen of the Rev. C. A. Bartol, and bears the title of "Pictures of Europe framed in Ideas," published by Crosby, Nichols, & Co. The rich mind of the author, with all its power of conception and beauty in the form of utterance, needs only to be engaged upon such suggestions as must have entered it on his recent European tour, to insure for us a volume of exquisite grace and of the most instructive wisdom.

The same publishers will very soon issue a small devotional work, which has recently been commended both in England and in this country as worthy to contest the place held by "The Imitation of Christ." Its title is "Theologica Germanica." It claims to have been edited from a manuscript five hundred years old, by Pfeiffer, translated from the German, with an introduction by Susanna Winkworth, and indorsed by the warmest encomiums of the Rev. Charles Kingsley and Chevalier Bunsen.

The same firm have published a second and much improved edition of Mr. William S. Russell's "Pilgrim Memorials, and Guide to Plymouth." With a Lithographic Map, and Eight Copperplate Engravings." The volume gives authentic information concerning persons, events, and localities, which will have a deeper interest and be asked about by an increasing curiosity with each advancing year of time.

If the Memoirs and Letters of the Rev. Sydney Smith, just published by the Messrs. Harper, afford us the gratification which we have promised ourselves from their perusal, we shall have something to say of them in our next number.

The Messrs. Harper have just published an American reprint, edited by Dr. M'Clintock, of the second London edition of the English translation of the "History of the Council of Trent," from the French of L. F. Bungener. No recently published works have been received with greater favor among us than "The Preacher and the King," and "The Priest and the Huguenot," by the same admirable writer, and therefore we look for a well-wrought narrative in this volume.

The same publishers give us a small volume from the pen of Catharine E. Beecher, containing "Letters to the People on Health and Happiness." Valuable information, conveyed with clear good sense and in intelligible language, on topics which concern the comfort and virtue of households and of individuals, will be found abundantly spread over these pages.

Messrs. Gould and Lincoln have published a second edition of Dr. Sears's Revision of Roget's Thesaurus, of which we have already written in high terms. This edition contains additions and improvements.

Mr. Charles B. Norton, of New York, has published a calm and earnest essay on "The Unholy Alliance; an American View of the War in the East," by William Giles Dix. We hope that the contents of this volume will fall under the eyes of some of the English journalists who have complained of our lack of sympathy in the existing war.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Theological School at Cambridge. — The usual Anniversary Exercises of this institution were all of them of peculiar interest this year, and the attendants upon them, who identify with them some of their most cher-

ished religious feelings, were numerous and were heartily gratified. On Sunday evening, July 15, the Sermon before the members of the Graduating Class was delivered by the Rev. George W. Briggs, of Salem, and has since been published by Messrs. Crosby, Nichols, & Co. The Thirty-ninth Annual Visitation of the School took place on Tuesday, July 17. The exercises having been opened with prayer by the Rev. Professor Francis, dissertations on the following topics were read by their respective authors, two only of the thirteen being necessarily excused.

Love and Fear as Principles of the Religious Life. — Mr. Andrew Napoleon Adams.

Image-Worship. — Mr. George Franklin Allen.

Has Christianity done for the World what might reasonably have been expected from it? — Mr. Charles Taylor Canfield.

The Sonship of Christ. — Mr. William Thomas Crapster.

What is it to preach Christ? — Mr. Simeon Borden Durfee.

The Holy Catholic Church. — Mr. Frederick Frothingham.

The Priest and the Prophet. — Mr. Edward Henry Hall.

The Lyceum and the Pulpit. — Mr. George Hughes Hepworth.

St. Paul at Athens. — Mr. William Lincoln Jenkins.

St. John's Type of the Christian Life. — Mr. Alfred Porter Putnam.

The Authority and Meaning of the Lord's Supper. — Mr. Theodore Tebbets.

The true Theory of Worship. — Mr. Charles Briggs Thomas.

The Characteristics of the Theology of Schleiermacher. — Mr. Asa Messer Williams.

The exercises were closed by prayer, by Professor Noyes.

After a fully attended business meeting of the Alumni in the afternoon, at which the President of the Association, the Rev. Dr. Gannett, filled the chair, and the officers of the last year were re-elected, the Rev. Dr. Hedge, of Providence, being chosen Second Preacher for the next year, the Annual Discourse was delivered by the Rev. Dr. Eliot, of St. Louis. His subject was well expressed in his text, — "I magnify mine office." The Discourse has been published by Messrs. Crosby, Nichols, & Co.

ERRATA.

Page 221, line 37, for "inverted," read "invented."

" 231, " 7, " "When," " "Then."

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CHRISTIAN EXAMINER.


No. CXCIL FOR NOVEMBER, 1855.

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„ III. — Rev. Thomas Hill	Waltham.
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„ VIII. — Notices of Recent Publications.	
„ IX. — Obituary.	

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THE
CHRISTIAN EXAMINER
AND
RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

NOVEMBER, 1855.

ART. I. — THE PRESENT THEOLOGICAL REACTION IN
GERMANY.

WE resume our review of that interesting process now going on in the religious life of Germany. Many attempts had been made by individuals, in pamphlets, in articles, and in prefaces to books,* to stem the flood which was rapidly rising, and threatening to sweep off everything which the previous deluge had not carried away. But divided efforts were altogether ineffectual, and it soon became evident, that only the united faculty of a university could arrest the current. The erection of the first bulwark was to be expected, above all others, from the Georgia Augusta; that University, whose history is identified with the cause of civil and religious

* Besides the extracts given in the Examiner for May, 1855, see

"On the Relation of the Creed to the Church. A Vote against the New Lutheran Doctrines, by Albert Ritschl, Professor of Theology in Bonn." Bonn. 1854. pp. 32.

"Un-Lutheran Theses, intelligible to Everybody. Composed and collected by Rudolph Stier. 'Hard against hard.'" Brunswick. 1854. pp. 53.

"Luther's Relation to the Augsburg Confession. An Historical Essay by Dr. L. J. Rückert, Professor in Jena. 'Amicus Plato, amicus Aristoteles, sed magis amica veritas.'" Jena. 1854. pp. 33.

Dr. Redepenning's Easter Programme, "De Odio Theologico nunc reviviscente." Göttingen. 1854.

liberty, and whose position has always been cosmopolitan rather than provincial. It is not forgotten, that in 1837 seven of its professors, Dahlmann, Ewald, Gervinus, Jacob and William Grimm, Albrecht, and William Weber, were deprived of their offices, and some of them banished from the kingdom, for having protested against the overthrow of the constitution of 1833 by the king, Ernst August. More recently, in February, 1853, the whole Law Faculty of the University, under the lead of their senior, Kibbentrop, publicly declared, during the trial of Gervinus on account of his "Introduction to the History of the Nineteenth Century," that, notwithstanding the author's liberal sentiments,* he ought to be entirely acquitted of the accusation brought against him by the government of Baden. And exactly a year later, in February, 1854, in a similar cause, — there the results of scientific inquiry being said to violate the law, and here to be contrary to the Confession, — the entire Faculty of Theology, with the venerable Lücke at their head, issued an independent and noble memorial, protesting against the tyranny of the creed, and vindicating the right of free inquiry and also of free instruction.

The reasonableness of this document and the eminence of its signers provoked at once great opposition. It was first attacked by Petri, who had compared the Evangelical Union to a loose wanton, in his "Examination of the Göttingen Memorial" (Hanover, 1854). After convicting the oldest member of the Faculty of opposition to Lutheran exclusiveness, and the youngest of having for-

* The following passages from the Introduction, which were cited in the indictment to support the charge of high treason and endangering the public peace, have lost neither their interest nor truth, though two years have passed since they were written. "Constitutional rights were promised to France, to Spain, to Poland, to Prussia, to all the states of Germany; but at the first signs that the nations would make use of their constitutions, both freedom and promises were suppressed. The monarchical power, however, since the times of the French Revolution, has lost its spell. Since the restoration of the Bourbons, it has forfeited all confidence by the common breach of faith, through which the nations have been robbed of their promised rights. Its most recent acts have deprived it, in the eyes of many, of its last moral supports. Three great nations, with the most dissimilar forms of government, are now rivalling one another in equal power. The absolutism of Russia has against it the universal hatred of the civilized world; the constitutional monarchy of England lies, for most states, beyond realization; the democratic form of government of America is, for the great masses, their model and their choice."

merly been an active Unionist, and the other three of being "declared supporters of the Protestant Church Gazette, whose object is the union of all Evangelical Christians," he maintains that theology cannot pronounce freely upon what it teaches, that it cannot assert that any fact connected with salvation is unhistorical, opposed to the law of human development, or contrary to reason, but that it has only to mould the material which is given to it, and is subject to the authority of the Lutheran creeds. He even avers that theology as a science "is bound not merely by the saving facts and fundamental truths of the Gospel as they lie before us in the word of God, but as they are attested and believed by the Evangelical Church; how far in its investigations it must harmonize with the fully developed creed, and how far it may vary from it, must be determined on the one side by conscience, and on the other by the government of the university"!

More positive in its defence of the principles of his party was the "Lutheran Answer to the Memorial by J. H. Wolff," (Stade, 1854,) a member of the Pastoral Conference which had first arraigned the Faculty. He inquires, "What shall we do with our school-teachers who do not believe? If we can easily and quickly win them over for the truth by the spiritual weapons of language, this certainly is the noblest victory. But if this does not succeed, or success is not so soon perceivable, no other remedy remains but to turn the creed against them as a law, offering them the alternative, Either teach, as the Church in whose service you stand has prescribed to you, and as you bound yourselves to do on entering its service, or leave your office." The same method he thinks should be applied to pastors, professors, and especially the Theological Faculties, and he says that the Stade Conference, in directing its attention to the Universities, only followed the example of Tarquin the Proud, who cut off the highest poppy-heads for his son Sextus's instruction. He even recommends "an ecclesiastical control over those branches of the Philosophical Faculty which stand in a closer relation to theology, particularly the exegesis of the Old Testament."

"We admit our opposition to the useful societies of the Evangelical Church; for, to say all in one word, we oppose all and

every ecclesiastical association with the Reformed and the Unionists. We can therefore by no means be content to demand of the members of our church, and the theological instructors of our universities, merely assent to the general doctrines of Christianity, as expressed in the Apostles' Creed, — which, moreover, are self-evident, — but we must also demand assent to the peculiar doctrines which make our church specifically Lutheran, and, as a necessary consequence of this, opposition to the dissent of other churches. An evangelical freedom of instruction we know not, and will not bear; Lutheran freedom of instruction we not only bear, but require. If the Lutheran creed does not express the faith of the professors of theology in Göttingen, we by no means wish that they should be forced to teach and defend it. We are great friends of religious freedom, and willingly allow every one to go where he belongs. Professors doubtless could be found for Göttingen, who do not regard the Lutheran Creed as a strait-jacket. We ourselves believe that our Lutheran Church has a special calling to be a union church, because it keeps the true and sound mean between Catholic materialism on the right, and Reformed spiritualism on the left."

Superior in ability and in bitterness to the pamphlets of the above-mentioned editor and pastor was the letter of the Ober-Kirchenrath, Dr. Klieforth, to the Theological Faculty in Göttingen, written on the 4th of July, as the introductory article to his new "Church Review," which is published quarterly in Schwerin and Rostock. Objecting to the principle of Dr. Redepenning, that we must gather from the Scriptures the spirit of the Scriptures, stigmatizing Spener as an exotic growth on the Lutheran Church, he distinctly affirms that "Schleiermacher and his school established Christlichkeit, but not Kirchlichkeit, and we advocate Churchism as you do Christianity." He tells the professors that they should have followed their pupils, and that the fathers should have learned of their children; whereas they have preferred to stand in relation to them "as gray-headed old people to the young folks," because they acknowledge Christ as their master rather than the Church. The Synod of Berlin, he says, discovered that the Augsburg Confession was not, as the people had believed for three hundred years, a special creed of the Lutheran Church, but one common to the Lutherans and the Reformed; and he affirms that these Unionists are "neither Lutherans nor Reformed, but Ideologists who regard Lutheranism and Calvinism as outgrown theological tendencies."

The greatest sensation, however, has been occasioned by the remarks of Dr. Hengstenberg, in Numbers 48–51 of the *Evangelical Church Gazette*. In the Programme which accompanies every monthly number, the editor declares: "Although the main object of the *Evangelical Church Gazette* is a positive one, although it will build up rather than pull down, yet, as the Gospel from its nature must combat what is opposed to it, it cannot altogether avoid controversy. But the more carefully will it refrain from pronouncing judgment upon persons, abstain from all personalities, and, far from all bitterness, show by its example that firmness of conviction is compatible with the love and mildness which the Gospel demands of its confessors, since it shows them from whom they can learn this first of all Christian virtues, and how they can retain it." In accordance with this, we read: "The unecclesiastical character of the mode of thought of a portion of the Theological Faculty in Göttingen is notorious, even in circles which lie far beyond the sphere of theology. Dr. Lücke has never as yet signified, that Dr. Nitzsch's defence of the immanent Trinity against his opposition to it more than ten years ago, has produced conviction on his mind. He has also lately publicly declared, among other statements, that Schleiermacher's reasons against the real existence of the Devil appear to him irrefutable. The intimate connection of Dr. Gieseler with the low rationalism, and his Free-Mason 'Humanismus,' are no less matters of notoriety. These intimations are enough to prove the want of agreement of the two-named Göttingen theologians with the œcumenical Christian faith, to say nothing of the doctrines of the Lutheran Church." Such are the ignoble words uttered against the revered commentator upon the Gospel of John, and the eminent church historian, then lying on his death-bed.*

We recollected, however, that that journal had shown the same animosity to Schleiermacher and Neander,†

* Both have since gone to their reward. The triumvirate consisting of Schleiermacher, De Wette, and Lücke has now, by the death of the last, on the 14th of February, 1855, been entirely dissolved, while the Göttingen University, in being called to mourn within so brief an interval the loss of Gieseler, Lücke, Osiander, and Gauss, has experienced a fate like Niobe's, from which it will not soon recover.

† The "*Protestantische Monat Blätter für innere Zeitgeschichte*," edited

that there was scarcely a great mind who had not been honored by its malignity and abuse, so that it was almost a recommendation for a book to be printed in its black list, as it has become an honor to be cited in the Index Expurgatorius, since Humboldt's Kosmos, Macaulay's History of England, and Uncle Tom's Cabin have been registered upon it. We considered, too, how little influence writings from this quarter any longer have with those who have not lost their reason and conscience, particularly since the editor had been summoned to public trial for a bitter article which he had written against the United Church in the Pfalz, and, refusing to appear, had been proceeded against in *contumaciam*, sentenced to a fine of fifty florins and to imprisonment for three years, and his paper prohibited until the penalty should be paid.

Very different, however, was the impression produced upon the theologians of the middle school, as was manifest from the reply of the celebrated author of the History of the Doctrine of the Person of Christ, which was entitled "Repulsion of Unjust Attacks of Professor Dr. Hengstenberg upon Two Members of the Theological Faculty of the Georgia Augusta, by Dr. J. A. Dorner." (Göttingen, 1854.) Here, after charging the Berlin Professor with playing the spy, and endeavoring to draw the church of Hanover into the same confessional quarrels which he and his friends had excited in that of Prussia, after showing that, instead of discussing the questions at issue, he had resorted to personalities to make the controversy more malignant, and that he was untrue to his own profession in thus opposing the liberty of instruction, he asks: —

"But, in the first place, who made him a judge of what is Lutheran and what not, or who recognizes him as such? When did he go over to the Lutherans from the Reformed Church,

by Professor Gelzer, with the assistance of Dorner, Hagenbach, Hundeshagen, Nitzsch, Ullmann, and others, says (Vol. III. Heft 6, p. 352): "Have we not had to experience, what was incredible, that one of the few great men in whom Christ was truly formed, a man from whose countenance and words a heavenly mind beamed forth, — that Neander was commiserated with pharisaical pride as a 'half-infidel,' 'of weak faith' and 'undecided,' by judges who were not worthy to loose his sandals!" The reference here is unmistakably to him who, as a Jew confessed to have been converted to Christianity by reading Neander's History of the Church, replied, "Thank God that you were not lost by reading such a book!"

which bore him, and whose enemy he now seems to have become to such a degree, that his conduct is more suggestive of the well-known manner of new converts, than of feelings of filial piety and gratitude, which he ought to have towards an ecclesiastical home that he had left with a good conscience? Does he think that those who are born Lutherans will allow him to teach us what is Lutheran,—him, who, excepting his dilettantism in ecclesiastical law, has made independent studies only upon the Old Testament, but none upon dogmatics? Let him first come to an understanding with the Erlangen theologians, who must surely know what is Lutheran better than he? I promise him that I will joyfully give my sympathy to such an agreement, because I know that they see through his departures from the fundamental principles of the Lutheran Church. In his dead, unorganized, unhistorical, non-literal, non-immaterial spiritualistic doctrine he is not Lutheran, and has no right to sit in judgment upon the affairs of the Lutheran Church or the Theological Faculty in Göttingen. Let not Dr. Hengstenberg, after having been first Reformed and then a zealous Unionist, think that he can cite for his legitimation as a Lutheran, that the Reformed and Unionists no longer reckon him among them, but regard him as a seceder. This is indeed true; but it is possible that the ecclesiastical home for Dr. H. has not yet been found. Of this, the changes which he runs through almost from one decennium to another testify, as well as that in which he seems to have remained true to himself in all his phases, I mean, his constant dogmatical, censorious, oracular, and unpeaceable nature."

In answer to the charge of rationalism, he replies, that this was an epidemic which ran through all the churches, the Lutheran and Catholic as well as the rest. Very forcibly does he then demonstrate that a dependence upon what has been sanctioned by the Church is one of the lowest forms of rationalism; for, however imposing that which has been accepted by a majority may appear in comparison with what has been adopted only by a few, it is yet more servile to rely on the reason of others than on one's own. This slavish and enslaving rationalism establishes human ecclesiastical laws in opposition to the authority of truth, binds the word of God and apotheosizes the word of man, and, assuming the veil of false humility and the garb of moral and religious sloth, will rather subject itself to the Church than wrestle with God in personal repentance and prayer.

"There is thus a very church-like rationalism, as is proved by Romanism on a large scale, and by the Catholic tendencies, now active among us, in duodecimo form. Not only the English but also the German Puseyism has too many inclinations towards it, which is the more dangerous and tenacious, the more it favors the pride and ease of the heart, and draws off the interest in religion to false substitutes for it. As is well known, I am not the first and shall not be the last to see in Dr. Hengstenberg particularly a rationalism which deceives himself. Gieseler had no sympathy with this objective rationalism, which adorns itself with the name of *Kirchlichkeit*; but that he kept himself far from it can manifestly redound only to his praise. A thoroughly learned and clear-seeing man, he detected the lurking poison in this magnifying of human authority, and, because he loved the Evangelical Church, honestly warned, according to his ability, against such apostasy to the principles of Protestantism. In my opinion, if Dr. Hengstenberg had led one person inwardly and truly to that higher power of the Gospel truth which emancipates at the same time that it binds, he would have done more than in leading thousands to pass from subjective to objective rationalism, — a step which is easily and (as we see) quickly taken, because it demands no essential change in the individual soul; yes, this arbitrary submission to human authority in matters of faith, which was never enjoined by God, is itself an act of subjective rationalism. But what sort of *Kirchlichkeit* is that in which Dr. Lücke is deficient? That of Dr. Hengstenberg? That which treats the doctrine of the Church as fundamental, makes its law the rule of Scriptural interpretation, and its authority the ground of faith? But the ecclesiastical conformity of the Catholics is different from that of the Evangelicals, and the demand for the former in the Evangelical Church must fall back therefore with double force as an accusation on the accuser. We have a right, according to the above, to admonish Dr. Hengstenberg simply of his incompetency, till he shall have renounced his Catholicizing rationalism."

Regretting that it had been necessary to speak so earnestly in behalf of a great and holy cause, "by his discussion of which Dr. Hengstenberg has long been a riddle and an affliction to hundreds and thousands of honest, pious Christians," he concludes: "May he not do as he has often done when the weightiest and most serious charges have been brought against him by Christian men, endeavor to escape responsibility by silence, or seek, by diverting to other topics and exciting other strifes, to cause the present matter to be forgotten, in

order again soon to usurp the judgment-seat which he had temporarily forsaken,"—a wish which to this day has been unfulfilled.

Strong as this philippic was as an attack, it must be conceded to have been very weak as a defence. Gieseler, indeed, was a man of far too deep and comprehensive views of Christianity to deserve the reproach of being a "low rationalist," and it certainly indicates great ignorance or ill-will in any one who could forge such an imputation against him. Nevertheless, as his lectures upon dogmatics show, it is in vain to claim him as a member of either of the schools of Orthodoxy; and Dr. Dorner himself says: "That the lamented Gieseler fully understood and fully accepted the doctrine of justification by faith, I do not assert; the man himself, humble before God, quietly and ceaselessly active, would not have asserted it. What may have been defective in his theology I have not to unfold. What has been said suffices for my purpose, to prove that the assertion of Dr. Hengstenberg is unjust and untrue." So, also, Dorner does not pretend that Lücke believes in the church doctrines of the Devil and the Trinity, though he maintains that he has not overstepped the limits which the Lutheran Church allows. He merely remarks in a note, with respect to the former, that Dr. Lücke complains that, in his review of Martensen's *Dogmatik*, he was inaccurately reported; but he specifies no particulars, and he cannot refer to a misstatement of his thought, as must be evident to every one who will look to the original article.*

* In the German Periodical for Christian Science and Christian Life for 1851, No. 8, page 59, Lücke thus writes of Martensen and his doctrine of the Devil: "He belongs in tendency to those who, partly from exegetical, partly from speculative grounds, cannot resolve to regard the whole Biblical representation of the doctrine as a popular symbolizing of the Christian idea of evil, and to transpose that into this. The Scriptural representation of the real existence of a personal Devil seems to him, partly from exegetical, partly from speculative theological reasons, to be directly revealed, so that on this most difficult problem he asserts just the opposite of Schleiermacher, who particularly controverts that representation of Scripture, as contradicting the strict monotheistic principle of the Gospel. On this point I must decidedly oppose the dogmatic theory of the author, and stand on the side of Schleiermacher, whose reasons against the real existence of the Devil as a doctrine seem to me not satisfactorily refuted even by our author, and, to say it openly, seem also irrefutable. I know that in the present conservative and at the same time progressive theological parliament, in which I have my seat, I am in the minority with this confes-

He adds, that Dr. Lücke does not deny eternal distinctions or dispositions in God, but he will bring these into a closer connection than is usually done with the world of revelation. After this acknowledgment of his belief in a modal Trinity, he continues:—

“Has Dr. Hengstenberg contributed anything to the further elucidation or development of this difficult problem, for which the times of the Reformation foresaw new and great agitations? He has not laid a finger to the work. How, then, can he feel the difficulties in the case, which still exist? In his position, instead of exegetical inquiry and dogmatic or speculative thought, he only needs a subjective act of the will, to submit himself to the Church, to believe what the Church believes, and thus one is above all difficulties without examination, and has in the statutes of the Church the standard for the interpretation of the Scriptures, and is now qualified to sit in judgment over every man. Is this Evangelical adoption of the doctrines? So far from it, that, if the Church taught differently from what she does, this act of the will, which is thought piety, could still remain entirely the same.”

Contemporaneous with these documents, though not like them occasioned by the Memorial, was another pamphlet from an anonymous Lutheran, entitled “Signature of the most Modern Endeavors of Unionistic Theologians,” (Frankfort, 1854,) which severely criticised two reviews of Dr. Lücke. The author cannot deny that he is an “estimable and learned man,” but he accuses of apostasy and applies Matt. vi. 1, 2, 5, to Dr. Nitzsch, who, by birth a Lutheran, has risen to high office under the Union. Dr. Nitzsch had said, “Neither the divine and moral right nor the historical vital power of the church is to be estimated according to the more or less of its symbolical doctrine, and this deficiency, namely, the want of a definite creed, can be richly compensated by other qualities”; to which Dr. Lücke add-

sion in the discussion of this question; but I shall be permitted to express my opinion openly, and to defend it. The proud contempt and setting aside of Schleiermacher's criticism by the so-called speculative and conservative men, I can consider neither as just nor without danger.” On page 68 he adds: “This brief apologetical epilogue will be sufficient for the respected author with whom I have here immediately to do, to prevent, in the possible future discussions (to which I would gladly stimulate) misunderstandings and misinterpretations with him and all sensible theologians, who know that the dispute here is upon a yet open question. For those unintelligent, zelotical people of the times, who in everything wish to have what is fixed and ecclesiastically infallible, all justification is fruitless.”

ed, "Every creed is more or less the product of an exigency in the Church, and indicates the same," and both agreed, "that the Church struggling with its imperfections advances towards perfection with every true and living church confession, which is, however, different from a theological school confession, that is always an anomaly." These sentiments were naturally displeasing to this author, who had lamented that the clergymen of Baden and Nassau were not bound to the creed, and who declared:—

"The invisible Church does not have the fetters of Scripture, and for the visible Church these are insufficient, since the subjectivity of the inquirer and reader darkens and perverts the concordance of the Scriptures. It is not well in a time of discords unnecessarily and from a one-sided zeal to widen the gulf which separates us from our Catholic brothers in the faith. The lax principles of the Union with regard to confession of sin and the regulations of the church, which directly contradict articles 11 and 15 of the Augustana, have loosened the bond between clergy and people, reduced the former from guardians of souls to mere preachers, and gradually alienated the shepherds from their flocks."

Lücke had asserted:—

"In the exact determination of the Christian mysteries there are questions which with right can be answered differently in one and the same theological school, with the same conscientious conviction as to the fundamentals of faith. Who does not know this? They only are ignorant of and deny it, who have never thoroughly studied a theological question, and who merely accept the settled results of this or that person from this or that time, and allow themselves to be immured within them."

This writer, on the contrary, maintains that

"Whoever allows himself to be determined in matters of faith by 'exegetical and dogmatical reasons,' belongs to a school, but not to a church, not to a vital, fruitful society in life or in the Church. A 'free evangelical church' does not exist, at least no legal rights can be allowed to it, if we will not run into the danger of falling into the company of Dorviat, Ronge, Dulon, Wislicenus, etc., and of being treated simply as opposers of the Catholic Church, which rests on a positive basis. When the question is asked, if theologians must teach 'what conflicts with their conscience as bound by the word of God,' the answer is, that in the Church which they acknowledge and in which they

are ordained, they must teach and preach what the Church prescribes, to which they have bound themselves by oath, without any having compelled them to it. When Nitzsch and Lücke claim 'the primitive right of all in their churches,' the right of Luther and Calvin, 'to teach what they have conscientiously learned from the word of God,' this right must be decidedly denied to the ordained clergy, if the churches are not to be sacrificed to their arbitrary opinions and degree of culture, to their grade of theological learning, and to the nature of their faith at this epoch of their life. When they themselves confess, 'that much in the mysterious doctrines they regard as systematically incomprehensible,' and that 'for what is capable of being systematically determined for the Church, they consider the present time not yet fully ripe, but will reserve the final decision to the future of the Church, or rather to God's holy spirit of truth in the Church,' they must keep away at least from the service of the altar and the pulpit, and in my opinion also from the *cathe-dra* of a Lutheran university; then, confounding the spirit of God with God the Holy Spirit, and the visible Church with the invisible kingdom of God, like the Jews for their Messias, they may await the period when they will stand so well as the faithful champions of the Lutheran Church before the judgment, which the Lord will come with many thousand saints to hold over all. (Jude 14, 15; Matt. xxv. 31.) It is to be noted that even Nitzsch, Müller, and Lücke, as decided Unionists, endeavor to represent the difference between Luther and Calvin as being as small as possible, and at the same time as approximating as near as possible to the view of the Lutheran Church; from which it follows that they lean to that, with its present legal Confession. We will regard this as a favorable omen, and the present excitement which undeniably pervades the articles of Lücke, as the last struggle and the period of transition to the breaking through into the full truth of the Lutheran Church."

Although so many voices were raised against the Faculty, two only were heard in its defence, Dr. Hermann, Professor of Law in Göttingen, vindicating it from a juridical, and Julius Müller of Halle, from a theological, point of view. The former says: "Condemnation of the errors of the Reformed as being the same as those of the Catholics, renunciation of all church fellowship with them, dissolution of the ecclesiastical bonds by which the two have been united in the same established Church, entire separation from them as from Catholics, blotting out the name of the Evangelical Church,—this is to be the criterion of Lutheranism, this alone shall be called

fidelity to the creed, and reverence for historical rights." Since the article of the latter, with extracts from the Memorial, as well as a previous disquisition from Krause,—the two representing the right and left wings of the school of Schleiermacher upon this question,—have been already translated by us,* we may pass at once to the apology of the Faculty itself, which was published on the 27th of November, under the title, "Explanation of the Theological Faculty in Göttingen respecting their Memorial 'Upon the Present Crisis in the Church.'" (Göttingen, 1854, pp. 99.) After paying a very beautiful and just tribute to Gieseler, it examines in a very dignified manner the arguments of all its opponents, with the exception alone of Hengstenberg, remarking that it shall leave to others "the tone of scornful arrogance which has been heard, especially from one quarter." It shows that this movement had been previously termed by one of their own journals "Lutheran Judaism," and proves that the original design of the University, as expressed by its first curator, Baron Münchhausen, was, "that neither shall such theologians be called to Göttingen as maintain an Evangelical papacy, force their system upon others, accuse of heresy those who do not think exactly as they do upon certain questions which do not concern the foundations of faith, and who consider liberty of conscience and toleration insufferable."

The Faculty then proceeds to define the relation of its members to the creed, and to insist strongly on the need of theological science. "Only where the Church has been driven from its world-historical position by outward force or by its own fault, has theological science been despised as unnecessary. The Bible, speaking in foreign idioms and originating under peculiar historical circumstances distant from us, demands the scientific labor of theology, its hermeneutics and exegesis, to lay the ground; and these, faithfully searching for the immediate sense, and impartially establishing the historical connection, exhibit the ever-present fulness of the eternal life, which lives in the Bible." The Scriptures must not be forced to be the mere echo of the confession, and the

* See the *Christian Examiner* for February, 1855, and the *Monthly Religious Magazine* for March, 1854.

difference must be recognized between what is transient and permanent in the latter, though it is very difficult to draw the line between the substance and form. Hence the fact, that what to one is only an accidental form of theological demonstration, to another belongs to the essence of the creed, upon which he hangs with all his conscience. No fixed standard has been found, and no deciding law can be established in advance, for the application of the admitted principle. Hence there is a history of theology; a theological movement, which encourages us to anticipate from the honorably conducted strife of conviction the victory of the truth. The necessity of a revision of some articles is conceded; but the line cannot be drawn between subordinate and principal doctrines, unless we believe that both are so closely connected in the creed, that the mere questioning of the former endangers also the permanency of the latter. Experience, moreover, proves that this revision has been applied to the most important doctrines, and is calculated to alter the whole structure of the creed. The opponents admit the necessity of a further development of the confession, and they take the liberty to amend its forms and to modify its contents; but they condemn others who avail themselves of the same Christian freedom, and profess themselves to be *κατ' ἐξοχήν* true to the creed.

“With regard to our own position, we must leave others to judge from what reasons any differences of our Faculty from the doctrines of faith formularized in the Confession are to be explained. The formula has not yet been found, it has been said, in which the need of the Church, which is sure of its possession of salvation, has been reconciled with the claims of science for free inquiry. But this formula never will be found, for here no formula can be of service, either scientific or ecclesiastical.”

In defining, secondly, their relation to the Church, they speak of the undervaluing by these partisans of that Christian feeling which seeks the eternal welfare of men, and their overvaluing the outward visible form of the Church, and the position and importance of the pastoral office. “This view overlooks the fact, that the Apostolic Church received its entire impress from the belief in the near coming of Christ, and that it can be understood in its peculiar typical character only from living in this be-

lief." Kirchlichkeit is but the form of Christlichkeit, and the Faculty is not ashamed of endeavoring to lead only to Christianity.

"Is it then so easy and trifling a matter, this leading to Christianity, considering the poor support, and even hinderances, which are in various ways occasioned in our days by the want of household discipline and piety? We know how easily church people come to the opinion that they alone stand on the real ground of the Church, and that those who are laboring for the advancement of science are only seekers, unsettled, and wavering between the idea and its expression. But no prejudice and no condemnation will rob us of the conviction whose office it is to educate the ministers of the Church,—that it is not enough simply to point to a fixed form of the same, and mechanically transmit it, but that it is necessary to carry back the mind of the future teacher and pastor from its present form to its foundation, to its origin in the power of the Holy Spirit and of faith."

After alluding to the disfavor which the appeal in behalf of Home Missions had found in the camp of the Lutherans, the Faculty proceeds to advocate a spirit of union among Christians.

"In this feeling of union, which is also Christian feeling, the view is indeed extended over the whole of Christendom; not the Lutheran and the Reformed Churches only must be included by it, but the Roman Catholic, the Greek Orthodox, and every society which calls on the name of God and Christ. It is this union feeling which must be kept, if the acknowledgment of the universal Christian Church in the Apostles' Creed shall not become upon our lips falsehood and hypocrisy." *

* The words of Frederika Bremer in her *Letters from America*, which have been recently translated from the Swedish into German, stand in still greater contrast to the general denunciation of our sects, than the sentiments above quoted:—"All Christian sects acknowledge the same God, the same Divine Mediator and Teacher, the same duties, the same love, the same eternal hope. The different churches are different families, proceeding from the same Father, and leading to the blissful mansions in the Father's eternal house. Each has its special mission to fulfil in the kingdom of thought. God has given to men different powers of understanding. Hence arise the unequal modes of viewing and expressing truth. By this the truth gains, in its all-sidedness and entireness. And the great discussion of the highest subjects, which here goes through the different churches and their representatives in the press, is exceedingly important for the development of the religious understanding of the people. It must also lead to increasing insight into the essential points of equality of all Christian confessions, and into the positive in Christianity, and gradually pave the way for a church of universal character, and also for unity of doctrine."

It advocates here a unity "not of doctrine or church government, but of spirit," and warns that church which will isolate itself from the rest, and bury its talent in the earth, to take care that the truth which it has be not taken away.

"In view of all the historical and doctrinal problems which here arise, how can any wish to shut themselves up in the impenetrable security of dogmatic prescription? So long as there is no one, even among the strictest Lutherans, who has earnestly studied the questions here pending, who does not admit that in their present forms they are unclear and imperfect, so long will it be a duty to resume from time to time historic and scientific criticism. That such revision is needed, is proved by the fact that it exists. When critical investigations and historico-genetic researches upon the Church, the Lord's Supper, and the like, are undertaken among us, is it not thereby conceded — altogether independently of their results — that there are questions yet unsettled to be decided, and points to be fixed, by which a movement which has been restricted may be set free, and the way prepared for new and richer development?"

Our age is not called, they say, to make a new creed, though not because the collection of confessions has been closed.

"Not the time of confession, but of deaconship, has dawned upon us. The more the preaching of the Gospel penetrates among the people, the more it is embodied in the catechism and its teaching, in worship and its exercise, in the ordinances of the Church and their administration, and, supported by church-members, becomes a discipline for the people; in one word, the more the present confession shall bear fruit in life, the more will the seed of a new confession grow from this fruit. For creeds are not made, they are given as the reward of practical confession, and an incentive to it. What is also needed is impartial historical discussion of the strictly theological, and especially the confessional questions."

Therefore do they oppose a New Lutheranism which maintains that every doctrine is untrue which contradicts the old tradition.

"There is an egotism of confessions, as well as of nationalities. The one obscures the idea of mankind by making it identical with that of a nation; the other impairs the nature of the church by making confession and church absolutely the same.

Not with phantoms does the Memorial contend; for it is no phantom, that a value begins to be laid upon an outward and dead orthodoxy. It is no phantom, but a too palpable phenomenon, which the Faculty has had more than one occasion to notice, that some people begin to talk very loud about the ordinances of the Church, and less of the salvation of souls, and that personal service and disinterested self-sacrifice fall too far behind the work of official labor. Mindful of the Divine word, that judgment should begin at the house of God, the Faculty reckons also sifting criticism to true love to the Church. An enthusiasm without understanding, a love without examination and discrimination, become untruth and hypocrisy."

Though the Christian name has been denied to some of its members, and though it has been threatened with dismissal from the University, it declares that it will still continue to oppose every one-sidedness, every overvaluing of what is merely external. "In the consciousness of this task and in the work of its fulfilment, the Faculty cannot allow itself to be disturbed by the obvious remark, that a variety of theological gifts and tendencies appears in its members. The entire history of theological science shows that this cannot be otherwise, and it is scarcely otherwise in any Theological Faculty in Germany." Herewith it declares the controversy on its side as at an end, and that it leaves to its individual members, if it shall be necessary, the more particular defence of its principles in detail.

The manner in which the Lutherans have conducted this whole controversy corroborates what has been already said of their character. Their opposition to the doctrines of the Unionists and the Reformed has been often based upon misconception and ignorance. The sermon of a preacher in Schlesien upon the Sacrament, revealed, after it was printed, that the stern Lutheran was in fact a genuine Calvinist. As a chapter upon the Lord's Supper was read before the Lutheran presbyters of Halle and Naumburg, they exclaimed, "That is what we want, the good old doctrine; will we not stake property and life for it?" — but when afterwards it was proved to be a translation from Calvin's Institutes, they could not repress their indignation at the godless Unionists who had deceived them. Such pastors meet in conferences to dictate to the professors, and pass resolutions

which appear to reverse the language of the Apostles, and say, "It seemed good to us and to the Holy Spirit." Not inaptly has the motto from Platen's poem on the frogs in the marsh been applied to them, *Coaxo, ergo sum*. In affirming continually that the Union is defunct, they have been likened to that ship's physician, who pronounced a passenger to be dead that came to life again as he was about to be lowered into the deep; and as he cried out, "I still live," the doctor, with all gravity replied, "Rogue, do you pretend to know better than I?" Their deficiency in knowledge is supplied by denunciation. One of them rejoices that the Lutheran Church has found in Kahnis a champion who fights not as one that beateth the air; and he justifies his bitterness against Nitzsch by the command of Christ, "Have salt in yourselves," adding, by way of explanation, that it is the nature of salt to bite! Rudelbach begins his review of Professor Müller's Sermons with the remark, "One thing the writer wants, which is essential above all else for a Christian preacher, and that is, Christian experience,"—a novel charge to bring against the author of the Christian Doctrine of Sin! The Union has even been called *the church of Judas*; its General Assembly, *a synod of robbers*, where Nitzsch and Müller won bloody laurels, and the members of which were possessed with the Devil. Ströbel asks Stier and his confederates,—

"Have you not understood the history of Christ's passion and resurrection? Your predecessors, the Rationalists, crucified and killed him; then you came with the Union, laid him in the grave, rolled a heavy stone upon it, sealed it, set police and military enough before it—and went away, firmly convinced that the corpse would moulder in the grave. But what happened? The seven thousand who had never bowed the knee to your Baal prayed without ceasing; and lo! Christ broke through stone, seal, and watch; he has arisen and frustrated the craftiness of his enemies. Is not this very vexatious and disagreeable to the Union men? Yes, indeed. If he had only at least have slipped quietly away! But he will prove that he is alive, as a hero who keeps the victory. What now will you do? say 'while we slept'? (Matt. 28.) You have tried in this way again to suffocate Christ. Why remonstrate with us? The risen Saviour and his spirit draw the fatal stroke through your cunning reckoning."

Such is the history of the resurrection of the Lutheran

Christ, which recalls indeed the words, "If any man shall say unto you, Lo, here is Christ, or there, believe it not." The assertion of Luther, which his pseudo-disciples often cite against the Unionists, "You have a different spirit from ours," is more true than they are themselves aware; for they certainly lack the mild spirit of Melancthon, and would hardly recognize the principle, "In essentials unity, in non-essentials liberty, in both charity." In contrast with this animosity and hate, we now see the advantages even of the indifference which has prevailed since the middle of the last century. It contributed at least to wean men from their old bigotry and pride, and by destroying the mutual jealousy between the churches, and withdrawing the attention from the points wherein they disagreed, it enabled them to see and to appreciate what they had in common. These reformists, however, are so much more Lutheran than Luther,* that they would not tolerate his ridicule of Catholicism; and Kahnis's doctrine of the Sacrament is so "pure," that he finds fault with Luther for making the word the main thing and not the fact, and thinks that he never correctly distinguished between what the communion is and what it should be. Dr. Schenkel justly remarks, that this restoration, with its attempts to re-establish the legal institutions of the Church, owes its origin, "not to a divine awakening of faith, but to a human weakness of faith, and what comes from weakness will not work as the power of God." Such persons, therefore, in our community as are rejoicing over the revival of Orthodoxy in Germany, would perhaps do well to inquire first into its character, that they may not resemble those who were so lately triumphing over the Christianity of the Chinese.

The question of the Union, around which the present conflict gathers, is very complicated and difficult, on ac-

* Among the books designed to magnify the "office" in the Church, we notice one entitled "The Office of the Sexton, Directions how to value it rightly and discharge it worthily." And this the People's Paper for City and Country recommends "with real joy of heart, believing it to be the only work of its kind, and that from it the sexton may obtain true respect for his office, since he has probably never known before how great, important, and many-sided it is, and how much reflection it requires"; and it adds, what is doubtless true, that, upon reading it, "we seem to be removed into another age."

count of the mixture of truth and error in the opposite parties. The Lutherans allege that it arose in an age of religious indifference, that it was then introduced by force, and substituted in the place of the two old churches, which were set aside by the police. Its theology, they say, is indefinite, it has neither creed nor catechism, and its articles of belief were published in the year Naught by Nemo in Utopia. The essential mysteries of the faith, the *necessaria*, it has reduced to *adiaphora*; but there are no indifferent matters in religion, and these are the peculiar characteristics of their Church, they are commanded to be faithful in that which is least, and therefore they prefer the name Lutheran to Evangelical, which is a common term of designation for all Christians. When the Augsburg Confession is claimed for the Union, they ask how it happens that a creed which has always been regarded as peculiarly Lutheran has recently been discovered to teach the doctrines of the Unionists. They declare that it is impossible truly to unite confessions which are so fundamentally at variance, and that it is a Sisyphus labor to attempt to harmonize them. The questions, whether regeneration is imparted by baptism or not, whether grace is resistible or irresistible, whether the communicant receives in the sacrament mere bread and wine or the body and blood of Christ, are by no means subordinate, and should not be considered as of inferior consequence. As Catholics exclude Evangelicals from their communion, so they refuse the right hand of fellowship to the Reformed, for nothing can be a duty of love which contradicts the duty of faith. The liturgy of the United Church, they affirm, was formed chiefly under Calvinistic influences, and one clergyman said that his conscience would not permit him even to open the "Agende" in a Lutheran sacristy. In short, they regard the Union as a great crucible, in which the distinctive doctrines of both confessions have been entirely dissolved. It was, too, the product only of this century, and yet the son of the bondwoman presumes to inherit with the son of the free! Against it, they appeal to their ancient legal rights; they want no Church of the future, but one of the past; they take their Christianity from the Church, and not merely from the Bible, and hence they will revive the old statutes and the creeds. They will not join

together what God has put asunder, and they proclaim their war against the Union to be one of life and death.

The Unionists argue, on the other hand, that the two churches should be united, because both sprung from the same source in the Reformation, and because the differences of the Confessions are not greater than the disagreement of Peter and Paul as to circumcision, or of Paul and James as to justification. They do not defend the mode in which the Union was originally established, and they admit that the exclusive patronage of it by its founder has been the principal cause of the present crisis. But they contend that the Reformation was attended with similar bad consequences, that the Union has existed legally in Prussia for nearly forty years, and that especially it should be continued now, for the sake of presenting an unbroken front to Catholicism and infidelity. They deny that it destroys either of the old Confessions, or that it introduces a new one by their side; on the contrary, it will allow each to stand and develop itself independently, insisting only that the points of difference are not fundamental, and that they are far outnumbered by those of agreement. In answer to the charges, that the Union did not exist before 1817, that its theology is indefinite, that it has no creed, and that its members differ among themselves, — the very same which have been brought against Unitarians, — they appeal at once to the apostolic times. They are right in maintaining that the *dissensus* of the Confessions is much inferior to their *consensus*, that the doctrines of the former are not necessary to salvation, and that both creeds need further development; but while insisting, in Prussia, on a union in doctrine as well as in church government and *cultus*, they favor, with regard to the Lord's Supper, the mystical theory of Calvin to the exclusion of that of Zuingli. They have also become more liberal since their adversaries have increased, yet they still rely on force to support their established Church;* they talk of the "divine right" of the

* The New York Independent of January 4, 1855, in a notice of Ledderhose's *Life of Melancthon*, utters the following heresy, which would cause the paper to be confiscated in Germany: — "An American author would have been tempted to represent the Reformers as champions of religious liberty. But this author, being a German, of the pietistic school, as it is called in Germany, and therefore, like Tholuck and Hengstenberg, a devout

Evangelical Union, and love to place themselves between the Catholics on the one side, and the sects on the other. They speak indeed, at times, of a union of all believers, but in practice they limit it to the Lutherans and the Reformed; they advocate a union of confessions rather than of Christians, and we do not read upon their banner the broad doctrine, "One is your master, even Christ, and all ye are brethren." The Lutherans, on the contrary, declare that the state has no right to regulate worship, nor a worldly government to rule the Church of Christ, and they have themselves experienced the inconveniences of a state church; but, after having been looked down upon as a sect, they now announce themselves the only true Church, — a strange pretension for a fragment of the Protestant Church to make, whether Lutheran or Episcopal, — they discourse of the undivided unity of the primitive Church, as though in the apostolic age there were not followers of Paul, of Apollos, of Cephas, and of Christ, and they profess to constitute the true Union between the Catholics and the Reformed. Their recognition of the Catholics would be more laudable, if they were not inclined to the adoption of their doctrines, and if their justice to them was not accompanied by injustice to others. On the 25th of September of the present year will be celebrated the three hundredth anniversary of the Religious Peace of Augsburg, by which equal rights were guaranteed to the Lutheran Confession. This well deserves commemoration as a great victory of Protestantism; but is there not cause also for lamentation, that since that period so little has been won for religious freedom in Germany? The Lutherans themselves, indeed, have had cause to complain of persecution; but if they had had the supreme power, or should now attain it, there would be still less liberty of conscience. The Union has at least encouraged theological science, broken

believer in the king of Prussia, and in the right of the state to legislate on matters of religion, is under no such temptation. Accordingly, he shows very frankly how Luther, Melancthon, and their associates, taught that 'all government is bound before God to *abolish* and *forbid* false doctrine and false worship.' All Protestants ought to know and remember this historic fact. The Reformers did not hold forth, nor did they understand at all, the doctrine of religious liberty, and therefore it was that the Reformation as conducted by them, and as left by them in the hands of the civil power, was to so great an extent a failure."

down the wall of partition between the churches, and done much to promote a spirit of liberality; and though its existence is attended with many evils, its dissolution would be the occasion of far more.

Notwithstanding that the theologians of the right wing of the middle school have proved themselves greatly superior to their antagonists in ability, in learning, and in comprehensiveness of view, the axe was not laid at the root of the evil. The Lutherans maintain that the Reformation was completed, not at the death of Luther, but at the construction of the Concordienformel in 1580, for which Calvinists substitute the Heidelberg Catechism or the Westminster Confession. But it is in the highest degree unprotestant to invest those creeds with binding authority, and it justifies the reproach of the Catholics that the Evangelicals have made of the Augsburg Confession a paper Pope. The distinctive character of Protestantism consists quite as much in the principle as in the doctrines of its faith, and no one has any right to arrest its development at a particular age, and to impose its dogmas upon all that follow. As well might we return in penitence to Rome, and prostrate ourselves before his Holiness, who recently forbade his assembled bishops, archbishops, and cardinals to lose themselves in inquiries concerning the Catholic doctrine, enjoining them to hold fast the belief, that whoever has not fled for safety into the ark of the Church will go down in the flood. They who must seek for salvation in the Church, may perhaps stand in need of a tradition; but they who take Christ alone for their Saviour, will also be content with the Bible for their creed. To order us back to the systems of the sixteenth century, moreover, is to declare the progress of science for the last three centuries to have been all in vain. This cannot be asserted of the natural sciences and of philosophy; and if we would not be bound, with regard to the reading and interpretation of a passage in the classics, by the opinion of the most eminent philologist who lived two hundred years ago, shall we be less scrupulous and critical with the Bible, especially since the correct principles of its interpretation are of so recent date? We are the ancients also in respect to Biblical criticism, and as we inherit the wisdom of the Fathers, the Schoolmen, and the Reformers, our facilities

for rightly understanding the Scriptures are better than theirs. But to insure the possibility of coercing minds in 1855, the exegesis must have been arrested in 1755. Besides, those dogmas are held in their entirety by none at the present day. Julius Müller says that not a single theologian of Germany believes all the doctrines of the Lutheran creed, and Alexander Schweizer affirms that we might search long before discovering an old Calvinistic church on the Continent. And, after all, uniformity is secured no better by going back to the creed than to the Bible, and it is a noteworthy fact, that the lowest rationalism sprang up and flourished among men who had been bound by the symbolical books.

These views are so very obvious, that they are admitted even by strict Evangelical theologians. Rudolph Stier has long been considered, from his Scriptural interpretations, his rigid doctrine of inspiration, and his defence of the Old Testament Apocrypha, a chief representative of orthodoxy, and yet he calls on Lutherans and Calvinists to take away from the Catholics the joy of being able to name them the disciples of a man. Membership of the true Church is determined by the *fides qua creditur* which is implanted in the heart and is manifested in the life, and not by the acceptance of any outward *fides quæ creditur*, "even if it be the apostolic system of doctrine itself in perfect expression." History shows that the contention about the so-called "pure doctrine" has rent and almost overthrown the Church, whereas, according to the Gospel, it is not the doctrine, but the life, that is of consequence, and therefore the one only for the other.

"I freely admit that I do not like the co-ordination of the Holy Scriptures and Apostles' Creed, because the former alone are masters in the Church, and hence the uncertain, questionable article of the descent to hell can and must be judged only by them. The Nicene Creed is, in the development, almost the only one of a tolerably apostolical spirit. The 'Symbolum Quicunque,' however, the first word of which truly and objectionably characterizes it, already shows us as a warning, how the one-sided hard language of the schools will force itself unjustifiably and injuriously into the mouth of the Church as the formula of saving faith. In recognizing and accepting the three œcumenical confessions as perfectly equal, the Reformation was still involved in the old deception of the Scholastics. A highly important testimony

against the Athanasian Creed is the fact, that it not only cannot be spoken at the altar before the congregation, but that it has long become unsuitable in itself alone to guide and regulate the theological doctrine of the Trinity. And lastly, let it not be forgotten what church history records of the origin of the second, and still more of this third, œcumenical confession ! When the words of the schools, which by no means exhaust the words of Scripture, begin to command with a ' *Quicumque vult salvus esse,*' and to construct ' *catholica fides,*' I see a shadow pass already over the visage of the confessing Church. All respect for the Concordienformel as a theological exercise for its times ! we can still learn from it. But to swear upon it after centuries as a confession of faith, as the exclusive creed of the only orthodox Church ? God forbid ! The folly which would make it such has long since been condemned, though fools still arise who will not see it ; it is altogether unchurchly, and the dust of the schools comes from it to the heart, instead of the power of the Gospel."

Professor Müller, also, vividly pictures the evils which must result to the churches and to the clergy from insisting on a fidelity to the creed, and adds : —

"A theology which is bound to the Lutheran or Reformed system of doctrine unavoidably has in this an external limit and authority ; it may subject itself to it as to an ecclesiastical law, but inasmuch as these doctrines were fully developed to a dogmatical system by the theology of the seventeenth century, it must despair of ever producing anything vital or original. Theology absolutely needs for its existence as a science wider room and freer motion than the principles of this confessionism can allow it."

The Göttingen theologians, in upholding the claims of science, have proved themselves indeed worthy successors of the great men who have adorned that University, and they have made good the declaration of Napoleon, that "it belongs to no special state, it belongs not to Germany alone, it belongs to all Europe." They could not indeed do otherwise, without sacrificing their own reputation, the position of their Faculty, and the dignity of their profession. The arguments brought against them were similar to those urged by the Catholics against Luther, and stagnation would certainly ensue, if modern science was to be controlled by the opinions of men who had just begun to emancipate themselves from the superstitions of the Dark Ages. The professors rejected, therefore, the principle of believing only so much of their

religion as they could not understand, but they were unwilling to accept the alternative, either science or the creed. From a belief in an established church, they had not taken the position of the Brownists, that every body of Christians united under a pastor constitutes a church, and in answer to the Lutheran assertion of the sanctity of the altar, they had not replied, that the holy place, if anywhere, was rather that occupied by the congregation, according to the promise of the Saviour to be in the midst of those gathered in his name. They professed to be churchly, like the Lutherans, and claimed to be as faithful to the creed as they. They did not distinguish, as some do, between the pastors, who as judges apply the doctrines of the Church, and the professors, who as legislators revive them; but they endeavored to hold fast to science with the one hand, and yet to keep the Confession with the other. This manifestly contradictory situation, of following a free and ever-progressive science while remaining by a fixed and stationary creed, they thought to justify by the pretext, that they simply developed the doctrines of the confession, and thereby conserved at the same time that they're formed. But by this, they do justice neither to the creed which they alter, nor to science which they restrict. They differ greatly from the old formulas, and claim the right to differ more; yet their creed, forsooth, which is very different, is nevertheless the same!. *Duo cum idem dicunt, non est idem.* Their assertion that they hold to the confession in its spirit, is only an excuse for departing from the letter; but as soon as this is done, it loses at once all binding authority, and, its literal signification being abandoned, its interpretation is left to the caprice of every individual. The new wine which was put into those old bottles has burst them, and why should they preserve the leathern skins? It is in vain to try to believe the Gospel, and at the same time to keep the tradition of the elders. No man can serve two masters.

The concessions made by the Faculty in order to conciliate, will probably only stimulate the Lutherans to greater claims. They had insisted that the professors of a University which must educate the future pastors of an established Lutheran Church, should themselves be also Lutheran. With a single exception, however, all of them were Unionists; Lücke, Gieseler, Redepenning,

and Dorner had been called from Prussia, and Ehrenfeuchter from Baden, and they had not changed their confession with their coin on coming into Hanover. The laws were invoked to suppress, as they are in Prussia to uphold, the Union. The Faculty now admit the principle of their opponents, and pretend even to conform to it. They accord to the Lutheran dogmatics "with joyful conviction" the superiority in theological depth, except in the doctrine of the sacrament, and "willingly recognize the special gifts and offices which the Lord has intrusted to this church." But practically they are non-conformists, they could not stand the test if it should strictly be applied, and, weighed in the balance of the church and of the creed, they would be found wanting. And such is the theological character of the Unionists in general. Their "mediating theology," as they call it, has only served as a bridge to conduct many back to the old systems of belief, and Gerlach, Hengstenberg, and Kaumer are instances of those who have passed from Calvinism through it to the extreme of Lutheranism. Discovering at length the consequences of preaching a moderate orthodoxy, they now endeavor to check the movement they had encouraged; but the spirits which they have raised abandon them, and they become themselves the victims of the converts they had made.* Untenable as is the position occupied by the Old School, it is nevertheless far more definite and consistent than that adopted by the New. We must either rely upon tradition, and go back to the mother Church, or else must trust to individual conviction. There are some who think that a creed is absolutely indispensable; but Protestantism is no fixed theological system, like Catholicism, and it is distrusting the power of truth to doubt

* Dr. Peterson of Gotha, in the December number of the "Protestant Monthly Leaves," asks: "Shall the great service rendered by Schleiermacher, and all those theologians after him, who are now so severely attacked by these advocates of what is external, be ungratefully misjudged? Or do you, who by the help of this mediating theology, have arrived safely upon the rocks of the outward forms of the Church, now wish to knock away and destroy the ladders, as if they were no longer necessary? You yourselves greatly lament the apostasy from the Church; but how shall they be helped, who still stand far from it? In no other way, probably, than you were, by the ladder of the mediating theology; or do you think that you will succeed better, if you pull up the people by the hair on to the rock of the Church?"

the expediency of leaving the Bible freely open to inquiring minds. Statements of belief may indeed be necessary for a church, but these can be published by its leading members, and should never have the force of a *regula fidei*. Since from time to time the proposition has been rendered, that we should at length publicly adopt a confession, and thus abandon the ground on which we have always stood as a denomination, we cannot forbear subjoining the opinions of so great an authority as Schleiermacher on this subject, from which also it can be seen how much less consistent the Unionists are than the master whom they profess to follow.

In his letter to Dr. Von Cölln and Dr. Schulz, in 1831, he wrote :—

“ With the greatest astonishment I have lately read in an article of an academic theologian, that it is the fundamental character of Protestantism to base itself upon unchangeable written foundations, and especially to place the clergy under the law of an inviolable church constitution. It seems to me, in truth, as if I was suddenly enveloped in darkness, and obliged to go to the door, to come out into the free light. And certainly so will many feel who are as little rationalistic as I. If, instead of the noble principle of freedom, that no assembly has the right to establish articles of faith, this other doctrine should be adopted, I would rather be in a church fellowship which allows free inquiry and peaceful controversy, with all rationalists, if they only admit a confession of Christ and from conviction continue to call themselves Christians, and even with those whose forms of doctrine I have most positively spoken against, than be shut up with those others in an intrenchment made by the rigid letter.”

In his work on “ Christian Morals,” he says :—

“ At the time of the Reformation there was good reason for representing faithfully the doctrine as it then was, in order to oppose public calumnies, and with no other intent were our symbolical books composed. But whoever should now desire symbolical books, could desire them only as an authentic explanation of the Scriptures, and as such they are unevangelical.”

In his essay “ On the Binding Authority of the Symbolical Books,” he recommends that every pastor be required to declare his assent to the creeds, so far as they oppose Catholicism, adding : “ In such an obligation, however, it is not at all implied that the positive statements of those doctrines are not capable of improve-

ment, or that they must be always delivered in the same words; it only refers to the particular opposition to the Romish theory and practice."

In the Preface to his "Sermons on the Augsburg Confession," he thus speaks:—

"Often have I heard the question thrown out, whether a written confession was not necessary for the United Church, and with all my strength I have always striven against it, because, however comprehensive it may be made, and however little it may contain, I was always anxious for our well-earned freedom. If a time comes when our clergymen think alike to a more satisfactory degree, they will then also teach alike; and if this is the case already, who should feel the want of a written creed, however conclusive and excellent it might be? For the unanimity will manifest itself far more richly, and in a far more delightful and living manner, when it is seen overruling the individual differences in the various forms of the doctrine itself; whereas the regularly measured and ever-permanent letter of a creed makes only a dry impression."

In his essay on "Synodal Forms of Government," he says:—

"A theologian becomes ripe only by doubt and conflict; that is an old, true, and glorious word. These doubts arise spontaneously in a theology which is influenced by all the scientific investigations of the times, (such as our Protestant theology, thank God, is and ever must be,) and therefore nothing is more desirable than that every opinion should be uttered with all the acuteness and exactness of which it is capable, and that too before the theological youth just in those years of the most living interest, if only it is done seriously and faithfully, by serious, conscientious, and truth-loving men. These truths, to be sure, are well known, and oft repeated, but it seems more necessary now than ever that they should be very often and frankly reiterated, and hence I could not withhold here the confession, that, according to my conviction, Protestant synods would act unconscientiously, if they allowed themselves in any way to be used as tools to restrict the freedom of public theological discussion through the press and from the *cathedra*, a freedom which the Protestant Church cannot do without. When I think that our future synods will attempt to settle by conversations the great controversy between rationalism and supernaturalism, and between mysticism and moral religion, and what is connected with them as subordinate and secondary, I am so afflicted, that I would prefer at any cost, if the law only allowed, to withdraw from such fruitless undertakings."

Lastly, in his "Practical Theology," he declares :—

"It is sometimes said after a controversy, that now is the time to establish a new creed, in order that every one may see what has resulted from it. I maintain that this cannot in the least help us, but will only injure us. Does unanimity exist, we need no creed; for it exists and manifests itself ever anew in the most various forms, and we delight in it far more than when it is expressed in letters. The fact is, *a creed is either injurious or unnecessary*. When a time comes in which it can be used, it becomes injurious; and when the time has come when it can stand without being injurious, it is not necessary; and there is no other alternative in the Evangelical Church besides these two. It is altogether false when people think to be able to create anything in the Evangelical Church by means of the letter. As soon as I observe anything of the kind, I fancy that I am in the Catholic Church, where people say, I believe all that the Holy Church commands: the only difference is, that the authentic dogma is defined somewhat differently, but the true Evangelical spirit is gone, and the Evangelical Church is petrified as hard as the Catholic. The Augsburg Confession is only a statement of what was taught and was to be taught at that time, in order to refute exaggerated misrepresentations. To regard it as binding for all times, is the greatest absurdity that can be conceived of. The Evangelical Church remains Evangelical, only when it takes for granted that its doctrines may be changed by the Biblical exegesis."

The contest of principles daily becomes warmer, and absorbs more and more the public interest. It already forms the chief topic of discussion in all the religious journals, furnishes the subject of debate for the pastoral conferences, and even constitutes the theme of the sermons. Dr. Schenkel has recently published an elaborate work in defence of the Union, Stier has issued a defence of his Un-Lutheran Theses, and Professor Braniss vindicated against Stahl the dignity of philosophy.* The agitation has become so extensive and so radical, assailing the position of pastors, teachers, and professors,

* "The Union Calling of Evangelical Protestantism, demonstrated from the Unity of its Principles, the Separation of its Confessions, and its Historical Development, by Dr. Daniel Schenkel, Ordinary Professor of Theology and First University Preacher in Heidelberg." Heidelberg, 1855. pp. 662.

"Defence of the Un-Lutheran Theses, by Rudolph Stier." Brunswick, 1855. pp. 50.

"The Dignity of Philosophy and its Rights in the Life of the Times. Oration on entering upon the Rectorship, by C. J. Braniss." Berlin, 1854. pp. 30.

denying the right of existence to natural science and to philosophy, unless they enter into the service of the Church, and undermining the foundations of the Union, that it assumes almost a national character, and begins to attract the attention of statesmen and jurists, as well as of theologians. The arguments of these zealous defenders of the truth, however, are far more calculated to retard than to advance its progress. Thus Rudolph Wagner, in an address delivered before the thirty-first meeting of the German natural philosophers and physicians in Göttingen, declared: "More and more have materialistic views gained ground among natural philosophers, and especially physiologists, more and more is faith in a substantial soul disappearing, and those who know how to read the signs of the times perceive that the attempt to resolve psychology into natural science will probably be the task of the nearest future." Yet he thinks to silence the materialists, not by scientific reasoning, but *in majorem Dei gloriam*, with the dogmatic assertion, "There can be no doubt that all historical Christianity, in its deep connection with the creation of man, stands or falls with the affirmation or denial of the doctrines, that all men are descended from one pair, and are created after one original type, and the simplest, plainest Bible faith is destroyed just as much as the entire structure of the doctrinal system of our Church, and our scientific theology is deprived of its basis, so far as it feels itself one with the Church,"—thus making the existence of Christianity dependent upon the literal interpretation of the narrative of Adam and Eve, (which even the Catholic Gobineau refuses to do,) and afterwards establishing a theory of a divisible substance of the soul, which goes even beyond Tertullian. Hengstenberg also argues against the modern view of inspiration, which rejects the verbal theory. "It is in manifest and direct contradiction to the word of the Lord, that the Scripture cannot be broken and contains infallible truth; it is contrary to his example, since he opposed to Satan 'It is written' as a firm and impenetrable shield; it is against the utterance of holy Paul, that all Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is therefore profitable, &c.; and of holy Peter, according to whom the holy men of God spoke as they

were moved by the Holy Spirit." The arguments brought against philosophy we reserve for consideration in another place; but the position and the principles of the three parties in theology are, perhaps, best illustrated by the introductory articles of their journals at the commencement of the present year.

The Evangelical Church Gazette first condemns the "unchristian" alliance of England with France, quoting Deut. vii. 2, 4, against it. "Even so suspicious at least is the second ally of England, Turkey. It is a disgrace that Christians unite with Turks against Christians. 'No Christian, the friend of God,' says Luther, 'can be in the Turks' army, since he would deny Christ and be the enemy of God and his saints; but they are all the Devil's own, and possessed with the Devil, as Mahomet and the Turkish Emperor himself.' From what is here said of those who fight under the Turks, it can easily be conjectured how Luther would judge of those who fight with the Turks." The editor then collects in a note, from Luther's different writings, his invectives against the Turks: "They are 'populus iræ Dei,'—the Turk is in truth nothing else than a real murderer and street-robber." And Dr. Hengstenberg then adds: "The Turk is still the same, with the single difference that the lion has grown old and his teeth have fallen out. But to make up for this his bestiality has even increased. — Russia's Emperor and people are inspired with a deep interest for the brethren of the faith who are pining under the Turkish yoke. For Russia it is a crusade, a holy war.* England, on the other hand, has

* Somewhat different is the opinion of Professor Schaff: "Where is the European power which in the present Oriental conflict has put the interests of Christianity in the foreground, or allowed them a predominating influence over the political ones? One indeed seems to elevate the banner of the cross against the crescent, but only seems so; and, after all, it is only the Greek cross, which is no longer a blooming tree of life, as in the days of the apostles, martyrs, and fathers of the Church, but has become a dead idol and despotic sword, and will tolerate beside it neither the Latin crucifix, nor the Evangelical preaching of the Crucified." Hase, too, remarks: "The orthodox Emperor preaches a holy war, and the Journal of the Cross takes offence at an Antichristian alliance with the Turks; but who, that is not a fool or a hypocrite, doubts that the simple object is the inheritance of the sick man in Constantinople, the possession of that which is again to be the capital of the world, and a policy which is bent on continuing the predominance of an empire which but recently has struck deep wounds into the Protestant, as well as the Catholic Church."

coldly abandoned the fate of its fellow-Christians; it has too little catholic spirit, to recognize in them its brethren. It has helped to suppress their insurrection, and to lay the hard yoke of the Sultan again upon their necks. What it is doing to improve their condition has proceeded only from the original impulses given by Russia. Russia has followed in an elevated manner, during the whole war, the original Christian doctrine, 'Glory to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Ghost.' It has on every occasion spoken with the Psalmist (Ps. xliv. 7). It has carried the word of the prophet in its heart, 'Blessed is the man who trusteth in the Lord, and maketh the Lord his confidence.' France's edicts and reports, on the contrary, are full of vain boasting and vaunting, and the Lord of hosts is scarcely ever thought of in them. In England, indeed, many hands are raised in prayer to the Lord, and it has also kept a fast day by public authority; but in its public reports and decrees, the name of the Lord is thought of only incidentally and as if by stealth. It seems as if it were afraid to give the honor to its Creator, and to put itself on the rock foundation of the Christian faith. Finally, those who stand firmly on the ground of Rom. xiii. cannot wish that Russia, in whom they see a bulwark against the floods of revolution in opposition to the government which is by the grace of God, shall go forth weakened out of this war. That France, whose government rests on the loose foundation of the sovereignty of the people,* and has nothing else to oppose to revolution than physical force, is not suited to supply its place, is clear. And how little England can do so, that has never recovered from the shock which the Scriptural principles of government experienced from the revolution, is manifest from the fact, that in one of its conservative journals, Blackwood's Magazine, the July number, the subjects of the king of Prussia are openly called upon to rise

* The New Prussian Gazette of January 31, 1855, said: "The people of Prussia do not make the policy of Prussia. No, God be thanked, we are not yet come to this, that the people of Prussia make politics, and that its government allows a war to be forced upon it by the wild roarings of popular assemblies, by the bawlings of drunken beer-drinkers, and by a venal press." Two days afterwards the New Halle Gazette exclaimed: "God be praised, that we have escaped from the constitutional humbug, and have come again to commit to our king more power than to the Chambers, and to regard his ministers as responsible chiefly to him, and not to the wavering, uncertain majority of a Chamber."

against their king, and not to suffer 'their country to be degraded to a satellite of Russia, merely because its empress happens to be the sister of the king.' That surely is to violate the first commandment of the law which has the promise, 'Thou shalt honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.' "

With reference to the new Catholic dogma, Dr. Hengstenberg says: "Were we absolute enemies of the Catholic Church, we should rejoice over a measure, by which, as we believe, a deep wound has been inflicted upon it. But as we must see in it a part of the universal Church of Jesus Christ, so long as it stands on the basis of the three confessions of Christendom on earth, we can only be deeply afflicted by it, remembering that, when one member suffers, all the members suffer with it." He then makes an attack upon Dr. Hupfeld, as disreputable as that he once made upon his predecessor, Dr. Gesenius, because in his "Sources of Genesis," which was originally published in Nitzsch's and Müller's Periodical, he declares the old theory of inspiration to be incompatible with science, and thinks that the story of the tower of Babel was a myth. "And this book stood originally in a paper which professes to be the organ of a believing theology, and its publishers have taken a share of responsibility for it! According to this, yes and no seems to be not bad, but good theology. It is no better in Halle than in Göttingen." He then denounces Ewald for his humanitarian views of Jesus, in the last volume of his *History of the People of Israel*, which is entitled "History of Christ and his Times," and which well deserves the attention of our readers. The religious editor remarks: "The old serpent spake, 'Ye shall be as gods,' and Ewald repeats it after him, unmindful of the warning of the Apostle, 2 Cor. xi. 3." Our Aristarchus next makes an assault upon the licentiate of theology, Riehm, because, in accordance with the great majority of modern scholars, he does not accept the Mosaic authorship of Deuteronomy simply because its title says it is the Fifth Book of Moses. "A young vicar begins his course with an attack upon the genuineness of a book, from which the Lord in Matt. iv. thrice drew his weapons against the attacks of Satan, thereby ordering his Church to keep it holy" (!), and

then, as if irritated by the author's spirit of candor and impartiality,* continues his reproaches in language too disgraceful for us to transcribe. He afterwards directs his weapons against the "absorptive Union," advising its enemies not to desert, but to remain in it and to rupture it,† and then opposes the "artificial" theory of Calvin upon the Sacrament. "This we think we must remark here the more, as formerly we ourselves, looking too one-sidedly upon the letter, have ascribed too great significance to the Calvinistic doctrine." In respect to the small differences of the Confessions, he quotes, "Whosoever shall break one of these least commandments," &c., he recommends the Lutherans to appeal to the law rather than to the majority, and closes by complacently quoting the sixty-fourth Psalm.

It is refreshing to turn from such remarks to the preamble of Dr. Nitzsch, in the German Periodical for Christian Science and Christian Life, which thus concludes:—

"Let them resolve in free conferences that the decisions of the Church upon the Trinity and Christology are absolutely and finally settled, but let them only see how the theologians most eminent in speculative dogmatics, Müller, Liebner, Thomasius,

* In his excellent Preface to "The Legislation of Moses in the Land of Moab," which is dedicated to Dr. Hupfeld and Dr. Umbreit, the author nobly says: "The knowledge of the truth and the advancement of the kingdom of God stand for me high above all personal interest. But one reproach let none make to me, that my critical opinions had their deepest root in the infidelity of the heart. He alone could rightly say this, who thinks it an essential element of his faith, that he must adopt the traditional views of the Bible as his own. To controvert a traditional opinion upon the authorship of a book, is not to counteract its canonicity. Let it be considered, that when the validity of a book as a testimony of divinely revealed truth is made dependent upon its composition by never so great a man designated by the tradition, this is manifestly placing human authority above divine truth. Even if criticism should come to the result, that this or that book of the Bible did not contain divinely revealed truth, it would not on that account be an unbelieving criticism. For certainly this does not belong to the essence of our faith, that we must regard the Bible just as it has been transmitted to us as a law of faith, every part and sentence of which demands unconditional acceptance. The subjecting all reason to the obedience of Christ still retains its full rights. He who has experienced on his heart the word of God as a word of spirit and of power will not need for his faith the rotten, secondary support of a dead-letter belief; but he will believe the Bible, even if he does not believe on the Bible."

† Schenkel, however, remarks, if the differences of the Confessions are fundamental, then those Lutherans only are consistent who aim at the establishment of a separate Lutheran Church, "and here also the principle applies, that an open enemy is better than a doubtful friend."

Dorner, stand in regard to them. If all the most celebrated names in German theology at the present day, even those that are opposed to one another, should be classed together, not one would be found among them whom Bishops of London or Exeter would not have to put upon their Index. May the dignity and firmness with which the Theological Faculty in Göttingen has now a second time answered the charges brought against it by a misled 'office' spirit, speak and work as a sign of the good rights and conscience of German theology."

Most forcibly, however, is this party of reaction characterized by the Protestant Church Gazette: —

"To calumniate the Reformed, to overturn the Union, to despise science, these are the first signs of a genuine Lutheran; creed and office, these are the two beatitudes, and whoever will be great in the kingdom of the Lutheran Church must know nothing but the Catechism. Stahl has commanded science to turn about, and, behold, science turns right about. A theological literature floods the book-market, which knows nothing of the entire scientific results of the last hundred years; a race of theological teachers and students is growing up, in whom is to be seen nothing of the spirit of science, and whoever has inherited too large a patrimony of the mischievous reason, should take care how he comes near the Protestant theology. In the schools, it is not necessary that science should turn about; for it is not permitted to enter, and pupils and teachers are so much occupied with reading the Bible and learning the Catechism, that it has no opportunity to spring up. The last century, with its philosophy and theology, with its classic poems and hymns, is struck out of the history of the world, and the confessional views of the seventeenth century are everywhere dug up. Everything which is old and Lutheran is revived, however repugnant to good taste and preposterous it may be. To have republished an old ecclesiastical regulation, to have discovered a variation in the text of the Lutheran Catechism, to have restored a hymn of the seventeenth century with all its violation of taste, these are now the merits of men of science. Soon the pulpits will re-echo with sermons, such as Lutheran champions of the faith thundered out two hundred years ago; and the school-boys in the streets will repeat the formulas of the Lutheran Catechism. This is Lutheranism admirably restored; though its restoration, to be sure, is more important to it than its Lutheranism. Authority, — that is what is wanted, and for this mere Lutheranism is not sufficient. Hence the Lutheran restoration looks enviously at her more successful Romish sister, and longs for her dominion and means of sway. Hence arise — from this unconscious longing — under Protestant names so many unprot-

estant things, that whoever looks rightly upon them, and applies the respective Romish names, and recalls all that is connected with their birth, must wonder at the great resemblance which the Protestant Church will have to her Romish sister. Hence, also, some are so intensely absorbed in the divine authority of the office, that they come forth from their meditations with the full priestly unction. Leo in the *People's Paper*, and Vilmar in the Hesse regulations, already show the priestly hands, which have been consecrated to receive the returning Protestant Church. Already some are going round among us, on whom can be seen the unction which has been laid on, and that the episcopal succession sticks in their limbs. Even if it does not all turn out right, the good-will is there to imitate the Romish Church. The ecclesiastical restoration is carried out in all directions, and with all means. Under the protection of the conservative interests, it suppresses all free movement in the Church, and regulates in such a manner as to prevent all free separation from the Church, so that, notwithstanding all religious freedom, the free churches with their faith are still intrusted to the wisdom of a policeman, and their civil existence is made dependent on the discretion of an alderman.* This is the substance of all our church history."

As the Lutherans declare that an act of communion is an act of confession, the sacrament will probably soon be made the chief object of dispute, and the Lord's Supper, which was originally designed to be a bond of unity and love, will again become the occasion of alienation and strife.

We have some suggestions to add to this summary review of the relations of parties, and some application to make of the lesson to ourselves; but we must defer them to the next number of this journal.

E. J. Y.

* The wardens of the "Christian Catholic Society" of Breslau, in a statement published in the *Berlin Voss. Gazette* of February 1, 1855, complain that the money which they had collected at the doors of their meeting-house for the objects of their society had been confiscated, because they have no corporate rights, which it is impossible for them to obtain. They complain, that, under the pretext of their being a political society, their wives and children are excluded from their meetings; yet they had stated in the first article of the declaration which they made to the government, "The object of our society is religious and moral culture, and a life corresponding to it,—it is therefore a religious society"; and they add, that they could not have discussed politics at their meetings, which were always watched over by police. They conclude by saying, that new doctrines have always been opposed, under the charge of being dangerous to the state.

ART. II. — FACTORY LIFE, — ITS NOVELS AND ITS FACTS.*

ENGLISH fiction has of late years borne rather more a practical than a sentimental stamp. It would be somewhat curious to trace the gradual revolution which has been wrought, and to notice the different phases which have been exhibited by this branch of polite literature. "Clarissa," "Pamela," "Sir Charles Grandison," could not now delight an English public. "Tom Jones," "Amelia," and "Jonathan Wild" have had their day. "The Mysteries of Udolpho," and "The Children of the Abbey," are hardly remembered. Sir Walter Scott accomplished a great good, when he turned the current of fictitious literature into new and better courses, by his forcible delineations of the historical personages of his own and other lands, and his lively portraiture of the scenes of what is now, by his labors, almost classic ground. What he has done in this respect, in regard to the men of the past, of history, or perhaps of tradition, later novelists have done in regard to the men of the present. Position and rank have been found to be not the only subjects for the pen of the romancer. Humble life has its poetry and romance too. The picture of imaginary woe has given place to that of real misery. The love-story has become subordinate to the inculcation of theories of philosophy and religion, or the presentation of schemes of philanthropy. Fiction has forsaken its first object, to please, and seeks now to instruct. And scarcely a novel issues from the English press at this day, but has some religious theory to maintain, or some practical benefit to suggest, or some great abuse to overthrow. If argument fails, illustration and narrative must be brought into requisition. Protestantism, philanthropy, chartism, judicial reform, factory-strike remedies, and the like, are now not only subjects for grave discussion; they have become the *succedaneum* of a novel. The occupation of the preacher and politician has gone over to the novelist. We hardly know, as we open a new

* 1. *Hard Times*. By CHARLES DICKENS. New York. 1854.

2. *North and South*. By the Author of "Mary Barton," "Cranford," etc. New York. 1855.

story, whether we have in our hands a homily or a tale. At any rate, there is no one but feels that all this is pleasant to take in the form in which it is offered. Sugar-coated pills are certainly more agreeable than the original aloe mixture. If one does not like to be convinced, he is willing to be entertained and amused, even if Puseyism and the Chancery Court are the objects to be ridiculed. One thing at least is certain; it is easier to read a novel than to study political economy or theology, and while there are few who are willing to toil along the hard and difficult path of truth, there are thousands ready to lounge along the broad highway.

Not that we would, by any means, disparage the prevailing character or value of such works of fiction, or detract from their influence. We are glad to see those, whose only purpose seemed to be to make us laugh, fairly engaged in an enterprise to make us more truly alive to the wants of our humanity. We firmly believe that fiction can be made an excellent medium for communicating truth. The increasing earnestness of our fiction is a good sign. It betokens something better than what we have before witnessed. It certainly is as well for Saul to be a prophet as a herdsman, if he has the prophetic gift, and in his new vocation we are more disposed to encourage him to persevere, than to mock him for his change of business. If the novelist can teach us to be more faithful to those who ask our help, can infuse into us a purer love for the right, and can quicken our sympathy with the weak and the wronged, we are glad to be so influenced. Let us by all means have all the help we can get in the ceaseless conflict with evil in which we are engaged, if that help is offered us in sincerity and truth. We would not reject an ally, provided he comes with clean hands.

The English factory system has come in for a share of the novelists' attention. The passion and pathos of factory life have found at last their chroniclers. Even amid the clang and clatter of machinery, there is humanity, with its hopes and loves, its fears and woes, working and struggling for greater results than those accomplished by the material forces around them. There is something besides mere facts, statistical tables, reports of Parliamentary commissions, and the like. There is

human affection, and human need to be supplied, human nature, with its deep and wide and high capacity. Unpromising as a factory town may appear at first sight in aught that seems like romance, no place is really more promising. Life is intense, work is carried on sometimes from the very highest motives, and a character grows up beautiful and noble in many of its traits. From what has fallen under our own observation, and has come to our knowledge, we are satisfied — and we think we shall satisfy our readers by and by — that there is that in the life of our own manufacturing towns, and in the history of many of our factory operatives, which demands the admiration of all who regard self-denial and self-sacrifice as qualities to be commended. Human nature is the same all over the world. Human life has its sorrows and joys everywhere. There is not so wide a difference between English and American life as might be supposed. The factory life of the two countries is, in some respects, similar, — if not the outward, then the inward. New England may furnish greater comforts and better wages than Old England, but in both are men and women vastly like each other in their essential nature, and if anything for the novelist can be gathered here, there is as good a harvest there. We are not surprised, that it should have attracted the eye of genius, and that the revelation of its richness should have been made. There could not be a better opportunity for the manifestation of that characteristic of English fiction to which we have alluded.

The two books before us are among the most noticeable of those which have undertaken to improve this opportunity. One is by Dickens, the other by Mrs. Gaskell, the well-known author of "*Mary Barton*." Both were published at first in "*Household Words*," — a journal exceedingly beneficial in its whole scope and aim, and peculiarly high-toned, with but few exceptions, in its character. It was a new field for Dickens to enter upon, this of factory life, and perhaps not so well suited to his light and jovial genius. Yet he has been entirely successful in it. And if we feel that the book is graver and more serious than is the author's wont, we must remember that his subject reaches farther down into the sorrows of life than even he is accustomed to go.

There is little that is humorous in the scenes he had to describe. Yet his exquisite genius by no means failed him. He deserves in this, as in his other books, the meed of having faithfully performed his work.

Still we think Mrs. Gaskell has produced a much better book. It is deeper in feeling, more earnest, and altogether more skilfully and compactly put together. In each book the plot is very simple, and naturally developed. But Mrs. Gaskell has the advantage of much better characters; at least she has drawn them more finely. We remember the sensation which "*Mary Barton*" occasioned, on its first appearance, among novel-readers. We think that "*North and South*" will be even better appreciated, — as it deserves to be, — judging more from the impression left upon us. Both Dickens's and Mrs. Gaskell's leading characters are taken from the same positions in the town. A mill-owner, whom the heroine marries, and an operative, with their usual surroundings, are foremost in both. Yet Mrs. Gaskell's manufacturer is very far superior in all the traits of a manly character to Dickens's. Our heroine is far more a woman, and her type of an operative of a much stronger build, both mentally and physically. A slight sketch of the two books will show our statement to be well founded.

Dickens introduces us at once to his factory village and its inhabitants. Coketown is the name given to the place, a mass of machinery, with men tied to it. Mr. Josiah Bounderby is the principal mill-owner, banker, merchant, what not. Mr. Thomas Gradgrind, a year or two younger, is his friend, and is what is called a practical man, — "with a rule and a pair of scales, and the multiplication-table always in his pocket, sir, ready to weigh and measure any parcel of human nature, and tell you exactly what it comes to." On such principles or rules he brings up his family, only two of whom are prominent, Thomas junior, and Louisa; Mrs. Gradgrind, a woman completely dazed by the "eminently practical" details of everything pertaining to the household, being rather unceremoniously treated in her lifetime, and summarily at last shuffled out of the narrative. Louisa, having been brought up under such auspices, and with her better nature constantly rebelling against the theories of her so-called education, and proving them false, is given

at a marriageable age to Mr. Bounderby for a wife, according to the law "in such cases made and provided." Mr. Bounderby himself is a hard-hearted and coarse-grained man, with shrewdness enough to make money, and selfishness enough to keep it,—a bloat of pride and ignorance, continually swelling himself by making false comparisons between the wealth of his manhood and the poverty of his early years. With such a man, older than her father, the young wife can have no sympathy. Being really better than her training, she is dissatisfied and tired of her life. The monotony is broken by the arrival of a smart London gentleman, who has come to Coketown to stand for the borough, and to cram for his parliamentary speeches, in the event of his election. Mr. James Hart-house is keen enough to see how matters are between the parties, and quickly avails himself of the opportunity of making a conquest, more by way of variety than with mischievous intent. Louisa narrowly escapes his wiles, leaves Mr. Bounderby's house, and returns to her father, sadly weakening his practical theory of life. That is completely demolished by the disgraceful conduct of young Tom, euphoniously called *a whelp*, who is taken into Mr. Bounderby's employ, robs his bank, and is finally sent off to America. With these are connected a circus establishment, from which a little girl, Sissy Jupe, who grows up to be the best character of the book, is taken by Mr. Gradgrind and adopted, after the disappearance of her father, who mysteriously takes himself off at the commencement; Mr. Bounderby's house-keeper, whose position and aim we hardly understand; and Mr. Bounderby's mother, whom he has disavowed, and who annually comes up to Coketown from some obscure village, to admire at a distance her too fortunate son. Stephen Blackpool is the name that serves for an operative, who, what with a drunken and profligate wife, to whom he pays money that she may let him alone, and the unfeeling treatment which he receives from Bounderby, and also from his fellow-workmen engaged on "a strike," finds it "a' a muddle"; Rachael is a female operative, whom Stephen loves, making matters worse; and Bitzer, a rascally porter of Mr. Bounderby, finishes the list. The different classes of a Coketown population are thus represented. They all combine to teach the

moral of the book, that there is somewhat beside fact in the most material part of human life. Let us give it in Dickens's own stirring words:—

"Four hundred and more hands in this mill; two hundred and fifty horse steam-power. It is known to the force of a single pound-weight what the engine will do; but not all the calculators of the national debt shall tell me the capacity for good or evil, for love or hatred, for patriotism or discontent, for the decomposition of virtue into vice, or the reverse, at any single moment, in the soul of one of these its quiet servants, with the composed faces and the regulated actions. There is no mystery in it. There is an unfathomable mystery in the meanest of them, for ever. Supposing we were to reserve our arithmetic for material objects, and to govern these awful unknown quantities by other means."

The chief interest of "North and South" gathers around the fortunes of Margaret Hale,—a fine womanly character, and finely delineated,—the daughter of a clergyman of the Church of England, who, having doubts of Episcopacy, nobly resigns his charge, and quits his profession, thus being compelled to leave his parish at Helstone, a beautiful village in the South of England, and remove to Milton, a manufacturing town in the North, where he finds pupils and engages in teaching. The other members of the family are Mrs. Hale, a woman in weak health, who dies not long after the removal to Milton; Frederic, a son, a young man of high spirit, who engages in a mutiny at sea, on board a national vessel, and is compelled to stay out of England in consequence; and an old female servant, Dixon. Mr. Hale has, as his principal pupil, Mr. John Thornton, a master manufacturer, leasing his mill from Mr. Bell, an Oxford Fellow, Margaret's godfather. Margaret has an aunt and cousins in London, and a suitor, Mr. Henry Lennox, who is too precipitate in his suing, and receives a refusal. Mr. Thornton has a mother, strong-minded and firm, and a sister Fanny, weak-minded and pliant, living with him. He himself is a man of remarkable independence of character, and of great energy, honor, and truthfulness. Margaret's society has a powerful influence upon him, draws his esteem, and awakens his affection. She, educated with a prejudice against tradesmen and manufacturers, before she has learned the real manliness

of her second suitor, rejects his proffered love with some degree of scorn, but afterwards, subsequent to the death of her father and Mr. Bell, who bequeaths to her his property, helps Mr. Thornton out of a pecuniary difficulty, and accepts with a genuine womanly feeling his renewed proposals. With these, in a very natural manner, is connected the operative, Nicholas Higgins, who conceals a rare tenderness of heart beneath a rude and uncouth exterior. Higgins's family consists of two daughters, one dying of consumption, and, at a later stage of the narrative, of the children of a fellow-operative, who committed suicide to escape starvation during a strike. Out of the common incidents of factory life, as exhibited by means of these persons,—including, of course, a strike, during which Margaret, by a sudden act of great boldness, saves Mr. Thornton from imminent danger,—is woven a tale of absorbing interest and of rare purity and power. Its moral, if any it have, is to be found in what Mr. Thornton gradually discovered to be true, that employers and employed, masters and men, stand in a relation, not of mutual hostility, but of mutual dependence, and that the duty of each to the other is not to contend, but to help. While there are, on both sides, prejudice, a want of sympathy, a feeling that each is striving to gain advantage over the other, strikes necessarily take place. They can never be prevented till both parties see that manhood is greater than machinery, and that human rights are more to be taken into account than rules of trade.

The contrast between the character of Mr. Bounderby and that of Mr. Thornton may best be observed by noticing the difference in their manner of speaking of themselves. In the course of each book, each manufacturer tells the story of his advancement from early life. Mr. Bounderby's boastful coarseness and false humility come out in every word he utters. He is telling Mr. Gradgrind of himself.

"My mother left me to my grandmother," said Bounderby, "and according to the best of my remembrance, my grandmother was the wickedest and the worst old woman that ever lived. She kept a chandler's shop, and kept me in an egg-box. That was the cot of *my* infancy. As soon as I was big enough to run away, of course I ran away. Then I became a young

vagabond, and instead of one old woman knocking me about and starving me, everybody of all ages knocked me about and starved me. I pulled through it, though nobody threw me a rope. Vagabond, errand-boy, laborer, porter, clerk, chief manager, small partner, Josiah Bounderby of Coketown. Those are the antecedents and the culmination. Josiah Bounderby of Coketown learnt his letters from the outsides of the shops, Mr. Gradgrind, and was first able to tell the time upon a dial-plate, from studying the steeple-clock of St. Giles' Church, London, under the direction of a drunken cripple, who was a convicted thief and an incorrigible vagrant. Tell Josiah Bounderby of Coketown of your district schools, and your model schools, and your whole kettle-of-fish schools; and Josiah Bounderby of Coketown tells you plainly, all right, all correct, — he had n't such advantages, — but let us have hard-headed, solid-fisted people, — the education that made him won't do for everybody, he knows well, — such and such his education was, however, and you may force him to swallow boiling fat, but you shall never force him to suppress the facts of his life."

All this boisterous story is a pure fabrication, for the mother whom he had disowned had tended his infancy and childhood with the greatest care, had pinched herself that her son might have a business training, and had followed him with affection, even when he had cast her off, as unsuited to him in his wealthy state.

Mr. Thornton's modest and manly narrative, as he tells it to Margaret and her father, upon one of his visits to them, is in admirable contrast to Bounderby's balderdash:—

"Sixteen years ago, my father died under very miserable circumstances. I was taken from school, and had to become a man (as well as I could) in a few days. I had such a mother as few are blest with; a woman of strong power, and firm resolve. We went into a small country town, where living was cheaper than in Milton, and where I got employment in a draper's shop. Week by week, our income came to fifteen shillings, out of which three people had to be kept. My mother managed so that I put by three out of these fifteen shillings regularly. This made the beginning; this taught me self-denial. Now that I am able to afford my mother such comforts as her age rather than her own wish requires, I thank her silently on each occasion for the early training she gave me. Now, when I feel that in my own case it is no good luck, nor merit, nor talent, — but simply the habits of life which taught me to despise indulgences not thoroughly earned, — indeed, never to think twice about them, —

I believe that this suffering, which Miss Hale says is impressed on the countenances of the people of Milton, is but the natural punishment of dishonestly enjoyed pleasure at some former period of their lives. I do not look on self-indulgent sensual people as worthy of my hatred; I simply look upon them with contempt for their poorness of character."

This is the way in which the two men talk in private, about themselves. Let us hear what they have to say respecting their workmen. Mr. Bounderby describes Coketown to Mr. James Harthouse:—

"First of all, you see our smoke. That's meat and drink to us. It's the healthiest thing in the world in all respects, and particularly for the lungs. If you are one of those who want us to consume it, I differ from you. We are not going to wear the bottoms of our boilers out any faster than we're wearing 'em out now, for all the humbugging sentiment in Great Britain and Ireland. Now, you have heard a lot of talk about the work in our mills, no doubt. You have? Very good. I'll state the fact of it to you. It's the pleasantest work there is, and it's the lightest and the best-paid work there is. More than that, we could n't improve the mills themselves, unless we laid down Turkey carpets on the floors. Which we're not going to do. Lastly, as to our hands. There's not a hand in this town, sir, man, woman, or child, but has one ultimate object in life. That object is, to be fed on turtle-soup and venison with a gold spoon. Now, they're not agoing—none of 'em—ever to be fed on turtle-soup and venison with a gold spoon."

He has occasion afterwards to say, that the hands "are a set of rascals and rebels whom transportation is too good for." "Show me a dissatisfied hand," he says again, "and I'll show you a man that's fit for anything bad, I don't care what it is."

Mr. Thornton's opinion of his workmen, though not expressed so coarsely as Mr. Bounderby's, is yet not many removes from it in its essential meaning. A strike is impending in Milton. Mr. Thornton calls upon Mr. Hale, and discusses with him and Margaret the relative position of master and man. They are impressed with the antagonism and hostility between employers and employed, as exhibited upon the surface of the Milton life, and Margaret suggests that the manufacturers forget that the men have "human rights," and, if weak, are to be treated with tenderness rather than with tyranny. Mr. Thornton says:—

" 'I agree with Miss Hale so far as to consider our people in the condition of children, while I deny that we, the masters, have anything to do with the making or keeping them so. I maintain that despotism is the best kind of government for them ; so that in the hours in which I come into contact with them I must necessarily be an autocrat. I will use my best discretion — from no humbug or philanthropic feeling, of which we have had rather too much in the North — to make wise laws and come to just decisions in the conduct of my business, which shall work for my own good in the first instance, for theirs in the second : but I will neither be forced to give my reasons, nor flinch from what I have once declared to be my resolution. Let them turn out ! I shall suffer as well as they ; but at the end they will find I have not bated nor altered one jot. . . . You suppose that our men are puppets of dough, ready to be moulded into any amiable form we please. You forget that we have only to do with them for less than a third of their lives ; and you seem not to perceive that the duties of a manufacturer are far larger and wider than those merely of an employer of labor ; we have a wide commercial character to maintain, which makes us into the great pioneers of civilization.'

" 'It strikes me,' said Mr. Hale, smiling, 'that you might pioneer a little at home. They are a rough, heathenish set of men, these Milton men of yours.'

" 'They are that,' replied Mr. Thornton. 'Rose-water surgery will not do for them. Cromwell would have made a capital mill-owner, Miss Hale. I wish we had him to put down this strike for us.' "

It is but due to Mr. Thornton to say, that, after the strike was over, and his business had become once more settled, his opinions were modified. He allowed himself and his workmen to have more and freer intercourse with each other, learned the lesson of mutual dependence and mutual help, and began to find that duty as well as interest counselled peace, and not warfare. Gradually master and man were enabled "to look upon each other with far more charity and sympathy, and bear with each other more patiently and kindly." The consequence was, that Mr. Thornton and his workmen began to consult each other in matters of practical reform, and together and harmoniously carried out their schemes for making life easier, and increasing the comforts and good of each other. Mr. Thornton was no longer feared as a strict and hard master, but admired as a man of honor and integrity, and loved for the real manliness of his character.

His orders were better filled, his work better done, even to voluntary over-working, and when the time of his trial came, and bankruptcy stared him in the face, Margaret's material aid was increased by the workmen's ready sympathy, and both saved the manufacturer from failure.

Justice to the operatives demands that they should be heard in the trial of their case. Stephen Blackpool and Nicholas Higgins shall be their spokesmen. We will let them tell their opinion of themselves and the masters. When Mr. Bounderby called his operatives "a set of rascals and rebels," it was at an interview with Stephen, at which Mr. Harthouse and Mr. Bounderby were present. Stephen himself had been proscribed by his fellow-workmen for not joining the "Union" for a strike.

"'Nay, ma'am,' said Stephen Blackpool, addressing himself to Louisa, 'not rebels, nor yet rascals. Nowt o' th' kind, ma'am, nowt o' th' kind. They've not doon me a kindness, as I know and feel, but God forbid as I, that ha' ett'n and droonken wi' 'em, an seet'n wi' 'em, an toil'n wi' 'em, and lov'n 'em, should fail for to stan' by 'em wi' th' truth, let 'em ha' doon to me what they may! They're true to one another, faithfoo' to one another, 'fectionate to one another, e'en to death. Be poor among 'em, be sick among 'em, grieve among 'em for onny o' th' monny causes that carries grief to th' poor man's door, an they'll be tender wi' yo, chrisen wi' yo. They'd be riven to bits, ere ever they'd be different.'

"'What,' said Mr. Bounderby, folding his arms, 'do you people, in a general way, complain of?'

"'Look round town, [replied Stephen,] so rich as't is, and see th' numbers o' people as has been broughten into bein heer, fur to weave, an to card, an to piece out a livin', aw the same, one way, somehow, 'twixt their cradles an their graves. Look how we live, an wheer we live, an in what numbers, an by what chances, an wi' what sameness; an look how the mills is awlus a goin', an how they never works us no nigher to onny distant object,—ceptin awlus, Death. Look how yo considers of us, an writes of us, an talks of us, an goes up wi yor deputations to Secretaries o' State 'bout us, an how yo are awlus right, an we awlus wrong, an nev'r had no reason in us sin ever we were born. Who can look on 't, sir, and fairly tell a man 't is not a muddle?'

"'Sir, I canna, wi' my little learnin' an my common way, tell th' genelman what will better au this, but I can tell him what I know never will do 't. The strong hand will never do 't.

Vict'ry and triumph will never do 't. Agreeing fur to make one side unnatrally an awlus an for ever right, an toother side unnat'rally an awlus an for ever wrong, will never, never do 't. Nor yet lettin alone will never do 't. Not drawin nigh to folk wi' kindness an patience an cheery ways, will never do 't till th' sun turns t' ice. Last of aw, ratin 'em as so much power, an reg'latin 'em, as if they was figures in a loom, or machines; wi'out loves and likins, wi'out memories an inclinations, wi'out souls to weary an souls to hope,—when aw goes quiet, draggin on wi' 'em as if they 'd nowt o' th' kind, an when aw goes onquiet, reproaching 'em fur their want o' sitch humanly feelins in their dealins wi' yo,—this will never do 't, sir, till God's work is onmade."

Nicholas Higgins is a far more decided and independent character, and speaks his mind with greater freedom. He has more intelligence, and a sturdier firmness, and is a leader among the operatives in their strike. Still he is a man of great gentleness at heart, and will do for others a great deal more than for himself. We are more concerned with him now, however, in the matter of the grievances of the "hands," than in that of his own disposition and tendencies. He does not hesitate to speak of Mr. Thornton and the other masters as though he thought them tyrants. He thus explains to Margaret, who has called in to see Bessy, his sick daughter, why the workmen strike:—

" 'Why, yo see, there 's five or six masters who have set themselves again paying the wages they 've been payin' these two years past and flourishin' upon, and gettin' richer upon. And now they come to us, and say we 're to take less. And we won't. We 'll just clem to death first; and see who 'll work for 'em then. They 'll have killed the goose that laid them the golden eggs, I reckon. . . . I tell yo, it 's their part—their cue as some folks call it—to beat us down, to swell their fortunes; and it 's ours to stand up and fight hard—not for ourselves alone, but for them round about us—for justice and fair play. We help to make their profits, and we ought to help to spend 'em. We 're gotten money laid by; and we 're resolved to stand and fall together; not a man on us will go in for less wages than th' Union says is our due. So I say 'hooray' for the strike, and let Thornton and Slickson and Hamper and their set look to 't."

" 'Thornton!' said Margaret, 'Mr. Thornton of Marlborough Street?'

" 'Ay! Thornton o' Marlboro' Mill, as we call him.'

“ ‘What sort of a master is he?’ ”

“ ‘Did yo ever see a bulldog? Set a bulldog on his hind legs, and dress him up in a coat and breeches, and yo ’re just gotten John Thornton. . . . Let John Thornton get hold on a notion, and he ’ll stick to it like a bulldog; yo might pull him away wi’ a pitchfork ere he ’d leave go. He ’s worth fightin’ wi’, is Thornton, — an obstinate chap every inch on him, — th’ oud bulldog.’ ”

The strike fails, Bessy dies, and Higgins is unmanned. Then Margaret takes him home with her to drink tea and talk with her father. After some discussion, Mr. Hale goes to his shelves for a book to enforce his opinions.

“Yo need n’t trouble yoursel’, sir, their book-stuff goes in at one ear and out at t’other. I can make naught on ’t. Afore Hamper and me had this split, Hamper met me one day in th’ yard. He had a thin book i’ his hand, and says he, ‘Higgins, I ’m told you are one of those damned fools that think you can get higher wages for asking for ’em. Here ’s a book written by a friend of mine, and if yo ’ll read it, yo ’ll see how wages find their own level, without either masters or men having aught to do with it, except the men cut their own throats wi’ striking, like the confounded noodles they are.’ Now, sir, I put to yo, being a parson and in the preaching line, and having had to try and bring folk over to a right way o’ thinking, did yo begin by calling ’em fools and such like, or did n’t yo rather give ’em some kind words at first to make ’em ready for to listen and be convinced, if they could; and in yo’r preaching, did yo stop every now and then, and say, half to them and half to yo’rsel’, ‘But yo ’re such a pack o’ fools, that I ’ve a strong notion it’s no use my trying to put sense into yo?’ . . . I dare say there ’s truth in yon Latin book on your shelves; but its gibberish and not truth to me, unless I know the meaning o’ the words. If yo, sir, or any other knowledgeable patient man come to me, and says he ’ll larn me what the words mean and not blow me up if I ’m a bit stupid, or forget how one thing hangs on another, — why in time I may get to see the truth of it; or I may not. I ’ll not be bound to say, I shall end in thinking the same as any man. And I ’m not one who think truth can be shaped out in words, all neat and clean, as th’ men at th’ foundry cut sheet-iron. Same bones won’t go down wi’ every one. It ’ll stick here i’ this man’s throat, and there i’ t’other’s. Let alone that, when down, it may be too strong for this one, too weak for that. Folk who sets up to doctor th’ world wi’ their truth, must suit different minds; and be a bit tender in th’ way o’ giving, or th’ poor sick fools may spit it out i’ their faces. Now Hamper first

gi'es me a box on my ear, and then he throws his big bolus at me, and says he reckons it 'll do me no good, I 'm such a fool, but there it is."

The interview closed with prayer. "Margaret the Churchwoman, her father the Dissenter, Higgins the Infidel, knelt down together. It did them no harm." Nicholas afterwards works for Mr. Thornton, the two men understand each other better as they know more of each other, and by and by co-operate with each other in improving the condition of the workmen.

We should be very glad, did our limits allow, and were it not beyond our present purpose, to consider at length the characters of Margaret Hale and Bessy Higgins. They would be well worth a closer acquaintance. But we must reluctantly refrain. We have given a taste of the quality of the book, by which our readers can see that "North and South" is a book which it will do them good to read. And as such we cordially recommend it.

We are not in the habit of going to any work of fiction to obtain a knowledge of the real state of the case with which it professes to deal. Yet it must be confessed, that, in some instances, works of that kind are more reliable than those which deal with facts. Both indeed have a foundation of truth. Both are oftentimes *ex parte*, and are written to make out a particular case. Even parliamentary documents themselves are by no means exceptions to this statement,—if we can judge from the character of their kindred on this side of the water. From the spirit of "Hard Times" and "North and South," and from a knowledge of facts, which we are able to gain from other and authentic sources, we think we hazard nothing in declaring the novels to be as fair and candid and impartial in their presentation of the subject, as the dryer and less interesting tabular statements of Parliament. It cannot be doubted that there now exists, or that there has existed till but very recently, the notion, that employer and employed were engaged in a battle with each other, instead of a work for each other. If the force of this has weakened at all, it has done so by the occurrence of just such events as are narrated in "North and South," and by the use of such instrumentalities as are there exhibited. The masters have changed,—the men have changed,—the times have changed,—and

whatever good results have been accomplished within the last few years, they have come from the gradual growth of a conviction, on both sides, that the two parties are mutually dependent, and so should mutually and harmoniously work together. Capital and labor are but complements of each other, and are to be used in harmony rather than in discordance. Strikes may not be altogether prevented, but, as Mrs. Gaskell puts into the mouth of Mr. Thornton, they may not be "the bitter, venomous sources of hatred they have hitherto been. A more hopeful man might imagine, that a closer and more genial intercourse between classes might do away with strikes. But I am not a hopeful man." There may be masters whose very nature is tyranny itself, showing itself even in their schemes of benevolence. There may be among the operatives discontented workmen, who are ever ready to seize upon the slightest cause of offence, and, by exaggerating its importance, to bring themselves and their fellow-workmen to feel that they are really the victims of an outrageous despotism,—and this too at the very time when some measure of relief is in process of operation. The best intentions of the master may be thwarted by the untoward exertions of such men. Both parties undoubtedly have much to learn.

From what we know, therefore, of the English factory system, we have no doubt of the truthfulness of the description of Bounderby, Thornton, Hamper, &c., and of Stephen Blackpool, Nicholas Higgins, and the agitator Slackbridge, in these works. Where it happens, that one man has the whole power of the establishment in his own hands, without control,—where that man has lost none of his original coarseness in his way from poverty to affluence,—it is to be expected that the power will be abused. The men will be treated as *hands*, unthinking, unfeeling, hard combinations of strength and muscle, a part of the machinery, to be counted as so much power, to be regulated by clock-work, bell-ringing, and the like, and to be turned on and off work, with no more thought of them than that with which the steam or the water is regularly applied to the ponderous wheels that carry the different departments of the mill. All are but mere blind agents, for the production of certain results,—so many yards of cloth,—so much manufactured material. At

the same time, the master has no very close connection with the men. Between him and his workmen intervenes a third class,—that of the overseers. They will generally be in the interest of the master. They partake of his nature to a certain extent. If he is despotic, they will be despotic. The master having the idea that his men are rebels and rascals, the overseers will have the same idea. They will be the recipients of the complaints of the men, and no grievances will come to the knowledge of the master except through them. At the same time, they will strive to be on good terms with the men, if they are at all timid; and the consequence will be a double-minded, false, and deceitful class, producing much mischief. Or, if this is not the case, and the master has an intimate knowledge of the operatives, it is only as he has a knowledge of the rest of the machinery. To him they are but machinery, and to be regulated as such. If they are discontented, their discontent must be crushed out, for they are at war with him and his interests; they must be put down with a strong hand. At some time he may be suddenly awakened from such a dream, by a violence which hurries himself with his property to ruin.

This is on a supposition of an abuse of power on the part of the master, and a disregard on both sides of the law of life, which is as old as human history, and which is underneath all questions of economics or statistics,—namely, the law of mutual dependence and mutual help. Human welfare was never yet promoted by a state of warfare between classes, and can be promoted only by a condition of harmony and peace, springing from a real mutual regard. There are human rights, and these belong to factory operatives as well as to mill-owners and master manufacturers. The operatives are men and women, are to be treated in a Christian land in a Christian way.

We are glad to know that there are English masters who recognize this plain truth, and apply it to the conduct of their establishments. We are glad to know that there are even manufacturing corporations—generally supposed to be soulless—in England, which are willing to recognize this truth, and provide for its application to the treatment of their operatives. They have become convinced that the use of proper means for the improve-

ment of their workmen, not morally alone, but physically and socially also, is productive of the most beneficial results; not only that, but is profitable too. They have found that men and women and children can be trusted, if they can feel that those whom they are called upon to trust are worthy of their confidence. And there are now manufacturing establishments in England, where the health, comfort, education, and religious training of the operatives are matters of more than secondary importance. Factory play-grounds, factory schools, even factory chaplains in some instances, are provided from the corporation funds. Wash-rooms, cook-rooms, eating-rooms, are furnished on the premises, and everything done which is found necessary for the good of the workmen. What is the result? A closer affinity and union between employers and employed. The operatives feel interested in the success of their employers. Regard, esteem, and love take the place of enmity and antagonism. There is greater willingness, and from this greater promptness, on the part of the workmen. And the whole establishment becomes more easily governed, since the interests of all parties are promoted by mutual good-will.

Such results as these have not indeed been brought about in a day. Thought and labor have been applied to the work, to an immense extent. The subject has been discussed in all its bearings. It has been before Parliament. It has demanded the attention of writers of unquestionable genius. It has engaged earnest men all over the kingdom. Red-tapists, political economists, statesmen, philanthropists, have been drawn into the enterprise, till the assurance of justice for the operative is now completely established. Wages are reasonable; distress, except in some localities not altogether under the influence of "the more excellent way," all but impossible; and masters and men are gradually coming to understand, that the golden rule of the Gospel is as applicable to the business in their hands as to any other of the practical labors and duties of life. We by no means forget the suffering caused by the strike at Preston during the year before the last. We do not forget that the millennium for work-people is still far distant in the future. We do not forget that the old feud between labor and

capital, master and man, is by no means ended. But we rejoice that a better era has dawned upon the English factory system, and that in some instances it has been found both just and profitable that union and good feeling should exist, that the hatchet should be buried, and peace prevail between employer and employed.

There is an exceedingly interesting paper in the *North British Review* for November, 1853, giving an account of a candle manufactory in Surrey, from which it appears that somewhat has been done in the line of work to which we have referred above. For a knowledge of the practical results of such a procedure, we would refer our readers to the paper itself. Let it suffice, that it was found to be for the increased good of the workmen, while, as a matter of business, it was profitable to the company. Meanwhile we may be allowed to quote a single paragraph :—

“ A joint-stock company, — constituted for a very humble and far from sweet-smelling purpose, — a company of candle-makers, we had almost said, of tallow-chandlers, — not being compelled thereto by charter or act of Parliament, nor even by a strike among their hands, nor among those of a neighbor, — acknowledge themselves responsible, pecuniarily responsible, for the education, for the religious worship, of their work-people, boys, girls, adults, — vote away £1,200 a year out of their profits for these purposes. Surely a very noticeable event in these days of the gospel of political economy, — of ‘cash payments the only *nexus* between man and man,’ — of the ‘lawful bargain’ of labor on the most approved buy-cheap and sell-dear principle.”

The transition is easy from the English to the American factory system, — the latter system itself somewhat different from the former, but the same essential human nature engaged in both, — the same humanity in America as in England.

The manufacturing interest in this country is one of the utmost importance and influence. It is, in fact, second only to the agricultural interest. In 1850, the value of the agricultural products of the United States amounted to \$1,326,691,326, while the product of manufactures, mining, and the mechanic arts was valued at \$1,013,336,463. The capital invested in the business amounted to \$527,209,193, employing 719,479 males, and 225,512

females, and paying in annual wages \$ 229,736,377. New England and the Middle States carry on more than seven tenths of the business, Massachusetts alone having a capital invested of \$ 83,357,642, and producing a value of \$ 151,137,145 in manufactured articles. One sixth part of the Massachusetts capital, namely, \$ 13,900,000, is to be found invested in the city of Lowell, in twelve corporations, employing 8,723 females and 4,542 males in the manufacture of cotton and woollen cloths, carpets, and machinery. The other principal manufacturing towns, of this class of manufactures, in New England, are Saco and Biddeford in Maine, Nashua and Manchester in New Hampshire, and Lawrence, Clinton, and Holyoke in Massachusetts. We mention these facts, to show that here is a subject which should certainly demand the most serious attention and engage the most serious thought of Christian men, for there is somewhat more than capital invested. There are human labor, skill, energy, human welfare for time and eternity, in the issues of the undertaking. There is a question of profits beyond those counted in dollars and cents. To us there seems something more than a prescribed and certain process of manufacturing. There is in it all a betokening of the power of the human intellect and the human will over material things. It establishes wealthy and populous cities upon sterile plains. It builds school-houses and churches, as well as cotton-mills and railroads. It adds to the comforts and the well-being, not alone of a few thousand persons, but, sending out its various influences on the ways, which Providence has laid down, to the comforts and well-being in some way of all mankind. Then, when we think how these labors serve in the education of manhood and womanhood, — when we think of the motives to the work and its moral consequences, — we are brought to feel that it is a matter pertaining to the culture of the head and the heart, as well as to the labor of the hands.

Capital with us is more widely distributed, and in more hands, than in England, and so the American system of manufacturing is carried on somewhat differently from the English system. Corporations with us take the place of individual capitalists. A resident agent per-

forms the duties of the mill-owner, being employed by each corporation, with a salary sufficiently ample to command the services of men of superior ability. This agent is the main executive power of the company in the place where the mills are located. He has the administration of all the affairs pertaining to the process of manufacturing. Assisted by numerous overseers and subordinates, he still has the sole direction of the business under his charge. He is at the head of affairs. Under his guidance, all the work is conducted. It is true, a weekly consultation with the treasurer of the corporation helps him in his duties. Yet his superiors in office rarely intermeddle with his plans, and never take the government out of his hands, except in cases of unfaithfulness and dishonesty. That government thus becomes a sort of absolute monarchy.

The agent of a manufacturing company thus occupies a very important and influential position. In the hands of a wise, discreet, and benevolent man, his office may be made one of the greatest usefulness. In the hands of a hard-hearted and arbitrary man, it may be one for the exercise of an unbearable tyranny. As a general thing, however, the agents of our corporations have been, so far as our knowledge has extended, men who have used their power well. Some have been distinguished for their fidelity to the duties of their station, and for their usefulness in the community where they have lived. We have in our mind now an agent of the principal manufacturing corporation in Lowell, during the time of the rapid growth of that city, since gone to his reward, who was a model man in very many respects. We refer to the late John Clark. Of an unimpeachable and a deeply religious character, of inestimable private worth, and endowed with admirable faculties for business, he was eminently fitted for the responsible post which he held. So constant and devoted was he to the best interests of his fellow-citizens, as well as of those more immediately under his care, that he has left among all classes a fresh and fragrant memory of excellence. Never did any man labor so diligently for the promotion of the welfare of his operatives. He seemed to infuse his spirit into them. He founded by his efforts an excellent library, now numbering ten

thousand volumes and more, to which a cheap and ready access is afforded to all. By his influence, societies for religious and intellectual improvement were formed among the workmen and workwomen. From one of these grew up the Lowell Offering, a publication of by no means an inferior quality, and affording ample and satisfactory evidence of the estimable character of mind and heart of many among the "factory girls." Nor did his labor stop here. He knew that physical comfort was as essential to the health and happiness of the operatives, as their moral and intellectual improvement. His active and comprehensive mind did not overlook what might seem to some the trivial details of their welfare, but embraced and provided for all. The boarding-houses of the company were of an inferior description, and a reform was needed in this direction, as in others. When the time came for the renewal of some of these, he procured the erection of a costly, elegant, and spacious block of buildings for the temporary homes of the girls, unsurpassed in the city for convenience and beauty. They are now an ornament to the city, a credit to the company, and one attestation out of many to the excellence of the master, who always remembered that those in his employ were men and women, with bodies to be made comfortable, with minds to be improved, and with souls to save! The whole administration of his office amply shows how much of good for the operative may be accomplished by the manufacturing agent, who has the will and the spirit of fidelity.

In regard to the places in which the mills are located, the manufacturing corporations have generally pursued a liberal course of policy. Holding the streets and the land on which their structures are built as private property, besides paying their proportional share of the city expenses, they also build, light, and keep in repair their own streets and bridges, and maintain, at least at night, their own police. Besides this, they contribute liberally towards the sustenance of the benevolent and religious institutions of the place. The Ministry at Large does not appeal to them in vain. The churches and schools have their firm support. In Lowell, of which we can speak more particularly, at least one third of the support of the Missionary Association comes from their funds,

while each Protestant church at its inception is helped to the amount of three or four thousand dollars in the erection of its place of worship. And all these things are done, not as a matter of benevolence, — to that they make no pretension, — but as what concerns their own interests. For they have found, that what conduces to the well-being of their operatives conduces also to the augmentation of their own profits.

The mills, in which the work of manufacturing is performed, are, in Lowell and other places which we have visited, of the most substantial kind. They are generally four or five stories in height; the rooms for carding, spinning, dressing, and weaving are, for the most part, well warmed by means of steam, well ventilated, and kept scrupulously clean; and every provision is made, consistent with the circumstances of the labor, for the comfort of the operative. The work is not more laborious than other kinds of toil, in which men and women engage, and in the opinion of many not so much so. In some of the rooms it does not average more than nine hours a day, and in none of them does the machinery run over eleven hours a day. The wages compare favorably with those of other labors. They have averaged per week, exclusive of board, in the Lowell corporations, for the year 1854, as follows: for the first half-year in the weaving-rooms, \$ 2.16, last half-year, \$ 2.15; — in the dressing-rooms, first half-year, "drawing in," \$ 1.76, last half-year, \$ 1.73; "dressers," \$ 3.21 and \$ 3.55; "warpers," \$ 1.77 and \$ 1.59; — in the spinning-rooms, "doffers," \$ 1.57 and \$ 1.51; "winders," \$ 1.40 both half-years; "drawing," \$ 1.31 and \$ 1.33; "speeders," \$ 2.00 and \$ 2.01. The overseers of the different rooms receive from \$ 1.75 to \$ 3.00 per day. The average wages of females in all the rooms are \$ 2.00 per week, exclusive of board; of males, some of whom are boys, \$ 0.80 per day. The price of board is fixed by a rule of the companies at \$ 1.25 per week. During the prevalence of hard times, when provisions are at high prices, the companies pay the boarding-house keepers an extra amount. During the year 1854, the sum of \$ 100,000 was paid for this purpose by the Lowell corporations alone, and we have no doubt that corporations in other places were equally generous. In no case that has come

to our knowledge has any operative, who has boarded in the companies' houses, been compelled to pay more than the regulated price. It is true, the fare is not sumptuous, nor is the lodging of a kind to excite the envy of a Sybarite. But both are suited to the wants and habits of those who share them. By the regularity of the hours devoted to labor, food, and rest, a general degree of health is happily experienced. It is the testimony of physicians, that the operatives are, as a class, more healthy than other laborers, the only drawback from the statement arising from the late hours in which some of them indulge, and imprudence in dress. The former is contrary to the rules of the corporations, and the latter, of course, cannot be made a matter of regulation.

Of the character of the operatives, it is not necessary to say much. It is of such a kind as to compare very favorably with that of other classes of laborers. Human nature is the same everywhere, and temptations to vice abound. It would not be strange if some should fall. But in general, the population of our manufacturing towns is of such a character as to call forth commendation from all who have known them, and have been cognizant of the circumstances of the case. Rev. Mr. Osgood, in his "Milestones," has given his testimony without hesitation on this point, and we are happy to corroborate it to the full. As it is so nearly our own opinion, we shall be pardoned for quoting what he says:—

"There is in many quarters a disposition to underrate the population of our manufacturing towns. But a fair observation must satisfy any candid man, that those towns, certainly in New England, have their full share of intelligence and character. I mingled very freely with the operatives of every grade, and had a considerable number of them in the parish. It is simple truth to say, that *I have never known a more exemplary class of persons.*"

No one, who is at all conversant with the facts in the case, can call this statement extraordinary. We do not think that the character of the operatives, as a class, has degenerated since Mr. Osgood was the minister of the Unitarian Church at Nashua. When we take into consideration the circumstances of their position, the temptations by which they are surrounded, their freedom from

the influences of home, their free communication with each other, and most of all, perhaps, the admixture of a class of foreign operatives,* who are, in some cases, ignorant, and who may be apt to abuse the ways of our life, which they hardly understand, it is a matter of some surprise, that the general good character of our manufacturing population should be so well sustained. Even among the foreign operatives themselves, we find a commendable desire of improvement, and manifest tokens of progress. They fill the evening schools, which are carried on during the winter months, with their most studious and most diligent pupils. They are, in most cases, well dressed, and cleanly. On Sundays, the Catholic churches are filled by attentive and orderly congregations. Indeed, the operatives are among the most constant of church-goers. The Methodist, Baptist, and Orthodox societies are largely made up of these industrious work-people. Many of them are also to be found in the Universalist and Unitarian societies.† As their attendance upon Sunday worship is entirely voluntary, this is a matter of especial gratification. We have had opportunities of knowing, that this fact is not the only token of religious character which has been exhibited. The motives which actuate many of them in their labor are of the best and highest kind. These are not merely the love of money and the desire for display in dress, and its accompaniments, which may appear upon the surface. They are working, many of them, for the purpose of procuring the means of education. Some have gone away from the mills to school and college; then from pupils they become teachers and professional men, or the wives of professional men, and as such exert a wide influence in the community. Some have a brother or a sister to assist in educating. Some are helping to lift off the burden of debt from the parental farm or homestead. Some, by their devoted labor, are maintaining the whole family, a widowed mother and orphan children, otherwise destitute. And mingled with all these are oftentimes the gentler

* Foreign operatives have come, in large numbers, since 1848. They now number very nearly half of the working population of the Lowell mills.

† The writer of this is of the opinion, that at least one third of his congregation is composed of persons connected directly with the manufacturing corporations.

graces of life, and virtues which, though no chronicler shall ever write their history, are remembered and cherished in grateful hearts:—

“Labors of good to man,
Unpublished charity,—unbroken faith,—
Love, that 'midst grief began,
And grew with years, and faltered not with death.”

Not that we would have our readers think, in all this, that factory life is all rose-color, or that our American factory system is perfect. We believe that there is yet a great deal to do, both among the corporations and the operatives. There is, it must be confessed, a remnant still of the old hostility between master and man, both in England and this country. But we believe that a manifest improvement has taken place, even within the last few years. The old feud is dying out, and both classes are beginning to feel that the Gospel law of love is the only true law of life. Never before, among our manufacturing population, has there been so much harmony between employers and employed as now. Both understand that mutual dependence inculcates mutual help. Instances of oppression by the officers of corporations may be found. Instances of vileness, dishonesty, and perhaps hatred among the operatives, may be found. But these are now the exception rather than the rule. Human nature is liable to fall,—of that we have frequent evidence. But human nature is susceptible of improvement, and, when once in the right way, will surely make progress. We think that there is a promise of the best results to be wrought out in the future. Here is the hopeful fact,—the companies are mindful of the good of their work-people, and are making provisions for accomplishing it. It is but one instance of their exertions, that, in Lawrence, the Pacific Company has given its operatives a course of free lectures during the past winter. It was in contemplation among the Lowell companies to furnish a similar course to their operatives, and the purpose would have been carried out, had not the field been previously occupied. These things are significant, and point to a time when justice and love shall prevail between man and man,—between employer and employed. We believe the time will come when both shall feel that, in mere business arrangements, they are partners, (as in-

deed some of the operatives already are,) and that, in the great business of life, the working for each other's welfare, they are somewhat more, — "brethren in Christ Jesus."

Did our limits permit, we should wish to say a word or two upon the subject of factory legislation. For our own part, we are not firm believers in special legislation of any kind. The laws may remove hinderances — as they should — from the progress of the people, but that progress itself must result from the growth of moral convictions of truth and right and justice in the hearts and minds of the people, and that is beyond the reach of law. We have preferred to treat this subject not so much as an economic one, but from the point of view which should be occupied by the Christian thinker, in looking over the field of Christian enterprise. We firmly believe in the practicability of the application of Christian principles to "every labor that a man may do under the sun." And if we have been successful in communicating such a belief to others, or strengthening it in them, so far as this labor is concerned, we have accomplished our present purpose.

A. W.

ART. III.—THE FIRST CHAPTER OF GENESIS.*

THE three discussions of this chapter named below are illustrations of three different modes in which believers have approached the question of the Scriptural cosmogony.

The first-named volume is a "pious improvement" of the whole matter of creation, whether as described by Genesis, alluded to in other Scriptures, or seen in the

* 1. *The Six Days of Creation*, etc., etc. By W. G. RHIND. From the last London Edition, etc. Philadelphia: Parry and McMillan. 1855. 12mo. pp. 347.

2. *Bibliotheca Sacra*, etc. January, 1855, Article IV. "The Narrative of the Creation in Genesis." Concluded in Art. V. for April, 1855. Andover: Warren F. Draper.

3. *The Six Days of Creation*, etc., etc. By TAYLER LEWIS. Schenectady, N. Y.: Van Deborgert. 1855. 12mo. pp. xii., 407.

daily mercies of Providence. It commands respect for its sincere piety, but is wholly below criticism in regard to its science, its philology, and its logic. The publishers have done more harm than good to the cause of Biblical learning by reprinting it. "Steel engravings, copied with great fidelity from the London edition," represent the earth on the first day as distinctly marked out by visible meridian lines into twenty-four unequal "gores," and by equally visible parallels into eleven zones. The author thinks the "evidence conclusive, that the days of creation were periods of twenty-four hours of time."

The article in the *Bibliotheca Sacra* begins with a review of the various speculations which have been indulged in by believers attempting to reconcile Geology with Genesis, or Genesis with Geology; and concludes with an exposition of the views of Professor Arnold Guyot. Guyot adopts Laplace's nebular hypothesis as the basis of his geological theories, and then attempts to show that the narrative of Genesis is in strict accordance with these theories. Thus he makes chaos a gaseous mass; and the separation of the waters above the firmament from those below the firmament is the gathering of that gaseous matter into separate globes, incipient planets. The days are long periods, or geological ages.

The work of Tayler Lewis is one of an entirely different character. Forsaking alike the bewildering glare of science, by whose light Guyot reads the chapter, and the bewildering shadows of the fear which prevents most devout persons from questioning the interpretation that has been associated with their earlier religious impressions, he seeks in a purely philological investigation to discover the true meaning of the writer of the record in Genesis. In pursuit of this end, he has not only dug up the Hebrew roots, but has also searched diligently the Syriac, Septuagint, and Vulgate versions, the Jewish Targums, the Apocryphal books, the Koran, and whatever fragments he could find of the Samaritan and Coptic.

The principal results at which he arrives may perhaps be thus stated. First, the language of the chapter is phenomenal, it describes things as they impress the sense, not as they are in essence, nor as they affect our feelings, nor as they are explained in our philosophy.

This is the only language proper for a revelation concerning phenomena, because the essence is absolutely ineffable; and the sensible impression is the only thing unchangeable that can be uttered; the emotion varying with different degrees of susceptibility, and the philosophy with different degrees of knowledge, but the impression being the same for all men in all ages. Secondly, the Mosaic *Beginning* is not the absolute beginning, but only the beginning of physical order on earth. Thirdly, the *Days* are periods of undetermined length; called days because they are each divided into two periods, in the first of which the new powers imparted by God lie in a hidden state, as if in darkness; while in the second they are manifested, the invisible ideas becoming visible phenomena. Fourthly, this account of Genesis is the original where most of the heathen cosmogonies have been drawn. Fifthly, while modern science views the world in its relations of space, ancient theology, and especially inspired writings, speak of it in its relations to time; so that the word *Worlds* in Scripture means ages, not in the sense of centuries, but more in the sense recently introduced into science of geological periods.

This dry enumeration of a few results gives no idea of the power and beauty of Tayler Lewis's work. It glows with earnestness, and yet is calm and majestic. It carries the reader unconsciously with it, as though it were the only utterance of the truth. We have never met with an argument for the eternal generation of the Son, which seemed to us so strong as one which is incidentally brought into the discussion of Scripture references to the creation. There is occasionally, in the work, a tendency to lean too strongly upon nice shades of etymological difference, and also a tendency to misrepresent and belittle the true aim of science; but these are blemishes of little importance compared with the richness and strength of the whole. We thank the author, not only for the light which he has thrown upon the Six Days of Creation, but for his glorious vindication of the dignity and worth of philology. The pupils of mathematical and physical science sometimes indulge in ill-deserved sneers at the study of dead languages. These languages are the records of immortal thought, and through them alone can we come into communi-

cation with the mind of the past. Their investigation is a fundamental branch of human science, and worthy of its place beside the other branches.

Some months before the appearance of this book, we had the pleasure of hearing in conversation with Professor Benjamin Peirce, of Harvard College, his views of the first chapter of Genesis, and were so much interested in them that we immediately made abundant notes of the conversation, and a few days afterward wrote them out in full. Having received Professor Peirce's permission to publish them, we have prefaced them with this brief notice of other explanations, to show the novelty as well as beauty of his view. There are many things in our paper which the careful reader will observe bear a striking likeness to passages in Lewis's *Six Days of Creation*. They were, however, written out from our notes of Peirce's conversation before the publication of Lewis's book. In the grand outline, however, Peirce's view differs not only from Tayler Lewis's, but from that of every other commentator, rationalist or orthodox, of whose opinions we have any knowledge. They all suppose that the primary thought of the writer in Genesis is that of six times or periods, six successive acts of creation. Whether calling the chapter a heathen fragment, or a divine inspiration, — whether supposing the days to be solar days, or geological periods, — they all agree in looking at the division of times as the primary idea. Now, as Abaushit says of the interpretation of prophecy, there is but one circle whose circumference will pass through three given points, and when that one is drawn, we need not seek for another. We propose now to draw a circle through the first of Genesis, the twentieth of Exodus, and the Gospel of Matthew, in such wise as to show that no other centre can be found than in the revelations of the Almighty. Put upon this first chapter of Genesis the explanations heretofore given, and it remains a subject for debate. But accept the interpretation which we are about to give, and you at once demonstrate the antiquity and the divine origin of the utterance, and bind it in, as necessary a prelude to the thunders of Sinai as they were to the messages of Christ. The weakest point of Tayler Lewis's book is, perhaps, the total omission of any dis-

cussion as to the authority of the chapter. He asserts that the Saviour recognized the Pentateuch as Holy Scripture, and that this is enough. But this is a loose statement, and brings the authority of the Lord to prove the second account of creation as much as the first. Will Professor Lewis attempt to show on philological grounds that the account in the first chapter harmonizes with that in the second? Does he deny that the accounts came from different pens?

Professor Peirce's exposition ends with the first account, and he leaves the explanation of the second to other investigators. The first account is that for whose divine authority there is the strongest external and internal proof; as to the internal proof, it scarcely falls short of absolute demonstration.

Our Lord indorses the ten commandments with more distinctness than any other part of the Old Testament, and the fourth commandment refers to the first chapter of Genesis, and indorses it. This is a direct external proof. But this is set at naught by many Biblical critics, as being inconclusive. Yet there must have been at some time a revelation from God;—indeed, there must have been three, at three different times. First, the idea of God never could have originated in the native powers of the human mind. This may be proved by induction from psychology, and likewise by induction from history. That idea never entered the human mind except when its source could be traced back with great probability and referred to the Jews, and they received it first of all from the record that “in the beginning God created the heaven and the earth.” That the idea is not native to the human mind is evident also from the fact, that those who reject the divine authority of the Scriptures run into pantheism, or into materialistic atheism. Nevertheless, the human mind is adapted to receive ideas that it could not originate, and faith clings to the God who reveals himself, more ardently and firmly than it could to one whom reason had discovered. Secondly, when the idea of God had been fairly apprehended by the Jewish people, then came the law from Sinai. The idea of law is founded upon the idea of God. It could not have entered the minds of those to

whom the idea of God was not familiar. The notion of a law was introduced into the human mind by the thunders of Sinai. Then first came the idea of moral law, first the idea of civil and physical law. In none of the heathen writers is the idea of physical law so finely expressed as in the Hebrew prophets and the apocryphal books of Hebrew writers. And as for civil law, it cannot be denied that Moses is the oldest lawgiver whose legislation is extant, who shows any just conception of the nature of law. The idea of law is not native, but the mind is adapted to receive it; it recognizes and bows before the revealed will of God.

Thirdly, when the idea of law had become familiar to men's minds, and they perceived enough of the holiness of the moral law to understand their own guilt, they felt also the need of forgiveness. But whence could they obtain it? There was no promise of mercy, on which the soul could rely until the coming of Christ. And even since his coming, how slowly and painfully has faith in the mercy of God extended among the nations! Orthodox interpreters have spoken of their scheme of satisfaction to the law as transcending human powers of invention; whereas that scheme is eminently human, and like human devices. The petition in the Lord's prayer, "Forgive us our debts, for even we forgive our debtors," is the truly divine word, so far above the thoughts of men that it is with great difficulty that men can be persuaded that it is an acceptable prayer.

These three ideas, of the existence of an Almighty, All-wise, and Eternal God, of an immutable law founded on his will, of the free forgiveness of a transgressor upon his repentance, are ideas which could scarcely have entered the soul without a revelation, and are at all events historically traceable directly to three revelations; that in the first of Genesis, that in the twentieth of Exodus, and that in the Gospel of Matthew. The fulness of time for the advent of the Mediator was reached when a sufficient number of men, Jews and Gentiles, were impressed with the sense of the holiness of the law, and of their own inability to keep that law without transgression. The fulness of time to proclaim the law from Sinai had come when, by revelations from himself and miraculous providences, God

had made his own existence a reality to the minds of the sons of Abraham, and they were believers from the heart in the doctrine, that in the beginning God created the heavens and the earth.

Thus we see that of necessity the burden of the earliest revelation should be the existence of God. Throughout the first chapter of Genesis the emphasis is upon the Divine name itself. It is not to the scientific arrangement of details that the writer calls our attention, nor to the chronological order of development, but to the origin of all things in the will or commandment of the Almighty.

With regard to the language employed, it must of course be human language, or it could not be understood, and it must be the language of an early and uncultivated time, a language rich in metaphor and figure, but utterly wanting in abstract and general terms. We are not to interpret the first chapter of Genesis as we would a chapter written in our own day, because the usages of language then must have been so different from what they now are.

There must have been an early revelation to the race of the existence of God. But if we suppose this revelation to have been made at all, we must suppose it to have been published in some such language as that of the first chapter of Genesis.

Let us try, for instance, to imagine that Enoch or Abraham had been inspired with a perfect knowledge of all that modern science has discovered concerning the constitution of the earth and the heavens. Let us also suppose that he was inspired with a knowledge of all that Christianity has revealed, and philosophy proved, concerning the being of God. The paucity of language in his day must have utterly prevented him from telling his knowledge to his fellow-men. The growth of language by which such ideas could be communicated must be a work of many ages. But suppose that this first prophet should essay to proclaim this one truth, that all things were created by God, and to state it in the most emphatic form, that God created the material of which everything is made; that God is the author of all the forces of nature; that he made the heavens above; that he made the earth beneath; that

he appointed the relations between the earth and its sister planets and the sun; that he created all plants and animals, and set man at the head of the animal kingdom, and endowed him with a wisdom that makes him also a child of God, and has given him a work to do and also reserved a rest for him. There is not a part of this statement which he can make in the direct terms in which we have now given it. He has no such word as material; manufactures were not yet in existence, and the idea of material had not entered men's minds. It could be expressed by representing things as first made in a confused condition, and as afterwards arranged. The representation of chaos existing before order was then probably not intended as an announcement of a fact in time; it was not intended to say that the earth was ever actually existing in a state of darkness and confusion, though this doubtless was a fact. But if Geology and Astronomy could prove that there never was a chaos, that would not disprove the truth intended to be conveyed by this representation, namely, that God created the material out of which all things were made; a truth which in that early state of human language could not have been conveyed in any other way, than by this mode of representing first a chaos. "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth, and the earth was without form and void."

Again, the first prophet had no words by which he could say that God was the author of all the forces of nature. The conception of the forces of nature had not entered men's minds, and of course no words by which they could be referred to were in existence. Yet in declaring God to be the Creator, the first and most important thing to say, after declaring him to be the creator of all the material, is to say that he is the author of all the forces by which that material is arranged, and kept in harmonious action. And the only mode in which this could be done in so rude a language was to select the most striking, widely diffused and wonderful force known to uninstructed men, and to say God made that. "God said, Let there be light; and there was light,"—light, which, to one whom science has not taught how to name the attraction of gravitation, is the most wonderful of all forces, revealing the existence not only of

the earth, but of the heavens, and showing itself thus the most striking symbol of the omnipresent power of God.

This creation of light is then the first act of God, first in the order of importance. But *order of importance* is too abstract a phrase to be expressed in that early Hebrew, and even such a word as *act* implies a generalization at which they had not arrived. But why regret it? The word *act* is not really applicable to God. He does not act nor speak. It is a bold figure of speech to say that God said, "Let there be light." The prophet who wrote this never intended to represent the Infinite Being as actually *speaking* a command; he intended to say that it was God's will that light should be, and it was. But there was no other way to say this then, and there is no better way to say it now, than to use figurative language, and say, "God said, Let there be light." In like manner, there was no other way then to represent the relative order of apparent importance, than to make it an order in time; and he does this in a figure which seems to us very bold, but which is in fact no bolder than to say that God spake; he does this by representing this creation of light as the first day's work of the Creator. To call it a day's work is in reality no farther from literal truth, than to call it work at all; and it has doubtless been to uncultivated men in all ages a figure that has been more powerful than any other could have been.

It will be perceived by this, that in this explanation of the first chapter of Genesis, the six days are not understood as really referring to time at all. The inspired writer wishes to assert in the strongest manner that God was the creator of all things. To do this he would assert him to be creator of six different classes, including all objects in nature, and he would state these classes in the natural order of thought, that is to say, in the order of their relative apparent importance. And this he does by the bold, figurative way of representing these as the work of six successive periods, using an order of time to express order of importance, or order of thought.

So that, if science could prove that no six periods of creation in time ever existed, whether of a day's length or of ages', that would not conflict with the account in the first of Genesis, as thus explained, because it must

always be true that the natural order of thought would lead to such a series of views as is here given.

When our first prophet has declared that God had created all things, the material out of which they were made, and the forces by which they are upheld and governed, he naturally turns next to the heavens. There must always be an instinctive feeling, despite the errors of early science, that the stars are greater than the earth. The stars, moving in their serene and glorious order, have always awakened a sort of reverential awe, and uncultivated men have even worshipped them as gods. The Hebrews looked upon the sky as a solid blue vault, above which was an ocean of water, out of which came the treasures of the rain, when the windows of heaven were opened.

No other language concerning the sky could be used by our first divinely illumined prophet than that which implies these errors. So in our own English we call the sky a dome, as though it really had a shape, or we call it heaven, as though it had been *heaven* or *hove* up; and when we say He made the heavens, that He made the sun to rise, or the moon to set, we are not guilty of any falsehood, although it is true that the moon does not set, nor the sun rise, these phenomena being produced by the earth's motion. When we say that God makes the sun rise, the proposition is not true in its literal signification, for the sun does not rise, it stands still while the earth turns over. But this literal signification is not what we mean to convey. We mean to assert that it is God who causes the return of sunlight, it is God who makes the change which produces what is called sunrise, and this is as grand a truth to us who understand that the sun stands still, as it is to the savage who imagines him to move.

So when our first prophet declares that God made a firmament holding up the waters above, he does not mean to say that the sky is solid, and that the storehouse of rain is kept above it, but he does mean to say that God made the blue apparent vault above us, and all the heavenly worlds, — all that we can see by looking away from the earth; and there was no other way in the early Hebrew language in which he could have spoken of the sky than as a firmament, nor of the storehouse of rain,

than as an ocean above the firmament. Indeed, it is doubtful whether any really better language could be selected now.

The third great object that claims the attention of man is the earth whereon he stands. This mother earth, worshipped by many nations of antiquity as a goddess, and supposed to have the power in itself of originating the various plants which clothe its surface, — this is declared to be the workmanship of the Almighty God. Not only the nations of antiquity worshipped it as a Divinity, and supposed it to be the generator of plants, but even in our own days, and among cultivated people, two different doctrines have been advocated, inconsistent with the declaration of the inspired record. Some have maintained that every plant has sprung from a seed, and that seed from a plant, and that this order has been eternal. Others have said that, under certain circumstances, the earth will of its own power generate plants without any seed. In opposition to both these views stands the declaration of this inspired first chapter of Genesis, saying, Nay, it was God who formed the earth, disposed its proportions of land and water, clothed it with vegetable life, and gave each plant the power to perpetuate its kind. It declares this in the only way in which so early a language could declare it, namely, by stating, in bold figurative language, that God said, Let the dry land appear, let the seas be formed, let the plants and trees sprout forth.

The fourth point to which the mind of the prophet, illuminated by the knowledge of God and of creation, would revert, would be the mutual relations between the earth and the heavenly bodies. But he would have in that age of the world and that state of human language no words in which he could speak of mutual relationship. Yet having said that God made the heavens above and the earth beneath, he would wish to declare them both parts of a mighty whole. The earth is a satellite of the sun, the moon of the earth, the sun of the stars. The life and motion on the earth are directly dependent on the sun and moon; on the sun for light and heat, on the moon for tides. Moreover, the only convenient mode of measuring time for man is by the sun and moon, which give us days and months and years. Thus all this mutual inter-

dependence is declared in the simple language of the age, by saying that God made the sun to rule the day, the moon to rule the night, and set them in the heavens for signs and for seasons, — he made the stars also. All this mutual interdependence resulted from the express purpose of God.

By remembering that according to our explanation the days' works have no real reference to time, but are only a figure to represent the successive movements of the prophet's own mind looking at the works of God, it will be seen that there is no real difficulty in the sun's having been created on the fourth day, while light was created on the first, and plants which grow by sunshine were created on the third. The real assertion is not that which is literally contained in the words, namely, that the sun was not made until a day after the plants were. The order of days is not an order of time, and the days are not periods of time. The order is an order of thought in the mind of the beholder, and the emphasis in the statement of the fourth day's work is to be laid on the ruling of the day and night, and the signs and seasons of the year.

In the fifth place, the prophet's mind turns to the animals of the waters and of the air, the creatures apparently lowest in the scale. We say in the fifth place, he says on the fifth day. But place is really as strong a figure when applied to the acts of creation, or the movements of the mind, as day or day's work; it is only from the greater familiarity of the figure, that we do not find so much difficulty in understanding it.

The Egyptians supposed that the animals of the water were generated from the mud of the Nile. Others have said that the succession of parentage among them has been from eternity. But our prophet says, No, God was the creator of all inferior animals; it was a special act of his will that gave the water a prolific power for a time, a power which it does not now retain.

In the sixth place, God created the higher animals. They are not to be considered as self-generating creatures. Many natives of antiquity have worshipped various animals, but they were in the most grievous error; all these animals are the mere creatures of God. And man himself is God's workmanship. He stands at the

head of the animal series, having dominion over them all. He stands at the head of the series, being its crowning point; and yet he is separated from them all, by his possession of a moral and intellectual nature so vastly exalted above the rest, that he may be considered as much allied to their Creator as to them. He is made in God's image, in the image of the Creator, being creative power in a limited extent, and also the power of understanding the law and plan of creation.

Thus the heavens and the earth are finished, the mental survey in the prophet's mind is finished. His spirit rests; he feels joy at the completion of his survey and of his declaration. Then he remembers that God, who causes the necessary motion of the heavens, and who has appointed to every creature its work to be done, has also given to every living creature rest. Man, with all the brute creation, sleeps by night, and finds refreshment in the grateful vicissitude of light and darkness. But unto man is a higher rest granted. There is a rest of the spirit infinitely more grateful than that of the body. In this completion of the prophet's work, in the joy which this utterance has given him, is a spiritual rest, the pledge of some better rest for man, when the work of life is done, — rest in the bosom of God.

Now God is the giver of rest. It is his mercy that appointed darkness and sleep for the animals, and for man's body; rest for man's spirit in wakeful hours, the rest of a clear conscience, and the joy of heavenly contemplation. But all this is expressed in the simple language of early times by saying, that on the seventh day God rested from his labors, and hallowed the seventh day as a day of rest.

What then is this first account of creation, — this account in what has been called "*the Elohim document*"? It is an extended statement of the fact, that all things were created by one Almighty will. It declares Him to be the creator of matter, and the author of those forces by which it is governed; the maker of the heavens above, and of the earth beneath; the intelligent framer of all the complicated machinery of the physical world; and the maker of all the tribes of vegetable and animated beings to which that world is adapted; the Creator of man, with all his powers, to whom he has appointed a work and for whom he has provided a rest.

But if this is a divine utterance, it will bear examination upon every side. Although the periods of creation are not primarily intended to represent time, but are introduced for the purpose of marking the transition of thought in the mind of a beholder, yet as that thought is guided by a divine influence, the transitions will be natural, and correspond to a chronological order. Thus the statement of chaos is intended as the only statement possible, in that early form of thought and language, of the fact that matter is not eternal, but was made by God. Yet there may have been a chaos; and if mathematical analysis will allow Laplace's hypothesis to stand, there was a chaos in the beginning. Again, the creation of light as the first fruit of the Spirit moving over chaos, was primarily intended as a declaration that God was the author of all those forces of nature for which there was then no general term, but which were expressed, in a figure, by naming the most glorious of them, and the most striking, light; which spread over all the earth, bursting from chaos, from ancient darkness, when the evening and the morning were the first day. Yet the researches of the nineteenth century show that this must also be chronologically true, that light was coeval with creation; since there is no chemical action without light. Moreover the strictest philosophy shows, that the first act towards forming the Kosmos must have been in the creation of those forces, of which light is taken as the type, and for the whole of which it is figuratively put.

Again, the heavens are mentioned immediately after the light, because of their being the grandest object revealed by light. But if any modification of Laplace's hypothesis will stand mathematical tests, the heavens were actually the next born in time, as the masses of gaseous matter separated to form suns and planets. In like manner, the order in which the earth is mentioned was on this hypothesis also the chronological order of its formation. And the fourth day's work, explained, as we have explained it, in the order of thought, as the establishment of the mutual interdependence of terrestrial and celestial things, is thus brought into the natural order of time.* The fifth and sixth days are according to geol-

* We cannot but here insert a note upon the coincidence of this view

ogy in their true chronological order. The seventh day also presents no difficulty, as in chronological order it would simply refer to God's cessation from the work of creation.

We give this chronological explanation briefly, because it does not differ essentially from Guyot's, and because we regard it as a merely secondary explanation. The central thought requires us to look, not for chronological order, but for an exhaustive statement of the origin of all existences in the self-existent God.

Another secondary explanation, true, like the chronological, because of the divine character of the utterance which renders it true in every aspect, may be found in supposing it to be an answer to the secret workings of an atheistic or a pantheistic heart. Does the fool say in his heart, "There is no God, — matter is eternal, — and the order of the world sprang from a fortuitous concourse of atoms"? The prophet meets him with the declaration, that in the beginning God created the heaven and the earth, when yet the earth was without form and void. But he may say, "These secret powers which I see working in matter, this heat which vivifies all things, this electricity which works such marvellous effects, this light that extends through all creation, — these are the divine forces that rule the world, these are the gods that I will worship." Nay, answers the Divine Word, all these are the creations of God; He said, "Let there be light," and there was light. Or in earlier stages of the world's history, men said, "The sun and moon are divine, the stars are the true gods; from the heavens descend the sunshine and the rain, and the sweet influence of the Pleiades; to them we owe our fruitful seasons." And the early prophet answered, God made the firmament, and his are the treasures of the rain, the waters above the firmament. All that you see above is the work of his hand.

Others saw in the earth a beneficent mother. They thought that she brought forth the fruits in their season, and generated plants in her secret laboratory. This vegetative life, is it not a divine self-working thing? No, is

with the purely philological argument of Tayler Lewis, by which he would show that it was the sun's *ruling* the day which was the fourth day's work.

the answer of the record, the vegetable nature is the work of God. *HE* disposed the seas and the dry land, *HE* said, Let the earth bring forth the green thing; and these plants which now have the power of generating their like, have not run in an eternal cycle; there was a time when, at the word of God, the first plant began to grow.

Looking about now for new manifestations of power which may reveal the Deity to be worshipped, men would observe the eternal Kosmos, the order and harmony of creation. This mutual fitting of the whole to the least part, and each part to the whole, giving each smallest thing an infinite number of relations to all things else, can we imagine this the work of arrangement and plan? It is too vast and complicated. Surely these things either came by chance, or else grew into their present form, and the vast Kosmos is an organic growth of eternal duration. To which the prophet replies, Nay, all these things were ordained of God; *HE* made the sun to rule the day, and the moon the night; *HE* made the stars also; and appointed these heavenly bodies for signs and for seasons upon earth.

Still another form of vital power is unexplained. This animate creation, did it spring from the earth, or has it not a divine energy in itself, reproducing its like in an eternal cycle? This generative power of animate nature was worshipped by Egyptians, Greeks, and Romans, under different forms. But the Sacred Record expressly says, God made the waters and the air bring forth abundantly, and he gave to animals the breath of life.

The last refuge of idolatry is in man himself. Our modern philosophers assure us that God first reached self-consciousness when he blossomed in the human race. "We," they say, "are the true divinity. It is our thought that gives order and beauty to the world, and we draw from Nature only what we give to her. The life of the world, the world-soul, developed itself in us as the highest development, and we are the divinest things in existence; we are the flower and fruit of the Divinity; we are the highest God."

But against this modern blasphemy the most ancient record says that God made man in his own image; divine as he seems, he is but the creature of God's workmanship; not an unconscious growth of God's nature, but the direct creation of God's will.

And the last refuge of atheism is in the objections that may be raised to the doctrine already announced. "If light is the Divine creation, why does it fail us during half of every day? If plants are the work of God, why does he suffer them to die or lie dormant half the year? If the breath of life is given by him, why do animals pass half their time in sleep? Is not he able to keep them in the constant enjoyment of active life? Why does man himself pass half his time in this temporary death? And if God made these things in the beginning, why can he not make them now? Why do we never see or hear of the creation of new creatures now?" Against all this, the first prophet provides an answer: God rested on the seventh day, he ceased from creation; and he has appointed to each creature hours of rest; it was part of his plan that light should alternate with darkness, summer with winter, to give this opportunity of rest.

Other secondary explanations can be given, or these can be carried out into minuter detail, and all will remain equally true, so long as they are taken as secondary views, and the main thought, the central view, is understood to be the exhaustive statement of the fact that God is the absolute creator and originator of all things. But this would not have been so, had not the statement been made under Divine guidance. Man's work is applicable only to a single use; it is God's work only that fulfils many uses with a single instrument.

This first chapter of Genesis implies a correct knowledge of the world, so far as we yet know it, and yet is so written as to be entirely independent for its interpretation upon the discoveries of human science. It was not written by a philosopher or man of science. It could not have been written at any late period, even so late as the age of Solomon, to which Ewald assigns it, for even then abstract forms of language and scientific nomenclature had begun to appear. A human cosmogony written then, must have borne marks in its style of philosophic and abstract thought. Nothing of the kind appears here. The language is all simply the description of phenomena, as they appear to every eye. The philosophy is an absence of all philosophy, in the simple statement that God said let such a thing be done, and it

was done. Nor could it have then contained the scientific knowledge which it does. Indeed, there is no period between Solomon's reign and the present hour when such a thing could have been written, containing so much scientific truth, with such an entire absence of philosophic language.

Will any man say that the Egyptians were learned in science, and that Moses might have obtained his scientific knowledge from them, and then endeavored to clothe it in the simple terms of the Hebrew language? We reply, that there was no science in Egypt. The notion of lost science is absurd. Arts may be lost, because arts are but temporary conveniences; but science cannot be lost, since it grasps hold of eternal truths. If there had been any science in Egypt, it would have left its impress on all languages. The very terms in which Moses wrote his laws would have betrayed his scientific knowledge, if he had learned any from human teachers. Cicero and Aristophanes, writers who never touched science as a specific theme, betray to us the amount of mathematical and physical science extant in their respective times. In like manner, the orators and poets of our century allude constantly to modern triumphs of science. Language is the record of human thought. The very forms of the words that come down to us from ancient times show that no scientific thoughts ever came from Egypt. But it may be said the priests in Egypt concealed their science, and let no knowledge of it reach the people; so that it could not appear in the general literature of the age. To this we reply, that this is contrary to human nature. Science is diffusive, and the moment that a man attains a scientific view of any idea, he seeks to publish it. It is art that conceals its results or processes. If the Egyptian priests concealed their foreknowledge of an eclipse, for purposes of priestcraft, we may be assured that they did not know the cause of the eclipse. They foretold it only empirically, by knowing that the eclipse returned in a cycle after a number of years. If they had arrived at a knowledge of the cause, they would have published it.

No! the simplicity of language and the profundity of knowledge in this first chapter of Genesis stamp it at once with an age of great antiquity, before men had

speculated upon philosophic or scientific questions, and thus stamp it with the seal of a Divine origin. It was not written by a poet, nor by a man of learning; the language forbids either supposition; it would have been impossible for them not to have betrayed themselves by their speech. Yet it is full of the grandest thought and the profoundest knowledge. Above all, its main purpose is to reveal that Being, whom the unaided reason could never have clearly known. Thus do we prove that it is a revelation from God,—a revelation of his own existence, as the necessary forerunner to his promulgation of the law; just as that was a preparation for the message of the Mediator.

Most of our modern critics have looked at the first of Genesis either with the eye of the sceptic, or with the eye of the geologist. Tayler Lewis reads it with the eye of a Christian scholar. Professor Peirce reads it with the eye of the mechanician, to whom forces are greater than facts or words. Guyot looks at the creation as phenomena in Space, Lewis as phenomena in Time, Peirce as the enunciation of the forces that produce the phenomena,—phenomena revealing themselves from the ideas of God, realized in forms by the word of His Power. The three views are not antagonistic, but separate views of the same divine utterance recorded in the first of Genesis; Peirce's being, we think, the truly central view, harmonizing the other two.

It may be asked, "If this first chapter of Genesis is thus divine, why did Moses append to it the second account?" We answer, that the second account, antagonistic as it is to the first, if taken as an account of the creation, may have an entirely different purpose. It may need only the keen eye of a moral geologist or a moral mechanician to look at this second account, and read the moral tale there given, to enable a Christian philologist to draw from it all the beauty and grandeur of the first chapter. But at all events, is it no proof of Moses' divine guidance, that he placed the first account in the first place? If scientific scoffers have stumbled so much over this glorious first chapter, what would they have done over the second had the first been wanting? Taking it then as the account of creation, they

would have found all the order of thought and time inverted, — the man made before the garden, and before the lower animals, while the woman was made afterwards. No exegesis could reconcile it with philosophy or science. But now, with this account of creation that does harmonize with science and philosophy standing first, the divine wisdom of Moses is vindicated; and we are forced to conclude that the second account is not primarily designed as an account of creation, but for some other purpose that may hereafter clear itself up to the eye of the devout and patient student.

T. H.

ART. IV. — LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE OF THE REV.
SYDNEY SMITH.*

AMONG the early contributors to the Edinburgh Review no one exerted a larger influence at the time, or has since gained a more extended reputation, than the Rev. Sydney Smith. He was the first editor and for many years one of the brightest ornaments of that journal. His connection with it lasted for a quarter of a century; and during this long period he wrote much for it, and upon a great variety of subjects. Nor was it by his contributions to periodical literature alone that he sought to reach the public mind. By his pamphlets and published letters he became still more widely known; and now his fame is coextensive with the English language, and his writings are everywhere regarded as among the most brilliant productions of their kind in English literature. But beyond the general knowledge of his characteristics implied in this reputation, little was known of his personal habits and domestic virtues outside of the circle in which he moved. It was natural, therefore, that those who were most familiar with him, and who saw how little he was generally understood,

* *A Memoir of the REVEREND SYDNEY SMITH.* By his Daughter, LADY HOLLAND. With a Selection from his Letters, edited by MRS. AUSTIN. In Two Volumes. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1855. 12mo. pp. 378, 511.

should desire to make others better acquainted with the high qualities of mind and heart which they knew he possessed. Especially was it natural that she who had been his cherished companion and had shared his most secret thoughts through so many years, should desire to exhibit to others, in the manifold graces of his daily life, the sources of his power as a writer.

To the grateful task of collecting materials for a fit memorial of his manly virtues, she dedicated her declining years; and upon her own death she bequeathed the papers and letters which she had carefully collected, transcribed, and arranged, to her eldest daughter, the wife of a distinguished London physician. "You know," she wrote to her daughter, "the great occupation of my life has been to collect materials for some future memorial of my noble-hearted husband." And again: "Time goes rapidly on; I tremble at each day's delay. To have this matter unsettled is the only thing that makes death terrible."* The materials thus collected form the basis of the volumes before us, and present to the reader a new phase of Sydney Smith's moral and intellectual character. The first volume contains a very pleasant biographical sketch by Lady Holland, narrating the principal incidents in the uneventful life of her father, and clearly portraying his character. In richness of anecdote, and for the vividness of impression which it produces upon the mind of a reader, this sketch leaves nothing to be desired. Its prominent defects are a want of fulness and minuteness upon many points, and too great a disregard to exactness in the dates. The second volume is composed wholly of letters, which his friend Mrs. Austin introduces by a judicious and well-written Preface. As a letter-writer Sydney Smith will take very high rank. His letters differ widely from those of his friends, Horner, Mackintosh, and Jeffrey; but they are full of wit, humor, and lively nonsense, and are among the best specimens of epistolary composition which we owe to any writer in this century.

Sydney Smith was born at Woodford in Essex, on the 4th of June, 1771, and was the second of four brothers. Of the eldest of these, Robert, better known

* Vol. I. p. 292, note.

under his school-boy *sobriquet* of Bobus, Sir James Mackintosh says, in a letter from India, "His fame is greater than that of any pundit since the time of Menu." But in the end this fame was entirely overshadowed by the more splendid reputation which Sydney acquired. His father was a man of considerable talents, but of great eccentricity, who bought, altered, spoiled, and then sold about nineteen different places, and finally died at a very advanced age, when Sydney had become one of the marked men of the time. His mother was the youngest daughter of a French emigrant, and possessed great beauty of person and character. From her it is probable that he inherited much of the liveliness of his character and the versatility of his talents. At an early age he was sent to school at Southampton, from which he was transferred to the foundation at Winchester, with his youngest brother, Courtenay. Here he distinguished himself so greatly, that the other boys sent a round-robin to the Head Master, "refusing to try for the college prizes if the Smiths were allowed to contend for them any more, as they always gained them." But notwithstanding the assiduity with which he prosecuted his studies, he seems in later years to have regarded his school life as among his most disagreeable recollections, and in the *Edinburgh Review* he gave unmistakable expression to his opinions on the subject of education as commonly conducted. "I believe," he used to say, "while a boy at school, I made above ten thousand Latin verses; and no man in his senses would dream in after-life of ever making another. So much for life and time wasted."* And in 1839, he writes: "I feel for —, about her son at Oxford; knowing, as I do, that the only consequences of a university education are the growth of vice and the waste of money."† While at Winchester, he suffered much from the scantiness of the diet and the roughness of the discipline through which the younger boys were obliged to work their way to the upper forms. Doubtless these causes contributed to the growth of his deeply seated aversion for the English system of education.

After leaving Winchester, he spent six months in Nor-

* Vol. I. p. 18.

† Vol. II. p. 402.

mandy to perfect himself in French, and whilst there he enrolled himself as a member of a Jacobin Club, — a circumstance which seems to have been wholly unknown to his early critics. Even the Quarterly Reviewers make no reference to it in their attacks upon his character and writings; and this silence can only be attributed to their ignorance of a fact out of which they would have made so much. Upon his return to England he became a Fellow of New College, Oxford; but of his college life we have no information, either in the memoir by his daughter or in his own letters. His next important step was the choice of a profession; and in this his own wishes were overruled by his father. Instead of entering the profession of the law, to which all his inclinations pointed, he became the curate of the small village of Netherhaven, in the middle of Salisbury Plain. Here he managed to make himself agreeable to the Squire, who at the end of two years requested him to resign the curacy and accompany his eldest son to the University of Weimar in Saxony. "We set out," Sydney tells us in the Preface to the collected edition of his Works; "but before reaching our destination, Germany was disturbed by war, and, in stress of politics, we put into Edinburgh, where I remained five years." At that time Edinburgh was full of rising young men, with many of whom he soon became acquainted; and taking advantage of this unexpected change in his plans, he here laid the foundation of friendships which were terminated only by death. The brilliancy of his wit and his clear and penetrating intellect at once made him a general favorite, and in the cultivated society into which he was constantly thrown he passed some of the happiest hours of his life. "When shall I see Scotland again?" he wrote after many years. "Never shall I forget the happy days I passed there, amidst odious smells, barbarous sounds, bad suppers, excellent hearts, and most enlightened and cultivated understandings."*

After he had been in Edinburgh two years, he returned to England for the purpose of marrying a lady whom he had known for many years, and to whom he had been for a long time engaged, Miss Pybus, a sister of one of

* Vol. II. p. 119.

the Lords of the Admiralty under the younger Pitt. This marriage gave great offence to the brother of Miss Pybus, and the young couple were consequently compelled to begin life with somewhat narrow means. The new wife was even obliged to sell a necklace which had belonged to her sister, to buy the necessary plate and linen for the household. "It was lucky," says Lady Holland, "that Miss Pybus had some fortune, for my father's only contribution toward their future *ménage* (save his own talents and character) were six small silver teaspoons, which, from much wear, had become the ghosts of their former selves. One day, in the madness of his joy, he came running into the room, and flung these into her lap, saying, 'There, Kate, you lucky girl, I give you all my fortune!'"* With this small fortune he returned to Edinburgh and commenced house-keeping.

It was not long after his marriage that he proposed, at a casual meeting with Horner or Brougham at Jeffrey's residence, to set up a Review. The proposition was received with favor; he was appointed to the editorial charge of the new journal; and on the 10th of October, 1802, the first number of the Edinburgh Review appeared. It contained seven articles from his own pen, all but one of which are included in the collected edition of his Works, five by Jeffrey, four by Horner, four which are commonly attributed to Brougham, and nine by other writers of lesser note. At this distance of time it is not easy to appreciate the effect produced by the first appearance of this celebrated journal; but it is universally admitted that the effect upon the public at large was not less remarkable than the fresh strength and the bolder and more confident tone which it infused into periodical criticism. In the hands of the strong and brilliant men who managed it and wrote for it, criticism became a dignified and important vocation, and a greater impulse was given to the cause of polite learning than had been felt for many years. To this result Sydney Smith largely contributed. His articles were utterly unlike anything which had previously been known. They were brief, but they were pointed; and their sterling good

* Vol. I. p. 28.

sense and manly advocacy of liberal principles were relieved by flashes of the most brilliant wit and the most contemptuous sarcasm. In his serious moments the vigor of his understanding and the closeness of his reasoning carried the reader along in a chain of close and cogent argument; and when he gave play to his fancy, his powers of ridicule placed him in the first rank of humorists.

To the *Edinburgh Review* he contributed seventy-seven articles, and he only ceased to write for it when he became a Canon of the Cathedral at Bristol in 1828. His contributions to it were upon a great variety of topics, but they all indicate the peculiar bent of his mind, and are all rich with mingled wit and wisdom. Among the subjects which engaged his attention during his connection with periodical literature were the Methodists, the Catholic Question, the Game Laws, America, Counsel for Prisoners, Education, Public Schools, Spring-Guns, Chimney-Sweepers, Botany Bay, and many others equally indicative of his large and liberal views. Several of these articles produced a great effect at the time, and contributed much to the final success of the cause which they advocated. In this connection we may cite his own opinion of their character, contained in a petulant letter to Lord Jeffrey, written after he had been a leading contributor for many years.

"Foston, August 7th, 1819.

"MY DEAR JEFFREY: — You must consider that Edinburgh is a very grave place, and that you live with philosophers who are very intolerant of nonsense. I write for the London, not for the Scotch market, and perhaps more people read my nonsense than your sense. The complaint was loud and universal of the extreme dullness and lengthiness of the *Edinburgh Review*. Too much, I admit, would not do of my style; but the proportion in which it exists enlivens the *Review*, if you appeal to the whole public, and not to the eight or ten grave Scotchmen with whom you live. I am a very ignorant, frivolous, half-inch person; but, such as I am, I am sure I have done your *Review* good, and contributed to bring it into notice. Such as I am, I shall be, and cannot promise to alter. Such is my opinion of the effect of my articles. I differ with you entirely about Lieutenant Heude. To do such things very often would be absurd; to punish a man every now and then for writing a frivolous book is wise and proper; and you would find, if you lived in England,

that the review of Lieutenant Heude is talked of and quoted for its fun and impertinence, when graver and abler articles are thumbed over and passed by. Almost any one of the sensible men who write for the Review would have written a much wiser and more profound article than I have done upon the Game Laws. I am quite certain nobody would obtain more readers for his essay upon such a subject; and I am equally certain that the principles are *right*, and that there is no lack of sense in it.

"So I judge myself; but after all, the practical appeal is to you. If you think my assistance of no value, I am too just a man to be angry with you upon that account; but while I write, I must write in my own way. All that I meant to do with Lord Selkirk's case was to state it.

"I am extremely sorry for Moore's misfortune, but only know, generally, that he has met with misfortune. God bless you!

"Your sincere friend,

"SYDNEY SMITH." *

He remained in Edinburgh long enough to edit one number of the Review, and then removed to England, and in 1804 took a small house in London. Here he continued to reside until the summer of 1809, when he went down to Yorkshire to take possession of the living of Foston-le-Clay, which had been conferred upon him by Lord Erskine several years before, whilst the Whigs were in the enjoyment of their short tenure of power and patronage. During his residence in London he officiated as preacher at the Foundling Hospital, and at Fitzroy and Berkley Chapels. Here he early obtained great popularity as a pulpit orator, less indeed from the intrinsic excellence of his sermons than from their great superiority to the sermons of most of the clergymen of the Established Church, and from the earnest and eloquent manner in which they were delivered. Pulpit eloquence in England had at that time fallen to a very low ebb, and even the name of sermon had become a byword of contempt; this was especially the case within the Establishment, which numbered among its members no rising man to rival the pre-eminence already obtained by Robert Hall among the Dissenters. In the Preface to the second volume of a small collection of Sermons, which he had published as early as 1801, Sydney Smith had bewailed this decline of pulpit oratory, and had pointed out some of the causes to which he conceived it was owing. This

* Vol. II. pp. 178, 179.

Preface was omitted from the later edition of his *Sermons*, for some reason which does not very clearly appear, but it is reprinted by Lady Holland in the memoir before us, and from it we take a brief and characteristic extract.* After speaking of the bad choice of subjects for the pulpit, and the injudicious manner in which they were treated, he adds:—

“To this cause of the unpopularity of sermons may be added the extremely ungraceful manner in which they are delivered. The English, generally remarkable for doing very good things in a very bad manner, seem to have reserved the maturity and plenitude of their awkwardness for the pulpit. A clergyman clings to his velvet cushion with either hand, keeps his eye riveted upon his book, speaks of the ecstasies of joy and fear with a voice and a face which indicate neither, and pinions his body and soul into the same attitude of limb and thought, for fear of being called theatrical and affected. The most intrepid veteran of us all dares no more than wipe his face with his cambric sudarium; if, by mischance, his hand slip from its orthodox gripe of the velvet, he draws it back as from liquid brimstone, or the caustic iron of the law, and atones for this indecorum by fresh inflexibility and more rigorous sameness. Is it wonder, then, that every semi-delirious sectary who pours forth his ani-

* The edition of his *Sermons* published in 1801 is in two small volumes, each containing a Preface, and is dedicated to Lord Webb Seymour. In the edition published in 1809, both Prefaces, the Dedication, and four of the fourteen discourses comprised in the earlier edition, are omitted. Among the suppressed sermons is a remarkable discourse, *On the Predisposing Causes to the Reception of Republican Opinions*, which with much that is feeble and commonplace, contains some striking passages. Some of these passages, however, are incorporated in the sermon, *On the Love of our Country*. The following is one of the passages which have thus been transferred from their context, and is also a favorable specimen of his style. “It would seem, also,” he says, “that the science of government is an unappropriated region in the universe of knowledge. Those sciences with which the passions can never interfere are considered to be attained only by study, and by reflection; while there are not many young men who doubt of their ability to make a constitution, or to govern a kingdom. At the same time, there cannot, perhaps, be a more decided proof of a superficial understanding, than the depreciation of those difficulties which are inseparable from the science of government. To know well the local, and the natural man; to track the silent march of human affairs; to seize, with happy intuition, on those great laws which regulate the prosperity of empires; to reconcile principles to circumstances, and be no wiser than the times will permit; to anticipate the effects of every speculation upon the entangled relations, and awkward complexity of real life; and to follow out the magnificent theorems of the senate to the daily comforts of the cottage,—is a task which they will fear most who know it best; a task in which the great and the good have failed, and which it is not only wise, but pious and just, in common men to avoid.”

mated nonsense with the genuine look and voice of passion, should gesticulate away the congregation of the most profound and learned divine of the Established Church, and in two Sundays preach him bare to the very sexton? Why are we natural everywhere but in the pulpit? No man expresses warm and animated feelings anywhere else, with his mouth alone, but with his whole body; he articulates with every limb, and talks from head to foot with a thousand voices. Why this holoplexia on sacred occasions alone? Why call in the aid of paralysis to piety? Is it a rule of oratory to balance the style against the subject, and to handle the most sublime truths in the dullest language and the driest manner? Is sin to be taken from men, as Eve was from Adam, by casting them into a deep slumber? Or from what possible perversion of common sense are we all to look like field-preachers in Zembla, holy lumps of ice numbed into quiescence, and stagnation, and mumbling?—Vol. I. pp. 50, 51.

With these views of the proper style and manner for the preacher to adopt, it was natural that his own delivery should be marked by great freedom and boldness, and that his fervent and impressive manner should fascinate hearers who had become equally accustomed to mediocrity in the sermon and feebleness in its delivery. It was not less natural that such persons should overestimate the merits of his early sermons. His later sermons, as published in his collected Works, exhibit a marked improvement over his earlier discourses; but of the fifty sermons contained in the two volumes published in 1809, not more than six or eight would be generally read if they were now printed for the first time. They are, in general, brief and commonplace productions, with little originality of thought or brilliancy of expression; and it is certain that much of their success was owing to their animated delivery and the reputation which the preacher enjoyed. Yet we occasionally meet with those eloquent passages and witty expressions which characterize his other writings. Thus, in a truculent sermon on Methodism, a subject which occasioned him much mental exercise, he says the Methodists of his day spoke “of men of all other persuasions as the children of darkness and error, pitying the whole world besides themselves, and thanking God with a very needless and impious gratitude that he has made them so much wiser and better than other human beings.”* In speaking of that

* Two Volumes of Sermons, Vol. I. p. 287.

spurious philanthropy which so many persons regard as an easy stalking-horse to ride into public notice and favor upon, he describes it as "a passion dwelling more often on the lip than in the heart, and rather a theme on which we declaim, than a motive from which we act."* Elsewhere he says: "Virtue is so delightful, whenever it is perceived, that men have found it their interest to cultivate manners, which are, in fact, the appearances of certain virtues; and now we are come to love the sign better than the thing signified, and indubitably to prefer (though we never own it) manners without virtue, to virtue without manners."† But perhaps the finest passage in these Sermons is the opening of the discourse for the Blind.

"If any man were to require," he begins, "at my hands, a proof of the authenticity of that Gospel by the principles of which we have this day been edified, and in obedience to which we are now gathered together, after I had laid before him the cogent and the luminous reasoning which men, mighty in the Scriptures, have put forth to confound impiety, and to resolve doubt, after I had read to him the words of that Saviour who spake as never man spake before, after I had strove by these means to teach him that, though shrouded in the tomb, he would behold his Redeemer on the last day, I would turn to the daily life and the daily mercies of Christians; I would say, Let us judge the tree by its fruit; if it is productive only of idle ceremonies and trifling observances, hew it down, and cast it into the flames; but if it can cause the lame to walk, the leper to be cleansed, the deaf to hear, and the blind to receive their sight,—if it brings forth, in their due season, the fruits of mercy,—then is that tree planted by God,—then are its roots too deep for the tempest,—then shall its branches flourish to the clouds,—then shall all the nations of the earth gather under its shade.

"Try it, then, by this test; refer the proofs of the Gospel's authenticity to the criterion of active provident compassion.—It studies classes, and relieves every misery of our nature; it is not sufficient for the refined and zealous benevolence of these times, to confuse the varieties of misfortune, by extending the same indiscriminate aid to sufferers, who agree in nothing but the common characteristic of grief;—each individual calamity experiences a distinct compassion, is cherished with its appropriate comforts, and healed by its specific remedies. The maniac is shut out from the tumults of the world, the Magdalene weeps

* Two Volumes of Sermons, Vol. II. p. 55.

† Ibid., Vol. II. p. 190.

over the Gospel of Christ, and washes his name with her tears; — a mother is given to the foundling, — a Samaritan to the wounded, — the drowned person is called back from the dead, — the forsaken youth is snatched from the dominion of vice, — a soul is breathed into the deaf and dumb, — and the child-bearing woman, when she thinks of the days of her anguish, knoweth that she has where to lay her head. In every corner of this Christian land, some edifice rises up consecrated to mercy; — a tabernacle of healing, ample enough to call down the blessings of God upon a city, and to wipe out half their sins. In the midst of this magnificent benevolence, the children of the Gospel have not forgotten the misfortunes of the blind; they have pitied their long darkness, and remembered that the light is sweet, that it is a pleasant thing for the eye to behold the sun.”*

In the years 1804, 1805, and 1806 he read a course of lectures before the Royal Institution, in London, on Moral, or rather Mental Philosophy. To the discharge of this duty he brought only a limited acquaintance with the subject and very little taste for the discussion of metaphysical questions. Yet his lectures had great success; the hall was crowded long before the hour for him to begin; and little else was talked of in cultivated society. As thoughtful contributions to metaphysical literature, they do not possess much merit; but nothing can exceed them in brilliancy of wit, felicity of illustration, and the admirable tact with which the dullest and driest topics are made interesting. For a popular treatment of metaphysical questions, they stand entirely alone. Sydney Smith's own opinion of their real merits, we may add, appears to have been much too low; for after using two or three of the manuscripts in the preparation of articles for the *Edinburgh Review*, he began to destroy the rest, and in a letter to Dr. Whewell written only two years before his death he says: “My lectures are gone to the dogs, and are utterly forgotten. I knew nothing of moral philosophy, but I was thoroughly aware that I wanted £200 to furnish my house. The success, however, was prodigious; all Albemarle Street was blocked up with carriages, and such an uproar as I never remember to have been excited by any other literary imposture. Every week I had a new theory about conception and perception; and supported by a natural manner, a tor-

* Two Volumes of Sermons, Vol. I. pp. 125, 126.

rent of words, and an impudence scarcely credible in this prudent age. Still, in justice to myself, I must say there were some good things in them. But good and bad are all gone." * Fortunately, however, for his own reputation, and for his readers, this statement is not entirely correct. Through the intercession of his wife, the larger part of his lectures had been preserved, and after his death they were published, though in an imperfect and fragmentary form. With the qualification which we have indicated, they do him great credit, and are among the most delightful of his writings.

About the same time, towards the close of 1807, he published *Peter Plymley's Letters* to his Brother Abraham,—perhaps the most brilliant and successful composition of its kind which has appeared in our language, with the exception of some of Swift's pamphlets. These letters were published anonymously, and Smith very carefully endeavored to preserve the secret of their authorship, but without much success, though he never acknowledged them until more than thirty years after they were written. "The government of that day," he tells us in the Preface to his collected writings, "took great pains to find out the author; all that they could find was, that they were brought to Mr. Budd, the publisher, by the Earl of Lauderdale. Somehow or another, it came to be conjectured that I was that author: I have always denied it; but finding that I deny it in vain, I have thought it might be as well to include the Letters in this collection; they had an immense circulation at the time, and I think above 20,000 copies were sold." Nothing can exceed the bitterness and brilliancy of these letters, the pungency of the satire, the virulence of the party spirit, or the cogency of the reasoning in the argumentative parts. Throughout he speaks of Canning as "a pert London joker," of Perceval as "a second-rate lawyer, with the head of a country parson, and the tongue of an Old Bailey lawyer," and of all who opposed Catholic Emancipation in an equally contemptuous manner. The letters abound in personalities of the most stinging character, and the most unsparing ridicule of the views of his opponents. Every argument is barbed with a sneer; and

* Vol. II. pp. 456, 457.

the impression produced by the whole is that of great logical power united with great keenness of wit and consummate skill in all the arts of controversy. It would be easy to multiply extracts in illustration of the fertility of fancy, the shrewdness of argument, and the bitterness of sarcasm contained in these remarkable letters. But one or two brief extracts will be sufficient for our present purpose, and perhaps no single passage better exhibits all these characteristics than the following, which we copy from the fourth letter.

"If the great mass of the people," he says, "environed as they are on every side with Jenkinsons, Percevals, Melvilles, and other perils, were to pray for divine illumination and aid, what more could Providence in its mercy do than send them the example of Scotland? For what a length of years was it attempted to compel the Scotch to change their religion: horse, foot, artillery, and armed prebendaries, were sent out after the Presbyterian parsons and their congregations. The Percevals of those days called for blood; this call is never made in vain, and blood was shed; but to the astonishment and horror of the Percevals of those days, they could not introduce the Book of Common Prayer, nor prevent that metaphysical people from going to heaven their true way, instead of our true way. With a little oatmeal for food, and a little sulphur for friction, allaying cutaneous irritation with one hand, and holding his Calvinistical creed in the other, Sawney ran away to his flinty hills, sung his psalm out of tune his own way, and listened to his sermon of two hours long, amid the rough and imposing melancholy of the tallest thistles. But Sawney brought up his unbreeched offspring in a cordial hatred of his oppressors; and Scotland was as much a part of the weakness of England then, as Ireland is at this moment. The true and the only remedy was applied; the Scotch were suffered to worship God after their own tiresome manner, without pain, penalty, and privation. No lightnings descended from heaven; the country was not ruined; the world is not yet come to an end; the dignitaries who foretold all these consequences are utterly forgotten; and Scotland has ever since been an increasing source of strength to Great Britain. In the six hundredth year of our empire over Ireland, we are making laws to transport a man, if he is found out of his house after eight o'clock at night. That this is necessary, I know too well; but tell me why it is necessary? It is not necessary in Greece where the Turks are masters."

Scarcely less witty and sarcastic is the following pas-

sage from the ninth letter. After speaking of the grand juries in Ireland as the great scene of jobbing, he continues:—

“ But there is a religion, it seems, even in jobs; and it will be highly gratifying to Mr. Perceval to learn that no man in Ireland who believes in seven sacraments can carry a public road, or bridge, one yard out of the direction most beneficial to the public, and that nobody can cheat that public who does not expound the Scriptures in the purest and most orthodox manner. This will give pleasure to Mr. Perceval: but, from his unfairness upon these topics, I appeal to the justice and proper feelings of Mr. Huskisson. I ask him if the human mind can experience a more dreadful sensation than to see its own jobs refused, and the jobs of another religion perpetually succeeding? I ask him his opinion of a jobless faith, of a creed which dooms a man through life to a lean and plunderless integrity. He knows that human nature cannot and will not bear it; and if we were to paint a political Tartarus, it would be an endless series of snug expectations and cruel disappointments. These are a few of many dreadful inconveniences which the Catholics of all ranks suffer from the laws by which they are at present oppressed. Besides, look at human nature:—what is the history of all professions? Joel is to be brought up to the bar: has Mrs. Plymley the slightest doubt of his being Chancellor? Do not his two shrivelled aunts live in the certainty of seeing him in that situation, and of cutting out with their own hands his equity habiliments? and I could name a certain minister of the Gospel who does not, in the bottom of his heart, much differ from these opinions. Do you think that the fathers and mothers of the holy Catholic Church are not as absurd as Protestant papas and mammas? The probability I admit to be, in each particular case, that the sweet little blockhead will in fact never get a brief;—but I will venture to say, there is not a parent from the Giant’s Causeway to Bantry Bay who does not conceive that his child is the unfortunate victim of the exclusion, and that nothing short of positive law could prevent his own dear pre-eminent Paddy from rising to the highest honors of the state. So with the army, and Parliament; in fact few are excluded: but in imagination all; you keep twenty or thirty Catholics out, and you lose the affections of four millions; and, let me tell you, that recent circumstances have by no means tended to diminish in the minds of men that hope of elevation beyond their own rank which is so congenial to our nature; from pleading for John Roe to taxing John Bull, from jesting for Mr. Pitt and writing in the *Anti-Jacobin*, to managing the affairs of Europe,—these are leaps which seem to justify the fondest dreams of mothers and aunts.”

Hitherto he had resided in London, though he had been rector of a country parish for several years ; but in 1809 he was compelled, in consequence of the passage of Mr. Perceval's Residence Bill, to resign his living or reside there in person. But as there was no parsonage in the parish, he was permitted to reside temporarily at Heslington, a small village near York, with the hope that he might be able to exchange the living for one where it would not be necessary to build. But in this he was disappointed, and he at length felt obliged to build. This he did ; and as the result of his labors he could show his London friends one of the ugliest but most convenient parsonages in the country. In the mean time he studied, wrote, preached, and tried experiments in farming on a small scale. Of his early experience at Foston, Lady Holland has given a lively account, drawn from her recollection of his conversation at different times, which may be quoted as an agreeable specimen of his ordinary style, and as showing the natural energy of his character.

"A diner-out, a wit, and a popular preacher," he says, "I was suddenly caught up by the Archbishop of York, and transported to my living in Yorkshire, where there had not been a resident clergyman for a hundred and fifty years. Fresh from London, not knowing a turnip from a carrot, I was compelled to farm three hundred acres, and without capital to build a parsonage-house.

"I asked and obtained three years' leave from the Archbishop, in order to effect an exchange, if possible ; and fixed myself meantime at a small village two miles from York, in which was a fine old house of the time of Queen Elizabeth, where resided the last of the squires, with his lady, who looked as if she had walked straight out of the ark, or had been the wife of Enoch. He was a perfect specimen of the Trullibers of old ; he smoked, hunted, drank beer at his door with his grooms and dogs, and spelt over the county paper on Sundays.

"At first, he heard I was a Jacobin and a dangerous fellow, and turned aside as I passed : but at length, when he found the peace of the village undisturbed, harvests much as usual, Juno and Ponto uninjured, he first bowed, then called, and at last reached such a pitch of confidence that he used to bring the papers, that I might explain the difficult words to him ; actually discovered that I had made a joke, laughed till I thought he would have died of convulsions, and ended by inviting me to see his dogs.

"All my efforts for an exchange having failed, I asked and obtained from my friend the Archbishop another year to build in. And I then set my shoulder to the wheel in good earnest; sent for an architect; he produced plans which would have ruined me. I made him my bow: 'You build for glory, sir; I for use.' I returned him his plans with five-and-twenty pounds, and sat down in my thinking-chair, and in a few hours Mrs. Sydney and I concocted a plan which has produced what I call the model of parsonage-houses.

"I then took to horse to provide bricks and timber; was advised to make my own bricks, of my own clay; of course, when the kiln was opened, all bad; mounted my horse again, and in twenty-four hours had bought thousands of bricks and tons of timber. Was advised by neighboring gentlemen to employ oxen: bought four, — Tug and Lug, Hawl and Crawl; but Tug and Lug took to fainting, and required buckets of sal-volatile, and Hawl and Crawl to lie down in the mud. So I did as I ought to have done at first, — took the advice of the farmer instead of the gentleman; sold my oxen, bought a team of horses, and at last, in spite of a frost which delayed me six weeks, in spite of walls running down with wet, in spite of the advice and remonstrances of friends who predicted our death, in spite of an infant of six months old, who had never been out of the house, I landed my family in my new house nine months after laying the first stone, on the 20th of March; and performed my promise to the letter to the Archbishop, by issuing forth at midnight with a lantern to meet the last cart, with the cook and the cat, which had stuck in the mud, and fairly established them before twelve o'clock at night in the new parsonage-house, — a fact, taking ignorance, inexperience, and poverty into consideration, requiring, I assure you, no small degree of energy.

"It made me a very poor man for many years, but I never repented it. I turned schoolmaster, to educate my son, as I could not afford to send him to school. Mrs. Sydney turned schoolmistress to educate my girls, as I could not afford a governess. I turned farmer, as I could not let my land. A manservant was too expensive; so I caught up a little garden-girl, made like a milestone, christened her Bunch, put a napkin in her hand, and made her my butler. The girls taught her to read, Mrs. Sydney to wait, and I undertook her morals; Bunch became the best butler in the county.

"I had little furniture, so I bought a cart-load of deals; took a carpenter (who came to me for parish relief, called Jack Robinson), with a face like a full-moon, into my service; established him in a barn, and said, 'Jack, furbish my house.' You see the result!

“At last it was suggested that a carriage was much wanted in the establishment; after diligent search I discovered in the back settlements of a York coach-maker an ancient green chariot, supposed to have been the earliest invention of the kind. I brought it home in triumph to my admiring family. Being somewhat dilapidated, the village tailor lined it, the village blacksmith repaired it; nay (but for Mrs. Sydney’s earnest entreaties), we believe the village painter would have exercised his genius upon the exterior; it escaped this danger, however, and the result was wonderful. Each year added to its charms: it grew younger and younger; a new wheel, a new spring; I christened it the *Immortal*; it was known all over the neighborhood; the village boys cheered it, and the village dogs barked at it; but ‘Faber mæx fortunæ’ was my motto, and we had no false shame.

“Added to all these domestic cares, I was village parson, village doctor, village comforter, village magistrate, and Edinburgh Reviewer; so you see I had not much time left on my hands to regret London.

“My house was considered one of the ugliest in the county, but all admitted it was one of the most comfortable; and we did not die, as our friends had predicted, of the damp walls of the parsonage.” — Vol. I. pp. 143–146.

Here he spent the greater part of his time until his appointment in 1828 by Lord Lyndhurst as one of the canons of Bristol Cathedral, when he resigned the living for the smaller but far pleasanter one of Combe-Florey near Taunton. By means of constant and varied employment, occasional journeys, and visits from his friends, he contrived to pass off what must otherwise have been to him the insufferable tedium of a country life, at a distance from the metropolis. In the discharge of his parochial duties he seems to have acted with remarkable discretion and fidelity, and to have neglected no means to promote the welfare of his parish; but of his merely professional life Lady Holland gives very little information, and we can only form a general impression of it from a few scattered and disconnected passages. But this deficiency is fully compensated by the charming picture which she gives us of his domestic life. When he first went into the country, he was much addicted to riding on horseback; but as he never could maintain very close relations with his saddle, and his repeated falls alarmed his family, he finally gave it up. “I used

to think a fall from a horse dangerous," he writes to a friend, "but much experience has convinced me to the contrary. I have had six falls in two years, and just behaved like the three per cents when they fall,—I got up again, and am not a bit the worse for it, any more than the stock in question." And again, in reference to the same subject, he says: "I left off riding for the good of my parish and the peace of my family; for somehow or other, my horse and I had a habit of parting company. On one occasion I found myself suddenly prostrate in the streets of York, much to the delight of the Dissenters. Another time, my horse Calamity flung me over his head into a neighboring parish, as if I had been a shuttlecock, and I felt grateful it was not into a neighboring planet."* This horse Calamity was a large, lank, raw-boned animal, with an insatiable appetite and a great aversion to violent exercise. So disinclined was he to rapid movements, that our clerical farmer was obliged to suspend a small sieve of corn in front of the shafts in order to quicken his gait. "The corn," says Lady Holland, "rattling as the vehicle progressed, stimulated Calamity to unwonted exertions; and under the hope of overtaking the imaginary feed, he did more work than all the previous provender which had been poured down his throat had been able to obtain from him."† A good deal of his farming appears to have been carried on in the same whimsical manner; but in everything the real kindness of his heart was exhibited, and in nothing more than in his thoughtful care of the various animals kept about his place. His servants were also carefully trained and instructed, and became much attached to him. One of them, Annie Kay, continued in his family until her death, which occurred only two years after his own decease, and was kindly remembered in his last will.

In the latter part of 1821 he made a short visit to Edinburgh, where he had not been for ten years. Of this visit he has given a very pleasant account in a letter to Lady Mary Bennett, who was a frequent correspondent for many years, and to whom many of his most amusing letters were sent. He writes:—

* Vol. I. p. 157.

† Vol. I. p. 158.

"Foston, Dec. 20th, 1821.

"MY DEAR LADY MARY :—In the first place I went to Lord Grey's, and stayed with them three or four days ; from thence I went to Edinburgh, where I had not been for ten years. I found a noble passage into the town, and new since my time ; two beautiful English chapels, two of the handsomest library-rooms in Great Britain, and a wonderful increase of shoes and stockings, streets and houses. When I lived there, very few maids had shoes and stockings, but plodded about the house with feet as big as a family Bible, and legs as large as portmanteaus. I staid with Jeffrey. My time was spent with the Whig leaders of the Scotch bar, a set of very honest, clever men, each possessing thirty-two different sorts of wine. My old friends were glad to see me ; some had turned Methodists, — some had lost their teeth, — some had grown very rich, — some very fat, — some were dying, — and, alas ! alas ! many were dead ; but the world is a coarse enough place, so I talked away, comforted some, praised others, kissed some old ladies, and passed a very riotous week.

"From Edinburgh I went to Dunbar, — Lord Lauderdale's, — a comfortable house with a noble sea-view. I was struck with the great good-nature and vivacity of his daughters.

"From thence to Lambton. And here I ask, what use of wealth so luxurious and delightful as to light your house with gas ? What folly to have a diamond necklace or a Correggio, and not to light your house with gas ! The splendor and glory of Lambton Hall make all other houses mean. How pitiful to submit to a farthing-candle existence, when science puts such intense gratification within your reach ! Dear lady, spend all your fortune in a gas-apparatus. Better to eat dry bread by the splendor of gas, than to dine on wild beef with wax candles ; and so good by, dear lady.

"SYDNEY SMITH." *

A few years later, in the spring of 1826, he made his first visit to Paris, — a pleasure which he had long anticipated but which he had hitherto been obliged to forego from the want of means. Whilst in Paris he wrote daily to his wife, giving her an account of what he saw and of the impressions produced by these new scenes ; but his letters contain little that is noteworthy, except a pretty emphatic declaration of his belief that France was fast approaching another revolutionary era. "The Bourbons," he tells us, "are too foolish and too absurd ; noth-

* Vol. II. pp. 215, 216.

ing can keep them on the throne.”* Though his political opinions had prevented him from rising in the Church, and after many years of faithful service he still remained poor, his fame had become widely known. Among others who bore testimony to their respect for his talents were the booksellers, who sent him many new and valuable publications. On one occasion he received from some firm, whose name is not given, a work of a decidedly irreligious tendency, which called forth a letter so strikingly characteristic of his deep-seated principles, that we cannot refrain from citing it here. Though he treated all forms of cant and hypocrisy with merciless ridicule, no one felt more deeply the necessity of putting some limits to the levity of speech, or more cordially admitted the great truths of religion. In early life he had often written to Jeffrey that he must withdraw from all connection with the *Edinburgh Review*, if it continued to indulge in the use of language which he thought savored too much of infidelity and irreligion. He had entered the Church with reluctance, but having once assumed the office of a Christian minister, no one could have been more faithful in the discharge of all its duties, though it must have been a painful one to exchange the refined and cultivated society of London and Edinburgh for the companionship of ignorant peasants. Everywhere and at all times he was ready to perform his humble duties, and to rebuke every attack upon the essential principles of religion. With these feelings he now wrote:—

“Foston, July 30th, 1827.

“GENTLEMEN:—I have received from you within these few months some very polite and liberal presents of new publications; and though I was sorry you put yourself to any expense on my account, yet I was flattered by this mark of respect and good-will from gentlemen to whom I am personally unknown.

“I am quite sure, however, that you overlooked the purpose and tendency of a work called ———, or that you would not have sent it to a clergyman of the Established Church, or indeed to a clergyman of *any* church. I see also advertised at your house a translation of Voltaire’s ‘*Philosophical Dictionary*.’ I hope you will have the goodness to excuse me, and not to attribute what I say to an impertinent, but a friendly disposition.

* Vol. II. p. 253.

Let us pass over, for a moment, all those *much* higher considerations, and look at this point only in a worldly view, as connected with *your* interests. Is it wise to give to your house the character of publishers of infidel books? The English people are a very religious people, and those who are not hate the active dissemination of irreligion. The zealots of irreligion are few and insignificant, and confined principally to London. You have not a chance of eminence or success in that line; and I advise you prudently and quietly to back out of it.

"I hate the insolence, persecution, and intolerance which so often pass under the name of religion, and (as you know) I have fought against them; but I have an unaffected horror of irreligion and impiety; and every principle of suspicion and fear would be excited in me by a man who professed himself an infidel.

"I write this from respect to you. It is quite a private communication, and I am sure you are too wise and too enlightened to take it in evil part.

"I was very much pleased with the 'Two Months in Ireland,' but did not read the poetical part; the prosaic division of the work is very good.

"I remain, Gentlemen, yours faithfully,

"SYDNEY SMITH." *

The strength of his convictions and his fidelity to them were not less strikingly exhibited in the firmness and consistency with which he advocated liberal principles through the long period of Tory supremacy, and especially in his resolute and constant advocacy of Catholic Emancipation. When he began to write and to preach, and for many years after, there was no more certain bar to all hope of preferment in the Church than to support the claims of the Catholics. During this long period, by his articles in the *Edinburgh Review*, by pamphlets, and by speeches in meetings of the clergy, where he was sometimes without a single friend to support his views, he labored with untiring zeal to promote this cause, which he held so much at heart. But at length a new order of things succeeded; and the political bigots who had so long ruled England with an iron sway gave place to men of larger views, or were themselves obliged to yield to the advancing spirit of the age, and place themselves at the head of a movement which they could no longer oppose with success. Wise men like Sir Robert Peel deserted

* Vol. II. pp. 266, 267.

the sinking cause amidst the execrations of their old supporters, and mean men followed their example. With this change in men and principles a brighter day dawned upon Sydney Smith; and in the early part of the year 1828, Lord Lyndhurst, who had supplanted Lord Eldon in the affections of the new Tories, conferred upon him a prebendal stall in Bristol Cathedral. But he never swerved from a bold and intrepid declaration of his opinions, even though he was to preach them before an audience composed of some of the most bigoted advocates of the disqualifying laws to be found in all England. On the 5th of November he began his labors in Bristol by preaching before the Mayor and Corporation a manly discourse on *The Rules of Christian Charity*, which he tells us gave great offence to some of the aldermen. "You will be amused," he wrote in August, "by hearing that I am to preach the 5th of November sermon at Bristol, and to dine at the 5th of November dinner with the Mayor and Corporation of Bristol. All sorts of bad theology are preached at the Cathedral on that day, and all sorts of bad toasts drunk at the Mansion-House. I will do neither the one nor the other, nor bow the knee in the house of Rimmon."* When the appointed time came, he was faithful to this declaration, and the sermon which he then preached before "the most Protestant corporation in England" bears honorable testimony to his integrity of character.

The position which he had now attained was a source of much honest pride and gratification to him. "I have been very poor the greatest part of my life," were his words, "and have borne it as well, I believe, as most people, but I can safely say that I have been happier every guinea I have gained. I well remember when Mrs. Sydney and I were young, in London, with no other equipage than my umbrella, when we went out to dinner in a hackney-coach (a vehicle, by the by, now become almost matter of history), when the rattling step was let down, and the proud, powdered red-plushes grinned, and her gown was fringed with straw, how the iron entered into my soul."† The delight which this improvement in his temporal condition and prospects

* Vol. II. pp. 274, 275.

† Vol. I. p. 200.

gave him was chastened by the death of his eldest son, a young man of much promise, who died in the spring of 1829, just as he was beginning to realize the fond expectations of his parents.

Upon his appointment to the Cathedral of Bristol, Sydney Smith ceased to write for the *Edinburgh Review*, and about the same time he removed from Foston to Combe-Florey, where he continued to reside when not living in London until his death. These latter years were spent in the active and faithful discharge of his duties as a clergyman, and in the publication of occasional letters and pamphlets on questions of temporary interest. Not only did he carefully watch over the moral and spiritual welfare of his parishioners; but he also took a deep interest in their physical well-being and temporal prosperity. When a young man he had studied medicine, and whilst in Edinburgh he attended the clinical lectures there; and the information which he thus obtained he was always ready to use for the benefit of his flock. Both at Foston and at Combe-Florey he fitted up a room which he called his shop, where he kept different medicines, a stomach-pump, with which he once saved the life of his footman, and several whimsical inventions of his own for the relief of various maladies. These medicines he eagerly dispensed to his rustic parishioners, with much good advice; and when he went up to London he sometimes acted as their agent in the discharge of some kindly office. His fidelity to the interests of his people was scarcely less remarkable than the brilliancy of his wit and the perennial charm of his conversation.

In the discussions which finally terminated in the passage of the Reform Bill he took a warm interest, and made several speeches, in one of which occurs his famous comparison of the House of Lords to Mrs. Partington in the great Sidmouth storm. His political services were not forgotten by Earl Grey when that distinguished nobleman, the friend and disciple of Fox, became head of the government; and in 1831 he was appointed a canon-residentiary of St. Paul's Cathedral in exchange for the stall which he held in Bristol Cathedral. That he was not appointed to a bishopric when his old friends came into power was undoubtedly a source of mortification to

him, and is several times alluded to in his letters in terms evidently prompted by a feeling of disappointment and vexation. Yet there seems to be no ground for the charge sometimes urged, that he was less faithful to his liberal principles in his declining years than he had been in early life. Probably this charge mainly grew out of the course which he took in the long controversy about Church Reform and which he so ably maintained in his three letters to Archdeacon Singleton and in his letter to Lord John Russell. An amusing letter, however, to the Countess Grey, written in 1834, after the king's unceremonious dismissal of the Melbourne ministry, shows rather less asperity of tone than characterized his earlier references to his political opponents.

"London, November 19th, 1834.

"MY DEAR LADY GREY:— Nothing can exceed the fury of the Whigs! They mean not only to change everything upon the earth, but to alter the tides, to suspend the principles of gravitation and vegetation, and to tear down the solar system. The Duke's success, as it appears to me, will entirely depend on his imitation of the Whig measures. I am heartily glad Lord Grey is in port. I am (thanks to him) in port too, and have no intentions of resigning St. Paul's. I have not resigned. Still the king has used them ill. If he always intended to turn them out as soon as Lord Spencer died, he should have told Lord Melbourne so, and not have placed him in so awkward a position; at least, as far as circumstances over which he has no control can place an able and high-minded man.

"I am better in health, avoiding all fermented liquors, and drinking nothing but London water with a million insects in every drop. He who drinks a tumbler of London water has literally in his stomach more animated beings than there are men, women, and children on the face of the globe. London is very empty, but by no means disagreeable: I find plenty of friends. Pray be in London early in January. I shall practise as I preach, and be there from January to Easter.

"It is supposed that the messenger who is gone to fetch Sir Robert Peel will not catch him before he is at Pæstum; in the mean time, the Duke of Wellington holds all offices, civil, military, and ecclesiastical, and is to be Bishop of Ely (if Ely dies) till Peel arrives.

"SYDNEY SMITH."*

Several of his later letters, it may be added, are addressed to political opponents, or to ladies of the Tory

* Vol. II. pp. 334, 335.

party. Among the best of these is the following letter to Lady Ashburton, which may be appropriately cited in this connection.

“Dogmersfield Park, 1841.

“You have very naturally, my dear Lady Ashburton, referred to me for some information respecting St. Anthony. The principal anecdotes related of him are, that he was rather careless of his diet; and that, instead of confining himself to boiled mutton and a little wine and water, he ate of side-dishes, and drank two glasses of sherry, and refused to live a life of great care and circumspection, such as his constitution required. The consequence was, that his friends were often alarmed at his health; and the medical men of Jerusalem and Jericho were in constant requisition, taking exorbitant fees, and doing him little good.

“You ought to be very thankful to me (Lord Ashburton and yourself) for resisting as firmly and honorably as I do my desire to offer myself at the Grange; but my health is so indifferent, and my spirits so low, and I am so old and half-dead, that I am mere lumber; so that I can only inflict myself upon the Mildmayes, who are accustomed to Mr. ———; and I dare not appear before one who crosses the seas to arrange the destinies of nations, and to chain up in bonds of peace the angry passions of the people of the earth.

“Still I can preach a little; and I wish you had witnessed, the other day at St. Paul’s, my incredible boldness in attacking the Puseyites. I told them that they made the Christian religion a religion of postures and ceremonies, of circumflexions and genuflexions, of garments and vestures, of ostentation and parade; that they took up tithe of mint and cumin, and neglected the weightier matters of the law, — justice, mercy, and the duties of life; and so forth.

“Pray give my kind regards to the ambassador of ambassadors; and believe me, my dear Lady Ashburton, with benedictions to the whole house, ever sincerely yours,

“SYDNEY SMITH.” *

He had now become an old man, and by the death of his youngest brother, who left a large estate, and from his own income as Canon of St. Paul’s, he had also become a rich man. His honorable poverty and obscurity had given place to wealth, social position, and a distinguished name; and in the pleasures of country life in his beautiful parsonage of Combe-Florey, and in the still more congenial pleasures of London society, his last years glided peacefully away, with little to interrupt their

* Vol. II. pp. 430, 431.

tranquil flow except occasional attacks of asthma and the gout. One other source of annoyance must, however, be mentioned, as it is particularly referred to by Lady Holland, and tended for a time to weaken his popularity in this country, while it also tended to make his name much more widely known among us. In common with many other persons in England and on the Continent, who were animated by the desire to make a profitable speculation, he had invested a part of his property in the bonds of the individual States of this Union. His own investment was in Pennsylvania bonds, and was for only a small amount; but when that State suspended the payment of interest upon her debt, he wrote a short and very pungent petition to Congress praying that some measures should be instituted by the general government for the payment of these debts. The publication of this petition called forth from the newspaper press of the country much unmerited obloquy upon its author; and the excitement occasioned by it was still further increased by the publication, in November, 1843, of two letters to the Editor of the London Morning Chronicle, written in a much more sarcastic tone, and in the last of which he said, with much bitterness: "And now, having eased my soul of its indignation, and sold my stock at 40 per cent discount, I sulkily retire from the subject, with a fixed intention of lending no more money to free and enlightened republics, but of employing my money henceforth in buying up Abyssinian bonds, and purchasing into the Turkish Fours, or the Tunis Three-and-a-half per Cent funds." In looking at this subject calmly and dispassionately, and from this distance of time, it will be universally admitted that Sydney Smith was right in the ground which he took upon the principal question, and that the real weight of his sarcasms was derived from their truth and justice. But it is proper to observe, that on the subsidiary questions he was altogether wrong, and that no part of the stain which rests upon the repudiating States can attach to the United States. Except in the exercise of its own powers, and in those cases in which the laws of the individual States conflict with the Constitution of the United States, Congress has no power to act. Wherever there is such a conflict, and wherever any act is necessary to carry out

the intentions of the framers of the Constitution, the authority of the general government is paramount. But it is clear that this authority does not extend to the particular case referred to in Sydney Smith's petition. His money was lent to the State of Pennsylvania alone, and his recourse was to that State alone. For her delinquency in the matter, Congress was in no degree responsible; and this he ought to have known. For many years he had been writing about America in the *Edinburgh Review*; and yet he showed by his Petition and Letters, that he was profoundly ignorant of the first principles of our government. Such ignorance in him was without excuse. With this qualification, his complaints were just and well founded. Yet for his own reputation it would have been better if he had written nothing upon the subject.

He did not long survive the publication of his *Letters on American Debts*. In October, 1844, he was taken seriously ill, and by the recommendation of his son-in-law, Sir Henry Holland, he immediately came up to London for the benefit of better medical advice than he could have in the country. Here he continued to linger, sometimes appearing so bright and well as to give strong hopes of his ultimate recovery, and sometimes showing only too clearly how near he was approaching the termination of his earthly journey, until the 22d of February, 1845, when he died of water on the chest, in the seventy-fourth year of his age. During his sickness he spoke but little, though in general he maintained a cheerful tone. To the Countess of Carlisle he wrote, soon after coming up to London: "My breathlessness and giddiness are gone, — chased away by the gout. If you hear of sixteen or eighteen pounds of human flesh, they belong to me. I look as if a curate had been taken out of me."* On one occasion, referring to his low diet, he said to his old friend, General Fox: "Ah, Charles! I wish I were allowed even the wing of a roasted butterfly." On another occasion, he said: "I should like to get well, if it were only to please Dr. Holland; it would, I know, make him so happy; this illness has endeared him so much to me." Though very weak, his mind was

* Vol. II. p. 510.

still fresh and active ; and as he lay one evening in his half-darkened room, he repeated in a strong and full voice this beautiful passage from his sermon on Riches, as if recalling his own lengthened experience : " We talk of human life as a journey, but how variously is that journey performed ! There are some who come forth girt, and shod, and mantled, to walk on velvet lawns and smooth terraces, where every gale is arrested, and every beam is tempered. There are others who walk on the Alpine paths of life, against driving misery, and through stormy sorrows, over sharp afflictions, — walk with bare feet, and naked breasts, jaded, mangled, and chilled." * And then he sank into perfect repose. Nor did he survive many days longer. Full of years and with a world-wide fame he died, leaving to his children above all other things the precious inheritance of a good name, and the delightful recollections of a faithful life.

In summing up the impressions produced by his life and works, it must be admitted that Sydney Smith was not in any remarkable degree a man of profound or original views, or a very ripe and thorough scholar. His early popularity and his subsequent more extended fame must be traced to very different sources from these. His Lectures on Moral Philosophy, admirable as they were in many respects, unfold no new truths, and show how superficial was his acquaintance with metaphysical science. His Petition to Congress and his Letters on American Debts evince a profound ignorance of the fundamental principles of our mixed form of government. His Sermons exhibit little depth of Christian experience or range of thought. They are practical rather than speculative, and are chiefly noticeable for their plain and forcible presentation of admitted truths in a style level with the comprehension of the most ordinary hearers. The real merit of his writings is in their sterling good sense, their eminently practical tone, and in the unrivalled felicity with which his views were presented to popular favor and acceptance. The real service which he rendered to his own country and to future generations was by his unflinching devotion to liberal principles

* Vol. I. p. 360.

through many years of poverty and neglect, and by his faithful exercise of all his powers to promote every good cause. Endowed with the most perfect mastery of all the weapons of ridicule, with the most jovial humor, the keenest wit, and the most tremendous powers of sarcasm possessed by any writer of English since the days of Swift, he was always found supporting the cause of right and justice with entire disregard of personal consequences. Never did he lend the mighty powers which he possessed to any base object, or for the attainment of merely personal ends. Even when he assailed the Portland administration with so much virulence, it was only because he identified its members with a system which he believed was fraught with the utmost danger to the welfare of the country.

His conversational powers were very great; and Lady Holland has given some pleasant anecdotes tending to show how they were exercised. Yet his conversation, as we gather from various sources, was precisely of that kind of which it is most difficult to convey an impression to a reader. It owed its effect to the facility with which he caught up casual topics, and evolved from them a succession of humorous or witty observations, rather than from brief, pointed expressions which one could carry away in his memory. His conversation delighted you whilst he was speaking, but when he had finished, you could only remember the general impression of delight without recalling the particular turns of expression and the happy phrases which had amused you so much. Yet there are not a few striking remarks preserved which have great epigrammatic force. Thus he once described a utilitarian philosopher as "so hard, you might drive a broad-wheeled wagon over him, and it would produce no impression; if you were to bore holes in him with a gimlet, I am convinced sawdust would come out of him."* Marriage he described as resembling "a pair of shears, so joined that they cannot be separated; often moving in opposite directions, yet always punishing any one who comes between them."† Referring to Macaulay, he once said: "O yes! we both talk a great deal, but I don't believe Macaulay ever did hear my voice.

* Vol. I. p. 296.

† Vol. I. p. 320.

Sometimes, when I have told a good story, I have thought to myself, Poor Macaulay! he will be very sorry some day to have missed hearing that." * This must have been before Mr. Macaulay's return from India, for after that event our witty canon tells us he had "occasional flashes of silence." But happy as are many of the incidental remarks quoted by his daughter, it is in his letters that we must now seek for those good-natured hits and lively sallies of wit and humor which characterized his daily conversation. Here they exist in almost inexhaustible abundance, without any foreign admixture, and uncolored by an imperfect recollection. In reading his letters, no one can fail to perceive how brilliant were the powers which this wise and true-hearted man devoted to the support of popular rights and the advancement of liberal opinions, in the gloomy period that succeeded the first French Revolution.

C. C. S.

ART. V. — BARTOL'S PICTURES OF EUROPE. †

THE title of a book is often indicative of its genius as well as of its contents. While this volume was passing through the press, a report of the title gave rise to a discussion among friends. Many disapproved it, as too quaint or too pretending, and one, whose intimacy with the author entitled him to give advice, is said to have urged the suppression of the words "Framed in Ideas," even at the expense, if necessary, of a new plate. For ourselves, we are glad that the friendly counsel was not adopted; for it seems to us that the phrase in question denotes exactly the peculiar genius of the work, distinguishing it sharply from ordinary books of travel. Of pictures of Europe there is verily no lack. We have them in every style of art, and in almost monthly issues. The peculiarity and the charm of these "Pictures" is that they are "framed in ideas." And to say the truth,

* Vol. I. p. 324.† *Pictures of Europe framed in Ideas.* By C. A. BARTOL. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1855. 12mo. pp. 407.

the frames are the better part and the bigger part of the pictures. So broad and gorgeous and curious and sufficing are they, that the objects depicted are like to be overlooked in the glory of the setting. The frames would satisfy us very well without the pictures; yet the latter are also welcome, not only as excellent in themselves, though scant, but as furnishing the occasion and ostensible ground of the exhibition.

And so, if we have any fault to find with the title, it is not with the latter half, but with the former. It is that the frames are too heavy for the pictures,—that actual Europe is not sufficiently represented to justify the profession of the title-page.

But this is no objection to the book itself. On the contrary, in the glut aforesaid of pictures of Europe, a recommendation. We are not sorry this time to escape from the tourist to the thinker and the poet,—to go over the ground for once with a philosophic prose-poem instead of a road-book,—to have the conduct of a guide who can “moralize” the way as well as show it.

Here is a man of the closet escaped from retirement to wander in the paths of the world. The reflective habit, the introverted mind, turned forth upon the road! It is no adventurer in search of the picturesque that speaks, but one whose wise creed is, that “we need not run and hurry after the beauty of the world,” and who, having viewed the finest that Europe can exhibit, still affirms, “It is not finer than that western sky yonder, seen from my doorstep,”—a man of rapt moods and fine frenzies,—“a prophet of the soul.” He has seen more beauty in his dreams than the Tyrol or the world can realize. He does not journey to learn what scenery is, but only to prove it. Not to receive impressions, but to verify conceptions.

More by accident than by choice he is cast upon the tide of European travel. With little effort or design of his own, he finds himself transported into the midst of those scenes so familiar by report, and whose names have long been a synonyme for grandeur and beauty,—bodily transported but not mentally transposed. *Cælum non animum*. His family accompany him; he carries with him his home associations. The moral atmosphere of his own study is around him as he proto-

cols each day's experience; and all the way long, the brooding thought, the subtle intuition, the devout inspiration, which have so long edified and delighted the intelligent congregation of the "West Church."

In such company we are well content to retrace once more the travelled road. The rather that our prophet does not trail a diary along the track, but classes his shows in generic chapters, and exhibits the best in each kind through its own especial diorama. The first and most attractive portion of the book is occupied with topics of Nature and Art, under the general head of "The Beauty of the World." Then follow seven philosophico-theological essays, in which the great themes of the "Enduring Kingdom," the Church, Society, Country, Mankind, History, Destiny,—each illustrated by occasional reference to scenes abroad and foreign uses,—are discussed with the freshness and sweetness and grave piquancy which distinguish the author's other writings.

It would be superfluous to speak of Mr. Bartol's merits as a writer. His marked and impressive rhetoric, the subtle beauty of his thought, his fervent imagination, and often exquisite felicity of expression, are well known to the readers of his "Discourses," and need no encomium at our hands. We will only say, that we heartily indorse the strongest that has yet been pronounced on them. Whatever of friendly expectation, derived from those Discourses, may have welcomed the book in hand, has been, we will venture to say, abundantly satisfied. As a book of travel, it possesses no value and offers no claim. As a volume of essays, it deserves to rank with the classics of the land. As an application of thought and sentiment to the scenes and sights presented to a tourist, it is, in prose, what Byron's great epic is in verse,—a kind of spiritual Childe-Harold's-Pilgrimage.

Our traveller, like all persons of poetic temperament, is a worshipper of Nature; enjoying her, not, as Southerners and realists, by *sensation*, with

"a feeling and a love
That had no need of a remoter charm
By thought supplied,"

but, as genuine Northerner and idealist, by *reflection*. He does not bask in the landscape, but scans it; he does not

coalesce with it, but appropriates it. Lake, river, and valley do not draw him forth "to mingle with the universe," but throw him back upon himself in pious ecstasy. They are only the occasion that opens the inner eye, the hint that calls up the native scenery of the soul. His enjoyment of Nature is metaphysical. Smiling or awful, he greets her with reverent gaze, and hangs upon her features awhile in loving contemplation. But soon,

"the mind from pleasure less
Withdraws into her happiness.
The mind, that ocean where each kind
Doth straight its own resemblance find,
Yet still creates, transcending these,
Far other climes and other seas,
Annihilating all that 's made
To a green thought in a green shade."

How he idealizes! How the spiritual eye dominates the sensual! The absolute mountain and river are put so positively, that no particular mountain or river can seem to be of much account. Accordingly, none is much accounted in these pages. The route lies through Switzerland and Germany, but the Bernese Oberland and the Danube are alluded to merely as incidental illustrations of the archetype in the author's mind. He reverses the common practice of generalization by induction. Instead of rising from given peaks and streams to ideal forms, he descends *a priori* from the absolute to the actual, and sees the Alps themselves through the ideal of a supernalpine imagination.

And how he preaches! finding sermons in stones and psalms in cataracts, distilling doctrine from the glacier's rime, "improving" every crag and cleft, and levying his shekel, or temple-tax, on all beauty.

"Winterströme stürzen vom Felsen
In seine Psalmen,
Und Altar des lieblichsten Danks
Wird ihm des gefürchteten Gipfels
Schneebehängener Scheitel."

No man, however, is better able than Bartol to appreciate the actual, as *spectacle*. No man opens a more penetrating poet's eye (when he does fairly open it) to the objects about him. His quick appreciation of the beautiful in scenery is shown in many a splendid passage, in the chapters entitled, "The Beauty of the World,"

"The Mountains," "The Rivers," "The Lakes," "The Sea." Here, for example, is a sketch of Mont Blanc and its surroundings, as seen from the opposite side of Chamouni.

"On the peak which rises to command, across the tremendous vale of Chamouni, the summit of Mont Blanc, I beheld the snowy mass of congregated peaks all pure and crystalline, sparkling in a cloudless sun, with majesty not to be surpassed, one would think, by the roof even of the New Jerusalem in heaven. The monarch of the hills seemed to wear an everlasting crown upon him, from which no jewel could be struck; in which not a ray of lustre for countless ages had been quenched. His lesser supporters stood motionless about. Monstrous needles of rock — as though foot-guards of his dignity — thrust their long lances into the air, high almost as the brow of the throned king himself. Enormous glaciers as grounded arms, glittering like steel, lined his seat, and the far-heard rush of torrents murmured his applause; while the occasional loud crackling of the fathomless ice in every ravine was a salute to his honor, or a warning against rash approach. It was as though God himself were representing his royalty, and setting up a material figure of the King of kings, and I were admitted into the antechamber to bow and adore Him of whom there is no graven image, through a type fashioned by his own hands to help his feeble creatures, by a ladder finer than ever dreaming Jacob saw, up to heaven. For a while, entranced in the spectacle, fancy climbed up the magnificent stairway of the Sovereign's courts, and ran through the hollow chambers whose frostwork rang with the rapid streams, to light on the top of those sharp spears edged with hail that leaned towards the mountain's head, and then to settle on the hoary front of sunlit splendor that so placidly overlooked all."

The most impressive of natural forms are mountains, but the charm of mountain scenery consists not merely in the outline of the peaks. It lies in the fascinating mystery of dells and gorges, and the fine effects of falling water produced by the inequalities of the soil. There is nothing finer in this kind than the valley of the Lauterbrunnen in the Bernese Alps.

"Let me speak only of the descent to Lauterbrunnen which means *clear springs*, or *only springs*. Nowhere else more suddenly than here is one let down off a sublime mountain into a fearful defile. It would seem too as if the mountain, while dismissing its travellers, were pouring out with them all the floods and circulations of its mighty heart. Snowy as the upper drifts

they come from, these liquid glaciers are colored (?) as though they verily were the solid ones—which are their neighbors and into which the wintry cold partly congeals them—in motion. On they rush, like an everlasting manifold baptism, as if they bore on their streams the very purity of Nature's soul, and would cleanse every stain from her visible body. From the Staubbach, about the sixth of a mile in height, looking as if it were spun from top to bottom of the finest wool,—to every thread of moisture that waves in the wind and adds its little tone to a grand concord which the finer ear of Spirits may gather up,—the watery strings and bands keep up and down, keep to and fro their incessant motion. We left Lauterbrunnen also with other sounds than the music of rivulets and cascades lingering in our ears. On the Wengern Alp the Jungfrau had sent the thunder of its sliding avalanches—choruses in a tremendous oratorio—into our very hearts. There were finer echoes too, in which nature and art shared, from the blowing of long wooden horns, in chosen spots, against the sides of the mountains. The sweetness of that melody, in which the breath of man was the plectrum, and the far-off, frightful lines and seams of eternal rock the harp-strings, can be no more than hinted to any by whom it has not been heard. What strange softness mixed with what metallic brilliance! What notes from unearthly distance brought so distinct and near! What even roughest and most unmusical blast from below returned out of heaven smooth as the dewy air, like God's mercy coming back for the sins of man! Ah! Heaven changes to melody the sharpest voice of earthly creatures. What peal of defiance, shout of passion, keen report, or blasting curse, can quite drown or for ever prevent the gentle pleadings of the divine voice? ”

But the chapter on “The Lakes” is the one in which the author draws nearest to the actual world, and will generally be esteemed, we suspect, the most satisfactory of those relating to scenic nature.

Good counsel or good fortune sent our “Childe” up the Danube from Vienna to Linz, and from thence across the *Traunsee* to Ischl and through the *Salzkammergut*. A route not often traversed, we believe, by Americans, but one which we here recommend to all travellers in Europe who delight in fine scenery. Switzerland has views more surprising, overwhelming, awful, but nothing in beauty to be compared to scenes in the Tyrol and the Austrian Alps. We hope, as civilization extends eastward, public opinion will replace, if it has not already replaced, with a steamer of decent accommodations, the

floating penitentiary which used to disgrace the noblest river in Europe, winding through scenery which, as Bartol justly remarks, surpasses that of the Rhine. He says nothing of Gmunden and the fine *physique* and picturesque costume of the people of that region. Still less does the lofty idealist descant of the delicate flavor of the fish, peculiar to the neighboring lake, to which a learned physician of Vienna commended our palate, and which we sinful, pernoctating once at Gmunden, enjoyed with almost as keen a relish as what the eye took in on the day following. But here is his description of the Traunsee:—

“A ride upon a tram-road, a kind of horse-railway, brought us, through the mist and rain of a gloomy morning, to the brink of this exquisite basin, this felicity of Nature, in which she seems at once to enjoy herself, and to be bent on making her children happy. That for us too her purpose might not fail, the clouds broke away, the shower ceased. It had only come to cleanse the earth and air, and make all around more lovely than even by light alone it can be made. Into the pellucid water glides our little boat. As I gazed, I felt almost unsafe, suspended at some dizzy height; for it was as if only the finest layer of gossamer fabric were stretched there for a horizontal veil or floor, and on both sides the unfathomable abyss. On smoothly darts our secure vessel. I look over her side into the infinite chasm. What keeps her from falling down? On what mysterious support does she ride between these rival skies? How through this hollow sphere holds she her level way? Is she a fairy bark? and are we spirits transported now towards some sphere of the blest? From this mood I was diverted a little, and my mind saved from losing itself in pure ecstasy, by observing the huge forms of the inverted hills, running downward as far as upward in their erectness they climbed. What refinement of pleasure was there in remarking the minuteness, as well as the vastness, of the copy! Ah! no copyist of the old masters can render his original upon the canvas as faithfully in every line and hue, or with expression so perfect and speaking, as it pleases God here to translate his own works, in the engravings of this marvellous page. How we admired the submarine curving lines, the diverse shades,—each angle flashing back the light,—each vapor-shrouded point jutting from the mighty mass,—the shreds of woolly cloud floating underneath, and the winds blowing gently round the spectral mountain’s brow, as truly as about the other mountain on high! How the double glory divided our regard,” &c.

The prince of all lakes, as the name imports, is the Königssee, — also called Bartholomäus-see, — near Berchtesgaden in Bavaria. The tourist in those parts who shall neglect to visit this charmed water will have missed the marvel of the earth, and “the best gem upon her zone.” Like a dream of joy interposed by special grace in the midst of a wild, tumultuous life, it sleeps in beauty amid the ruggedest forms of the Austrian and Bavarian Alps, — six miles of liquid emerald at the bottom of a cup of five thousand feet perpendicular depth, whose gashed and notched and jagged rim defines a corresponding extent of the skyey fluid overhead!

“A little bark quietly rowed by men and maidens takes you, reach after reach, along the branches and liquid limbs which this sovereign in every kind stretches out into every angle and cove. The grand hills one after another salute you as you pass by, but they seem only subsidiary to, and in fact a part of, the lake of which they are the setting, as a circle of gold or a rim of garnets with the diamond of the first water within. The huge proportions of the solid peaks which are repeated beneath, — the elevation amazing you, and the depression still more, — in their reversal look as if they had been dropped, Nature’s own lines to gauge the watery depth. But they seem to drop into measureless space, by their vain length suggesting, not equality, but contrast with the infinity they poorly mock.”

And then the Obersee, a near neighbor of the Königs.

“This most tender and exquisite thing, bright and graceful as a silver dish carved by the artist’s cunning for a prince’s table, is placed amid wild and savage scenery. The clear gentleness and the rocky rudeness naturally heighten and set forth each other. Never before had I seen an image so fine of a noble heart calm and unmoved amid all the terrors and threats and confusions of the world. It was a place fit for a hero’s rest, a believer’s contemplation, or a martyr’s solace.”

One of the wonders of the Königssee is the *Eiskapelle*, or Ice-Chapel.

“Returning by a different line across the principal lake, we disembark at a spot where the mountains, as by common consent withdrawing on either side, leave the richest of green and grassy meadows gradually sloping to the water’s edge. As the soft verdure closes round our feet, we lift our eyes and see the chamois, like dark specks mixed confusedly in sunlight, scattered in the patches of snow that whiten the sides of the distant mountains. An hour’s walk carries us to the Ice-Chapel.

It is simply a mass of ice and snow at the foot of a mountain, as it were a cold challenge thrown from it to the ground, and never in the hottest sun of August melting away. . . . But whence supplied? That terrific peak that runs directly over it, like a splinter of the globe, sharp into the sky, is not clad in snow. Scarce a grain, it would seem, could stay upon its keen edges without being blown off and lost in the winds. There it stands, as the earth's own spire literally piercing the heavens, leaving behind all towers of man's construction as at its very base, and suffering no touch of any hand or accretion of foreign substance to mar or alter at all its hues and proportions. Strange spectacle it was, to see the bare summit, brown as it would have been in the tropics, in the temperature of its so greatly aggravated cold, refusing the snowdrift and casting it down into such humility at its base, where it lay quiet from an origin wholly mysterious and unknown."

The transition from Nature to Art is made by a chapter on the "Superiority of Art to Nature." And here we have, by way of illustration, a minute and glowing account of the celebrated pass of the Stelvio,—a description which, artistically considered, is, to our thinking, by far the most remarkable passage in the book. As a piece of word-painting, we venture to say it has not often been surpassed. It is too long for insertion here, and we are unwilling to mutilate it. We pass therefore to the next chapter, which discusses another topic appertaining to Art, namely its testimony to religion. Under this head, by a strange omission, nothing is said of the ministry of music, the most religious of the arts. The only witnesses which the author recognizes are architecture and painting. We give—it must be our last extract—his report of the Dresden or Sistine Madonna, remarking by the way, that our own experience entirely coincides with his statement of the very peculiar, mysterious, and overwhelming impression produced by this wonderful picture,—an impression to which lines and tints seem so inadequate, that one casts about for some other explanation of such effects beside the normal power of pictorial art.

"The theme of the Saviour of the world, a babe on his parent's bosom, is of interest not to be surpassed. The dim shine of a cloud of angels flows from behind a curtain into the room, which is equally open to earth or heaven. All heaven indeed, through the artist's wondrous hinting of innumerable eager faces, seems crowding there to see. 'These things the angels desire to look into.' All earth waits dumbly expectant and mysterious-

ly attentive below. The mother is discovered standing upon the globe with her offspring in her arms. The Pope, anticipated impersonation of the highest human authority, bends his knees with the half-bald, half-hoary head, sending from his lowly posture only an upward, revering glance, while he lays his mitre on the ground, and, as well he may, there lets it lie. A saint stands at the other side, looking down with the humility of a heavenly countenance, yet evidently taking in with admiring contemplation the import of the whole scene. Little cherubs from below return their silent, loving gaze to the vision that drops downcast from above. But it is remarkable that the least and youngest figure in that company—regard it from what side you will—is at the head and in command of the whole. The greybeard of ecclesiastic might, at whose waving thrones were to shake and kingdoms to be re-arranged, is annihilated before that soft, childish face. The sanctified and mature spirit that had flown incalculable distances from its upper seat, wears the veil of modesty, and bends into the stoop of worship, before that earthly life just begun. The angels that sang with the morning stars together over the foundations of the world, flock and crowd, as to a sight unequalled even by their old experience, in the antechamber, about the door of their rightful Sovereign, shaped as infancy that cannot yet walk, while the winged seraphs of age apparently little superior to itself, that have descended from the sky, fall yet farther down beneath the floor, and cling by their beautiful arms to the edge, as with their sight they seek from afar their clay-clad companion yet somehow Lord. The mother herself, that bore what she holds upon her breast, has a countenance in which strange submissiveness mingles with maternal care, and tenderness runs into forethought of future days. The child, as though in him a thousand lines converged, is the centre and unity of the piece; yet without ceasing at all to be a child, in the utmost extent that innocence and simplicity can reach. But at the same time there is in his look a majesty peculiar and unrivalled, which seems to justify and require all this angelic and terrestrial deference. In those delicate orbs,—shall I ever forget them?—turned full out upon the world, and gentle and unpretending, too, as eyeballs sheathed in flesh ever were or could be, there is, in what manner I know not, by what art or inspiration painted I surely cannot tell, a supremacy of control which principalities above or below might well fear to disobey, as though that were the final authority of the universe.

“Never before by any like production had I been quite abashed and overcome. I could except to, and study and compare, other pictures: this passed my understanding.”

But we must bid Childe Bartol good by. The re-

maining chapters, constituting about one half of the book, and nowise inferior in their kind to those that precede them, discuss topics so distinct from the foregoing and from each other, that to follow them would altogether transcend our limits. We will say, before we close, that the verses prefixed to each chapter, and announcing its theme,—and especially those on "The Sea,"—together with the beautiful lines at the commencement, commemorating the death of a loved parent, and those entitled "The Guide," seem to indicate the *carrière manquée* of a poet whom the preacher has prevented and absorbed.

The account of the ascent of Mont Blanc by Dr. J. T. Talbot, appended to this volume, though rather out of place, is welcome and important, as recording the only instance, so far as we know, in which that difficult and dangerous exploit has been performed by an American.

F. H. H.

ART. VI.—THE "OSTENDA LOQUITUR" OF HUGO GROTIUS.

The city of Ostend, suffering all the unutterable miseries of war in its famous resistance to the whole power of Spain, from July, 1601, to September, 1604, is here personified, and speaks. It may remind us of what has been passing in our own time.

A SMALL arena for chiefs, yet the gazing-stock of the nations,—Singly Disaster's match, and whom to utterly ruin

Even the Fates still fear,—I stand on a shore that is foreign.

Thrice have we changed our foe, as the third year now is departing.

Winter raves with sea-storms, and Summer with wasting diseases. Too much of woe has the Spaniard wrought. More cruel than armies,

Breaks out the Pestilence. No funeral but with a funeral.

Why does one death destroy not at once? O Fortune! why linger? What bribes thee to keep aboveground the blood-stained prey of destruction?

We ask, Shall we find a grave for ourselves, if we slay the invaders?

A spot of barren dust is all that the battle is waged for.

N. L. F.

ART. VII.—BAYNE'S CHRISTIAN LIFE.*

EVERY century of our Lord has its unbelievers and its doubters, but unbelief and doubt are by no means the same things in all the Christian years. Sometimes the difficulties in the way of faith are historical, sometimes they are philosophical, always they are more or less moral, though of this the sceptic may not be in the least aware. In the earliest Christian times those who opposed the Gospel called it a pernicious superstition, a madness to which the gods would abandon only such as they had resolved to ruin. Now, on the contrary, many who cannot believe are loud in their commendations and overpowering in their patronage of a religion which they look upon as worn-out, false, by this time at least, if it was not at the outset. They place Christianity amongst the errors which philosophy has exploded, and yet they say at the same time, that it is an error of most blessed consequences, perhaps indeed the only expression of the truth which is possible for the finite human understanding, — a lie, if one must speak plainly, and yet one of those lies which well adhered to are as good as the truth; as if, forsooth, the welfare of the human family could depend upon anything false, — not upon belief, but upon “making believe.”

It is curious and important to note the phases of unbelief, as they change from age to age, — curious for the mere student of human opinion, important for every one who like Mr. Bayne would contribute something towards the restoration of faith. A vast deal of the ammunition that is used with the very best intentions against the opponents of Christianity is utterly wasted for want of a knowledge of the enemy's defences. The guns go off excellently well and make a great noise, and the smoke quite hides the batteries, and the engineers are very much stirred by the exercise, but no earthly thing or person is hit, least of all struck down. Clergymen, zealous out of proportion to their culture, and honestly desirous of doing good service in the Church

* *The Christian Life, Social and Individual.* By PETER BAYNE, M. A. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 1855. 12mo. pp. 528.

militant, often work themselves into a very honest glow in battling against what they call, in a very general way, Infidelity; but we fear that those whom they are endeavoring to draw or to drive back into the fold would often say, that they have not so much as once touched the point at issue; that, however admirably they may have dealt with the old English deists or with the French infidels of the last century, they have scarcely spoken a word applicable to the present times.

It often happens that those who attempt to argue for the truth of Christianity are men who never themselves had a doubt. If they would simply tell their own religious experience it would be eminently serviceable. But somehow they must always be learned and philosophical. They cast about for arguments; they read books of evidence; they study the ancient reasoners; they attempt to gauge the belief or unbelief of the ancients; they explore the "Necessity for a Revelation," or the "Short Method with a Deist"; they attempt to convince others by means of logical processes which never convinced themselves, and men who were not argued into belief and who could not be argued out of it, who owe their persuasions mainly to the testimony of the Spirit of the Lord in their own hearts, are found urging considerations from history and philosophy, and the testimony of men generally, as alone conclusive. What wonder that they often bring reproach upon the cause which they attempt to promote! For some reason or other, one does not expect to have any difficulties removed by such efforts; the preacher soon acquiesces in this lack of expectation, and from a vigorous onslaught subsides into a very quiet siege, a *sitting down* before the enemy. Sermons on the evidences, discourses on the miracles! — are not the very words redolent of morphine and opium and poppy and *lactuca*, of all that is soothing and somnific? We should be glad to know how many of the students of our colleges have been saved from infidelity by the study of Paley's Evidences. Admirable as that book was and is, on many accounts, it does not, as it seems to us, answer the questions which sceptical young men are asking to-day, or if it does answer some of them, the reply is so unsatisfactory that it would be fatal were it to be regarded as final. We would not disparage a book which has done

good services in times past, but it is hardly fair to ask of the good Archdeacon to be a perpetual defender of the faith. We fear, too, that not a few minds in our day, instead of allowing the ground taken by Butler, following Origen, — that inasmuch as Nature and Revelation proceed from the same Author, we should expect to find similar obscurities in the one and the other, — would maintain that a Revelation ought to clear up the difficulties which stagger the student of Nature; whilst others, instead of accepting revealed religion because it offers no more stumbling-blocks than natural religion, would reject both as burdened with the same load of perplexities. Here too we would most emphatically disclaim the outrageous conceit of implying that Butler is no more of account as a champion of belief; for certain conditions of the mind nothing can be better than his weighty paragraphs, so full of meat for men, so admirably fitted to point out the limitations of human thought upon the deep themes of religion; but we do mean that it is not enough to repeat Butler, or to reproduce his arguments. Books of much less ability, written by comparatively second-rate men, may be far better fitted to the intellectual and moral condition of those who doubt to-day.

We have not been led into this strain of remark because we have before us a dull, and, for the times, aimless defence of Christianity, — a dogged beating the air, a striking out into space where the enemy is not, however much, according to theory, he may be bound to be there. Not at all: we have eminently a book for the doubter of to-day, a book written not in ignorance of other books, and yet not out of them, but under the guidance of a mind and heart rich in the results of a careful study of the phenomena of human life in its most instructive aspects. We have more than an argument, more than an appeal to history, more than a recital of ancient testimony to the miracles; we have a book written with the writer's whole soul, and presenting those broad considerations which commend themselves not merely to the logician and the antiquary, but to plain men, to the common sense of humanity, to the noblest instincts and largest thoughts of the human soul, to men who are practical, in the best sense of that much-abused word.

The time has fully come for religion to make her appeal in this way, not only as heretofore and now, ever wisely and well, to dates and figures, but to human consciousness, to the experience and the work, the inward and outward lives, the being and the character, of men whom all will call good and wise. Especially must they be met in this way, who, planting themselves upon the ground of our human nature, and professing very earnestly, after their manner, a love for truth and righteousness, do yet set themselves against all that is peculiar in Christianity, eliminating all its distinctive elements as partial, erroneous, superstitious, and beggarly, and even declining to receive its doctrines of the divine personality and the conscious immortal life of the human soul. It is useless to quote to such an authority which they do not recognize,—useless, since “they hear not Moses and the Prophets,” to remind them of one who “rose from the dead,”—useless to attempt to establish by argument the existence of what must be seen by the eye of the soul before there can be any persuasion of its reality. Let us endeavor rather to satisfy them by an appeal to human experience, that “we are not sufficient of ourselves to think anything as of ourselves, that our sufficiency is of God”; that the soul of man is healthy, hopeful, energetic, successful, just in proportion as it comes to God, believing not only that he is, in some remote and abstract way, but “that he is the rewarder of all those that diligently seek him.” If the religion of Jesus is divine, there must be that about it which will distinguish it from anything which “man has done.” If it stands between us and spiritual, or, in Scripture phrase, eternal death,—if indeed there is no other way through which we may be saved from unrighteousness and wretchedness,—a direct appeal to “the Christian life, social and individual,” must make this very evident.

It may seem to some that the work before us is rather a contribution to the defence of Calvinism than of Christianity. We have seen it so alluded to and praised, and there are three or four paragraphs which are likely to arrest the hasty reader and produce this impression. But a more careful perusal of the book will satisfy any one that it is mainly a plea for the Gospel as a whole, and not for any one of its forms. There are indeed two

or three exceptions to this statement which we mean to notice, but they are not of sufficient importance to impair the value of the work for those who are not Calvinists or Trinitarians.

The book is distributed into three parts, viz. Statement, Exposition and Illustration, and Outlook; and Part Second, again, into two books, the one treating of "Christianity the Basis of Social Life," the other of "Christianity the Basis of Individual Character." The questions between Christianity and Pantheism are very fairly set down in the first two chapters, which make up the whole of the first part. Christianity is not a perishing form of the Truth, it is the Truth itself; it will not be associated with idols, they must perish or the Gospel must. The Christian cannot accept the patronage of the pantheist, he believes in the separate existence of the Supreme Being; man is not divine enough to satisfy him, and he appeals to the testimony of human consciousness, which says that conscience is the voice of God, an effect which we are compelled to refer to him as the cause, and if morality is natural so is godliness. Pantheism does indeed contain a measure of sublime truth, but it is a truth which Christianity includes, qualifies, and adds to. It does not give us for Deity an "All" which is just as truly "Nothing" as "All." In its doctrines of the divine image in man and of the incarnation, the Word made flesh in Jesus, we have a practical statement of the relation between the divine and the human, that satisfies at once the reason and the heart. Through Jesus, the Christ, we commune with the Spirit of the Universe, and being brought into perfect abasement, renouncing not only the grosser and sensual self, but the finer and spiritual self, we accept from God the deliverance which we could not work for ourselves, and fear is changed into love, and what we have received freely we are eager freely to impart, faith that works by love sending us out to save others and so far relieve our gloomy fears about their fate in a future world.

We think that Mr. Bayne is not very successful in his endeavor, at this stage of his discussion, to show that high Calvinism with its doctrine of decrees is no hinderance to the worker. What is absolutely and irrevocably settled, we cannot talk about with any view to changing it. We

never do so talk, unless for the time we believe that the result depends in some sense and measure upon what we say. "You despatch a thousand vessels from this harbor," says our author, "yet you *know* certain of them will be the prey of the tempest. You ship your compass; how does it act?" and so on. Yes, we do know that shipwreck awaits a portion of the thousand, but we know just as well that God has made the safety of them all dependent under his providence upon our employment of instruments which we can use to good purpose, though we do not understand the theory of their action. God has made human agency necessary to the accomplishment of his ends,—so necessary that he always maintains the order of workers, and never lacks prophets and apostles to set forth his truth; and it is his will, moreover, that his agents should be free, and should feel that they are free.

Mr. Bayne, in his second chapter, treats of Christianity as the only sure foundation and cement of society, pointing out the analogy in this particular between the individual and the community, appealing to the lessons of history and quoting the testimony of great thinkers.

In the five following chapters the great subject of Christian philanthropy is very fully presented and admirably illustrated in biographical sketches of Howard, Wilberforce, and Samuel Budgett. Christian philanthropy is admirably vindicated against those who say or imply that it is no better than mawkish sentimentalism, and here, as everywhere else in the book, especial attention is given to refuting or modifying the extravagances of Mr. Carlyle, for whom Mr. Bayne feels and expresses a very hearty admiration, utterly as he dissents from him in matters the most essential. We must be merciful because we need mercy. We must forgive because we need to be forgiven, because, strictly speaking, none of us are saints and heroes, hero-worship to the contrary notwithstanding. The biographies are well executed, especially that of Howard, whom Mr. Carlyle took a fancy to underrate, because he was not a man of great intellect, and because prisoners have sometimes been foolishly petted, as if moral greatness were not distinct from intellectual greatness, and as if it were one and the same thing to drive jail-fever and profligacy from our

prisons, and to make them palaces of ease. About Budgett we must confess that, apart from the name, which is not fitted to propitiate one, but which we should be ashamed to take into the account, we have our misgivings as to whether we are prepared to number him with the saints; it is an old and musty prejudice, we suppose, but somehow saintliness and famous bargains do not harmonize very well, as we are accustomed to look at things. Still let no one suffer this misgiving of ours to take the least jot from his good opinion of Mr. Budgett, for we are really without excuse in the difficulty, and Mr. Bayne meets it very skilfully, if not satisfactorily. The fifth chapter contains many wise thoughts upon "The Social Problem of the Age," and is very cheering for its judicious confidence in freedom and progress.

The second book treats of "Christianity the Basis of Individual Character," and opens with a nobly earnest chapter upon modern doubt, considerate, merciful, singularly so, in its tone, and yet very emphatic in its warnings. Take as specimens of this catholic, yet at the same time decided mind, the following paragraphs:—

"It were a fatal error to confound with mere foppery the honest and earnest doubt which we meet with. Our time here demands a faithful valor beyond that of chivalry.

'There lives more faith in honest doubt,
Believe me, than in half the creeds.'

"There may, in our quiet domestic life, arise temptations to mental cowardice as severe as ever prompted a soldier to quit the field under some cloud of dust, or on some plausible pretext: there may be suspicion and contempt to be encountered, as biting as the cold steel before which the clear eye scorned to flinch: there may be endearments as tender to be torn asunder in the struggle toward internal freedom and truth, as ever drew a manly tear from the strong knight who bade adieu to his lady-love on his way to Palestine. There may be a deliberate abandonment, for the sake of a pure conscience, and to preserve an unpolluted mental atmosphere, of respect long accorded, of esteem for kindness and faithfulness of heart, or deference, perhaps still dearer, to power of intellect, of sympathetic joys from truth shared and loved in common, of hopes and expectations whose extinguishing looks like quenching the last fire in a cold wintry day. And, we say, this deliberate laying of the joys of earth on the altar of truth and conscience, may cause severer pangs than were ever felt by the true warrior, who would still

march on though his companions fell stiff by the way-side, or continue to face the foe when he stood on ground slippery with the blood that was dear to him. The loneliness one feels when afar from the habitations of men, on the ocean or in the desert, is, we are assured, but a faint emblem of that dread feeling of sad and ghastly solitude which many a noble soul has experienced, when compelled, by hests inaudible to his fellow-men, to pass forth alone into new regions of thought and belief. The former solitude was but relative, and scarcely real: the hearts that loved him might be distant, but in his hand were invisible threads of gold which linked them still to his; the smiles of welcome were waiting at the door of home, the accents of kindness, tremulous through excess of joy, would ring clear whenever his foot was heard on the threshold; nay, by a thousand acts of nature's gentle magic, memory and imagination could make those smiles and accents present, to soothe his toil with encouragement, and fill with music the hot air around him: but here those golden chains themselves had been strained or riven, those smiles themselves had faded; instead of a few miles of earth, there had yawned between him and the best riches of his heart an impassable chasm, and for consolation he could have no thought of an earthly home, but must listen only to the voice within, or look up to a Father who was in heaven.

‘Feebly must they have felt
Who, in old times, attired with snakes and whips
The revengeful Furies. *Beautiful regards*
Were turned on me, — the face of her I loved,
The wife and mother pitifully fixing
Tender reproaches, insupportable!’

“Such thoughts should make men at once careful and lenient in judging of those who differ from them and the majority, and especially it should avert all asperity from the mode of dealing with young men, who have been led to doubt, it may be through earnestness, and who have struggled to retain their footing, it may be almost in despair.

“We are not now to enter on any discussion of this wide subject: we present merely one or two preliminary, but we think vitally important considerations.

“First of all, let it be fully and boldly admitted what doubt really is and occasions; we mean in its bearing upon life and action. Blanco Whites and John Sterlings may be admirable and may deserve commendation in many ways, or they may not; but if such are to be taken as specimens of widely extended classes, if men are more and more to resemble these, it is at least plain that work is no longer to be got done in this world. If our modern enlightenment is merely to produce a vast swarm of doubters, if every year and decade, with its har-

vest of systems and proposals, furnishes simply an addition of labor to the poor man of next generation who would attain stable belief, our outlook for the future is somewhat startling; it is perfectly manifest, that the children of the Hebrews, the Romans, and the Puritans must become moon-struck gazers rather than faithful workers, that the words of the poet must reach a positive and ghastly fulfilment, and Earth become the Bedlam of the universe." — pp. 293 – 295.

Then the struggles of strong men with unbelief, and their victories, are finely illustrated in the lives of John Foster, Thomas Arnold, and Thomas Chalmers. Mr. Bayne seems to us to place Arnold in unnecessary antagonism with Unitarianism. There is nothing in what he quotes from Arnold in this connection which a Sabelian might not say; indeed, it is Deism that he is testifying against as unsatisfactory, and we know that he could not accept the Athanasian Creed, and that he signed the Thirty-nine Articles with some attempted disclaimers. But though our author may have misapprehended Arnold a little in this respect, he does ample justice to his dealing with historical Christianity, as will appear from this admirable passage: —

"Thus it is that the matter appears to one really trained in historical induction. There is no 'Coleridgean moonshine' in that eye! He sweeps through painted mist and carefully-woven cobweb, right to the heart of the question. It is to no fond dreaming enthusiasm, very beautiful, it may be, but very weak, that he commits himself; he asks no aid from imagination, and he does not stop to inquire whether the plain fact, which his Saxon intellect demands, is given him by logic or by reason; he wants the fact itself: grasping firmly, therefore, the hand of history, he finds his step at once on Judean hills, and he is surrounded by men who have the same hearts in their breasts, the same earth under their feet, as men in the nineteenth century. He fixes specially his regards upon Paul. He sees him trained in the school of Tarsus; he hears him, in calm, earnest, clear, persuasive words, disputing with Grecian sages; he notes that his opinions are so temperate that he becomes all things to all men, that his moral preaching is pure, mild, and thorough, that his zeal is stronger than death; he perceives that his every earthly prospect is blasted, his good hopes of advancement, under the smile of high-priest and Pharisee, turned into certainty of bitter hatred, his life rendered one scene of hardship, danger, and poverty, by his belief in the divine mission of a certain Teacher; he observes that he companies with men who declare

that, a few years before, they saw this Teacher pass upward into heaven, and had witnessed his raising of the dead while He went in and out among them. All is real, present, visible; there is none of the dimness of antiquity, the seclusion of mystery; these men sit there in Judea, unimpassioned, earnest, unanimous; there is in the whole scene no analogy the most distant to aught resembling a myth; the Gospel they proclaim is love and truth, the danger they face is death, the motive they can have, on the hypothesis that they are liars, inconceivable, the life they lead, the unanimity of their testimony, on the hypothesis they are enthusiasts, positive contradictions: as with a stamp of his foot he shakes the whole mythic theory to atoms, as an absurdity, to accept which were a feat of credulity within the powers of no faith save that of infidelity. There is, we think, a fine precision in his instant selection of Paul, as affording absolutely conclusive means of vindicating the strict historic verity of Christianity: the leading facts of Paul's life, as eliminated in the *Horæ Paulinæ*, are as well established, on their own evidence, as those of the life of Calvin; and if they are granted, not only does every mythic theory dissolve like a film of vapor, but the first links of a chain are taken into the hand, by which it seems to us scarce possible to avoid being led believingly to the feet of Jesus." — pp. 372, 373.

Three closing chapters deal with "The Positive Philosophy," and "Pantheistic Spiritualism," and give the conclusion of the whole matter.

Our meagre sketch does very poor justice, indeed, to a very able and interesting work. Its value consists largely in the richness and fulness of its details, and in the genial and catholic spirit which breathes through every page. We do not discover, as some of the critics have done, the influence of Mr. Carlyle upon the writer's style, unless it must be charged upon the great essayist as his sin, that the rhetoric of this admiring and enthusiastic dissenter from Carlylism is sometimes over fine, and withdraws attention from the thought, and leads us to question for a moment the sincerity of one who can stop to pick up so many pretty things. But if what some may regard as an excess of liveliness shall secure for this book the eyes, and through the eyes the hearts, of the young, we will not utter the first word of censure, for it is the very book for our youthful thinkers, and we are sorry to add doubters, to read and study. It would be absurd to say that it is an exception to the word of the Apostle which

affirms that we know and prophesy only in part. It leaves the mysteries where it finds them, especially that awful mystery of sin and its punishment which so exercised the soul of Foster and drove him to his restoration views. We must say this even of the following passage, striking and eloquent as it is.

“Is it possible to believe that there is not in this something essentially wrong? Is the subject, then, after all, one of such way-side plainness, such clear, and absolute, and sunny simplicity? Are the clouds and thick darkness that have from the olden time mysteriously veiled the future, and cast their shade over such intellects as those of Luther, Calvin, Leibnitz, Pascal, and Jonathan Edwards, to roll away before such a soft summer gale of sentimentality as this? We cannot believe it. We can scarce conceive aught more diametrically opposed to the mightiest instincts that have swayed nations, and the most earnest beliefs which have been arrived at by great individual thinkers. What real thinker has there been, from Plato to Dante, from Dante to Calvin, and from Calvin, we shall add, to Carlyle, who has not recognized something unspeakably stern, something to create a solemn awe, in the general structure and relations of this universe? Were nature all sunny and cloudless; were the sea at all times glassy and still, or the pathway only of the spiced and gentle wind, leading along the white sail as if it were an infant of Ocean; were there only soft flowery lawns and May mornings, and no volcanoes or avalanches; were there but the smiles of birth-day and of bridal upon human faces, no furrow traced by tears, no wrinkle writ by age, no shadow cast by coming death; were human history one joyous chime, ascending from the green earth to meet and mingle with the angels' music, broken by no wailings or sorrow, no shrieks and groans of battle; had the slopes of Olivet been ever mantled with the vine, and rung only to the song of the vintage, and never seen the crosses by thousands in the gray morning; did the human eye, as years go on, gather brightness, and beam with ever a clearer and prouder gladness, and were it not a fact that the eye of every man or woman of well advanced years has one expression giving tone to the others, vanishing, it may be, for an hour, but always returning, and that an expression of sorrow: then might we have heart to join Mr. Parker in his soft and child-like strain. But whenever we would essay to do so, we see ourselves confronted by immovable facts, by this one great fact — MISERY; and our tongue cleaves to the roof of our mouth. Has it been all a mistake, then, by which men have ever regarded death as dark and calamitous, and its infliction the severest form of punishment? What means the smoke of those sacrifices rising from every na-

tion on earth to an angry deity? Who put that word into the mouth of conscience, giving, along with it, a power to compel all men to listen, which declares and has ever declared man responsible and the sinner in danger? Surely the assertion that these phenomena have reference solely to the inconveniences entailed on the sinner in this life, requires no refutation. God has not averted the painful effects of sin in this world; he let Judas go to his despairing death, and a devil even on earth gnawed the heart of Saul; by what argument, then, can we conclude that he will totally avert the effects of sin in the next, and place Judas and Stephen alike within the light of his throne? 'Infinite pity yet also infinite rigor of law: it is so Nature is made; it is so Dante discerned that she was made.' These are the words of Mr. Carlyle." — pp. 337 – 339.

Here, too, it is a light shining in darkness, though it rays out enough brightness to direct the eyes upward in hopeful, humble waiting for clearer revelations.

One word upon the mechanical execution of this book. Otherwise excellent, the paper and type very satisfactory, it yet tries the reader by the insufficient width of the inner margin, rather compelling him to peer and peep, than suffering him to spread open the pages and read at his ease. It is so common a fault in thick duodecimos, and so annoying especially to those who must read by artificial light, that we shall be pardoned, we trust, for alluding to it.

R. E.

NOTICES OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

Japan as it was and is. By RICHARD HILDRETH, Author of "History of the United States," etc. Boston: Phillips, Sampson, & Co. 1855. 12mo. pp. 576.

MR. HILDRETH is not a brilliant writer, and his books have not that fascination of style which attracts the mass of readers. But his narrations have always clearness, directness, and an accuracy of statement which gives them weight and value. In this volume he has entered a new field, and has gleaned in it with surprising industry, sagacity, and success. Japan has been hitherto regarded as a closed land, to be opened only by the boldness of modern diplomacy. A few traditions of Dutch and

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Portuguese commerce, and still more scanty legends of Catholic missions, have been supposed to contain all that was ever revealed of the life and manners of that singular empire. Mr. Hildreth has shown, on the contrary, that none of the Asiatic regions *ought* to be better known than the land of the Japanese; that enough has been revealed of their past history, of their laws, their literature, their arts, their trade, their social and domestic life, the essence and the ceremonies of their religion, to enable a foreigner who has never touched their shores to write copiously and intelligently about them. By the collation of the accounts of travellers, of merchants, and of priests, he has produced a history as orderly, as continuous, and as full as the history of any nation of similar size in Europe or America. He does not leave us, like the stories of our recent expeditions, to see only what can be seen from the decks of a man of war in the harbors of the Bay of Jeddo, but takes us into the country, along its highways, across its plains, and through its towns and villages, shows us life in the palace and the cottage, the dress of the women and the occupations of the men, the national industry, character, and faith. He has selected so well, and judged so impartially, that his volume must be regarded as the standard work upon the subject in the English tongue. It is interesting from the beginning to the end. We could have wished, perhaps, a fuller account of the remarkable mission of that admirable man, Francis Xavier, and may regret that before issuing his history Mr. Hildreth had not been privileged to examine the archives of the Gésu in Rome; but we may not complain that more is not brought to light where we have so much that is curious and new. The most elaborate portion of the volume is that which translates and condenses the narrative of Engelbert Kämpfer, a German physician, whose adventures in Japan were published in the early part of the last century.

The volume is enriched by numerous explanatory notes, and is accompanied by an outline map, and a glossary of the Japanese terms which have passed into common use among the missionaries and merchants. We regard it as one of the most important recent contributions to historical literature.

India, China, and Japan. By BAYARD TAYLOR. New York : G. P. Putnam & Co. 12mo. pp. 539.

THIS volume concludes the series of Mr. Taylor's recent foreign travels. As an account of personal experiences, and a graceful, glowing, and enthusiastic description of natural scenery and the conveniences of life in the countries which he passes

through, it is quite equal to the previous volumes. In other respects it is less satisfactory. We could not, of course, expect to know much from Mr. Taylor about Japan, since he was there only a short time and could have but little intercourse with the people, but we think that in regard to India he might have collected much more valuable information than he has given us. We learn in the book almost nothing about the religious system, the castes, the rites and ceremonies, and the social life of the Hindoos and the nations around them. The remarks, in the twenty-first chapter, on the relation of the English government to the native races are judicious, but not sufficiently extended. Against China Mr. Taylor took in the beginning a prejudice, and, except some stirring scenes of the rebellion, his views in that country have not much interest. He is, nevertheless, a fascinating writer, and his books will do much to arouse and inflame among our young men the passion for travel. As a record of patient endurance and persistent energy in a vast and noble scheme of journeying, of an industrious and careful use of opportunities, and a ready adaptation to every variety of fortune, of what every successful traveller must be and do, these volumes are worthy of all praise. We hope that Mr. Taylor's future voyages (for we cannot believe that he will cease to travel, while any corner of the world remains unvisited) will bear as excellent fruits.

The Discipline of Sorrow. By WILLIAM G. ELIOT, D. D.
"They who sow in tears shall reap in joy." Boston: American Unitarian Association, 21 Bromfield Street. 1855.
16mo. pp. 106.

If ever intellectual conceits and verbal prettinesses are out of place, it is in the house of mourning. The afflicted do not desire to hear fine things said about sorrow, and the success of the comforter is by no means in proportion to his cleverness. Plain truth out from the heart, the simplest testimony to the love of God and to the reality of his consolations, clothed in the simplest possible language, will effect all that can be effected by man in this way. It is the charm of this little book that it satisfies this requisition, that, instead of startling and perplexing the intellect, it addresses quiet and soothing words to the soul, words that are like the breath of a gentle wind, or as "the small rain upon the mown grass." Dr. Eliot speaks and writes with authority, as one who has tested his own lessons, — as one who has something to impart which, as it has served him well, may be equally serviceable to others. This little book, all the better for

being little, is distributed under the four heads of Preparation, Trial, Weakness and Strength, and Compensations. It has already been and will be a most welcome visitor in homes and chambers of sorrow, and will be sure to promote that discipline which it aims to set forth and illustrate. It is a very valuable addition to the helps which every faithful pastor wishes to have always about him.

Stray Leaves from the Book of Nature. By M. SCHELE DE VÈRE, of the University of Virginia. New York: G. P. Putnam & Co. 1855. 12mo. pp. 291.

PROFESSOR DE VÈRE, a man of talent, independent thought, poetical sentiment, and enviable facility of expression, has wisely gathered into one bouquet nine "Leaves," which had been cast upon the face of the waters in a deservedly popular monthly journal. The papers arrested attention when they appeared. Great as has been the progress of natural science in investing itself with an attractive dress, this new adventurer in the field manifested peculiar power of imparting instruction in an inviting form, of seducing the listless ear and winning the wandering eye, and inspiring something of his own enthusiasm for the sea-flora even more than for that of the land. With occasional repetitions, and the exaggeration that besets magazine-writers, this new champion of nature shows tenderness of feeling, breadth of view, eloquence of expression, and a most Christian trustfulness.

From the third chapter, "The Ocean and its Life," we extract what is merely an average specimen of the author's style.

"The great botanist, Schleiden, tells us how off the coast of Sitka the bottom of the sea is covered with dense and ancient forests, where plant grows close to plant, and branch intertwines with branch. Below there lies a closely woven carpet of rich hues, made of countless threads of tiny water-plants, red confervæ and brown-rooted mosses, each branching off into a thousand finely traced leaves. On this soft couch the luxuriant sea-lettuce spreads its broad, elegant leaves, a rich pasture for peaceful snails and sluggish beetles. Between them shine the gigantic leaves of the irides in brilliant scarlet, whilst along reef and cliff the dark olive-green fuci hang in rich festoons, and half cover the magnificent sea-rose in its unsurpassed beauty. Like tall trees the laminaria spread about, waving in endless broad ribbons along the currents, and rising high above the dense crowd. But the sea-forest boasts of still loftier trees, for the nereocysti rise to a height of seventy feet; beginning with a coral-shaped root, they grow up in a thread-like trunk which gradually thickens until its club-shaped form grows into an enormous bladder, from the top of which there waves proudly a large branch of delicate but immense leaves. These are the palms of the ocean. And what crowds of ill-shapen mollusks, fish and shell-fish,

move amongst them ! Here they are huge balls, there many-cornered or starlike, then again long, streaming ribbons. Some are armed with large, prominent teeth, others with sharp saws, whilst a few, when pursued, make themselves invisible by emitting a dark, vapor-like fluid.

" Here one of the great mysteries which the ocean suggests often startles the thinking observer. For whom did the Almighty create all this wealth of beauty and splendor ? Why did he conceal the greatest wonders under that azure veil which reflects nearly every ray of light, and mostly returns as if in derision the searcher's own face as his reward." — pp. 111, 112.

The Adventures of Hajji Baba in Turkey, Persia, and Russia.

Edited by JAMES MORIER. Philadelphia : Lippincott, Grambo, & Co. 1855. 12mo. pp. 405.

UNDER a fictitious form there is a truth of spirit, a probability of incident, and a fidelity to Oriental manners, throughout these eighty chapters, which betray unusual familiarity with that far-off life. Very likely no one Hajji Baba could have existed beginning life as a Persian barber's boy and closing this portion of it as secretary of the Persian embassy to England ; but stray chapters of a like romantic experience are recited nightly by desert camp-fires and within Damascus coffee-houses ; and those who hear get a far more impressive picture of Asiatic society than can be drawn from whole libraries written by men who know nothing of the language, sympathize not at all with the people, and are welcomed within no walls but those of the hotel and the consulate.

With nothing supernatural, like the " Arabian Nights," nothing impossible like " Antar," there is a variety of adventure, a hopefulness of tone, and a sufficiency of peril to keep the commonest reader awake, and enrich him unawares with those very impressions Turkish travel is so sure to produce. The book is adapted to a youthful class, and bids fair to become a permanent part of their literature.

Words for the Workers ; in a Series of Lectures to Working-men, Mechanics, and Apprentices. By WILLIAM D. HALEY, Pastor of the First Congregational Church of Alton, Illinois. Boston : Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1855. 12mo. pp. 146.

THE earnest young minister of Alton shows in this volume the secret of his success, in his originality, adaptedness, good sense, and fervor. Bating the inevitable faults of youth, which are recommendations sometimes to the young, and acknowledg-

ing that the propriety of this form and style of lecture for a Sunday service can only be excused by the necessity of a Western clergyman's saying upon the Lord's day all he has to say, we welcome these six Lectures, not only because they are devoted to a peculiarly neglected class, but because they can hardly fail of making an impression wherever read or heard, and of doing real and permanent good. Under the heads of Labor, Capital, Self-Education, Reading, Character, Religion, some most vital thoughts are addressed to the exposed youth of Western cities, with wisdom, sympathy, hope, and faith. Some points, of course, appear to us neglected or hastily stated; but the effect of the whole is to cheer and elevate, to warn and encourage, those whom the pulpit sometimes neglects in its short-sightedness, sometimes disgusts with its antiquated theology, and oftener wearies away with its frozen monotony.

We are thankful to know that the first Unitarian Church of Alton is being built up, both without and within, by one so capable of seizing upon promising opportunities, and turning them to such good account.

Peg Woffington. A Novel. By CHARLES READE. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1855. 16mo. pp. 303.

Christie Johnstone. A Novel. By CHARLES READE. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1855. 16mo. pp. 310.

Clouds and Sunshine. And Art: A Dramatic Tale. By CHARLES READE. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1855. 16mo. pp. 288.

THESE three volumes are among the first-fruits of a new and vigorous writer, whose fresh and plastic imagination, large insight into the motives of human conduct, dramatic skill in the delineation of character, and brilliant and picturesque style, seem destined to inaugurate a new class of fiction. As a mere master of style, we know no recent novelist who can come into comparison with Mr. Reade. His style is peculiar to himself; but his short crisp sentences have a brilliancy and point which would not fail to make him popular, even if his subjects and the manner in which they are treated were not equally original. Both in the choice of words and in their arrangement he shows an exquisite tact; and nothing can be more picturesque than the descriptive parts of his tales, or more sparkling than his dialogue. His wit is keen and polished, and his humor genial and hearty.

In the delineation of character, — especially of female character, — he exhibits remarkable power and a wide acquaintance

with human nature in its most secret depths. He has read the human heart with no common glance, but with a penetrating scrutiny which has laid bare all its varied workings. His characters for the most part are taken from apparently the least promising classes; but by the freshness and vigor of his treatment, he lifts them into an entirely new atmosphere. Perhaps his most remarkable triumph in this respect is in the interest with which he invests the young fish-woman, *Christie Johnstone*. Raising her from all the low and disagreeable associations which every reader connects with the female vender of fish, Mr. Reade has created a character whose native refinement, bright, clear intellect, and generous impulses make the reader almost forget amidst what scenes the beauty and strength of her moral and intellectual life were developed. Whether such a character could exist and grow more strong and more beautiful amidst such scenes is a question that we need not discuss here. But Mr. Reade has drawn such a character, and made it noble, true, and beautiful. It is, we believe, a new creation in English literature.

We have intimated that Mr Reade succeeds better in the delineation of his female characters than in the delineation of his men. His men, indeed, are only interesting because they are brought into various relations with his female characters. Colley Cibber and the old provincial lawyer are well drawn; but the rest may all be disposed of together as feeble and uninteresting personages. It is in the delineation of his male characters that the only real weakness of our author has yet been exhibited. We shall therefore look with much interest for his new work. If his men are more skilfully portrayed, and the other parts are not inferior to the works before us, his rank as a writer may be considered as established.

In the construction of his plots, and in their development, Mr. Reade has undoubtedly profited by his practice as a writer for the theatres. His incidents are striking and dramatic, and are arranged with excellent judgment and much artistic skill. At the first glance it might seem that some of his stories breathe a low moral atmosphere, and indicate no high views of life and its proper aims; but a more thorough acquaintance with his writings shows that the lessons which he would teach are always those of charity and humility.

Mathematical Dictionary and Cyclopædia of Mathematical Science. By CHARLES DAVIES, LL.D., Author of a Complete Course of Mathematics, and WM. G. PECK, A. M., Assistant Professor of Mathematics, U. S. Military Academy. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. 1855. Large 8vo. pp. 592.

THE plan of this work is explained in the preface to be,—
“ 1. To define with precision and accuracy every term which is used in Mathematical Science, and to afford, as far as possible, a definite, perspicuous, and uniform language. 2. A second object is to present, in a popular and condensed form, a separate and yet connected view of all the branches of Mathematical Science. 3. The work has also been prepared to meet the wants of the general reader, who will find in it all that he needs on the subject of Mathematics. 4. The practical man will find it a useful compendium and hand-book of reference. All the formulas and practical rules have been collected and arranged under their appropriate heads. 5. The chief design of the work, however, is to aid the teacher and student of Mathematical Science, by furnishing full and accurate definitions of all the terms, a popular treatise on each branch, and a general view of the whole subject.”

We need only add, that the design of the work is carried out as might have been expected from the well-known names of its authors, and that the mechanical part has been executed in a manner highly creditable to the publisher and attractive to the reader.

Polyglot Reader, and Guide for Translation: consisting of a Series of English Extracts, with their Translation into French, German, Spanish, and Italian; the several Parts designed to serve as Mutual Keys. By I. ROEMER, Professor of the French Language and Literature in the New York Free Academy. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1855.

THE plan of these books is sufficiently explained in the title-page. It is another contribution to the many facilities of the day for learning foreign languages. It will not do for beginners, and is unnecessary for proficient. But there is an intermediate stage in which it may be useful. It will be welcomed by those who wish to get on faster and easier than they can do by an endless and wearisome recurrence to the Dictionary. The extracts are well selected for the object in view. There is an elaborate introductory essay on the study of languages, containing many excellent suggestions.

Extracts from the Diary and Correspondence of the late AMOS LAWRENCE; with a Brief Account of some Incidents in his Life. Edited by his Son, WILLIAM R. LAWRENCE, M. D. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 1855. 8vo. pp. 369.

THE publication of this beautiful and engaging volume is the result of a somewhat importunate demand in several of our newspapers, that the community in general might be allowed to peruse the record of a life of which it had become known that a memoir had been printed for private circulation. It is indeed the record of a faithful and a fruitful life, the biography of a man of singular excellence, of a most lovable nature, and of a most benevolent spirit. The book will be widely read, and its contents will be much discussed for some time to come. The subject of it bore a name which he and his brothers have made honorable for high integrity and mercantile enterprise, and for splendid gifts of money to various commendable objects. The book is purchased by hundreds of copies by the heads of our largest mercantile establishments, for the sake of a gift to young men in their employ, that they may learn from it lessons of thrift, of economy, of integrity, and of benevolence. According to the ruling spirit which is brought to the perusal of the volume will it have one or another effect on different readers. There will be many young readers of it who will consult it as they would go to a fortune-teller, to learn the secret of getting wealth rapidly and abundantly. But the book does not reveal that secret, — certainly not in a way to enable others to profit by it, except as it lays stress upon economy, industry, and prudence. But, as we all know, those three virtues taken together in their fullest exercise will not always insure wealth. That element of *luck* which even the most sincere believers in Providence can hardly exclude from all influence in a business life, will be supposed to have helped the prosperous man. Opportunity, too, that is, a favorable opening, an inviting and a happy state of things, will be indicated as having combined with good qualities to insure success. The facts are not strange in our day and in our community which tell us how a young man of good principles and thrifty ways may come almost penniless from the country into the city and gather a fortune. There is no especial secret in the process; for there are various ways of making a fortune, and one might understand them all, and yet not be able to imitate either of them successfully in his own case.

It is not to be supposed, therefore, that this book is put into the hands of so many young men of business in order to teach them the art of growing rich. Its best lessons are its incidental lessons, such as these: — that a large fortune may in some

cases be acquired *honestly* and *purely*; that integrity is a sufficient capital with which to start in a business career; that success in money-getting will very soon begin to injure the character unless especial pains are taken to guard against that result; that the moment a man begins to prosper, he should begin to aid others; and finally, that a much higher class of human qualities is necessary in the *use* of great wealth than in its acquisition. Mr. Lawrence wisely chose to select in his own lifetime the objects of his benevolence, and we have no doubt that he derived more enjoyment from witnessing the good done by his gifts, than from any other experience of his career.

The Poetical Works of EDMUND SPENSER. The Text carefully revised, and illustrated with Notes, original and selected, by FRANCIS J. CHILD. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1855. 5 vols. 16mo. pp. lxxiii., 384, 423, 460, 464, 406.

THESE volumes appear in continuation of a series of the British Poets, for the publication of which in so elegant and yet so cheap a form we are indebted to the leading literary firm in our city. We are glad to hear that their costly enterprise — which seemed at first to have in it an element of the venturesome, not because we have not many readers of the poets, but because there are so many rival editions of them — has proved eminently successful. The volumes now in our hands require of us an additional word of high commendation beyond what we have been moved to bestow upon the successive portions of the series as they have rapidly appeared. Professor Child has no superior in our community as to qualifications for the editorial task in which he has engaged, and he has found occasion to exercise his best judgment in editing the Works of Spenser. It is not to be denied that the length of the author's chief poem, and the allegory, obscure and mystical at many points, which runs through it, would inevitably weary most readers were there not incidental compensations offered in the originality of its imagery, the richness of its conceits, the exquisite refinement of its sentiments, and, besides all these, the curious philological information to be gathered from it as to the history and the structure of the English language. The Editor has consulted the taste of his well-instructed readers, and the comfort of those to whom the poet would on every page be obscure, by the excellent judgment which he has shown in the amount and character of his annotations. Mr. George S. Hillard had admirably performed the task of an editor of Spenser, some fifteen years ago, for the same publishing firm. Copious selections from his abundant

notes, in some few cases slightly modified with additional ones, and a reconstruction of the glossary, a thorough revision of the text by comparison with old copies, with a new biography of the poet, more complete and accurate than those before in use, constitute the many distinguishing excellences of this new edition. We hope the Professor's faithful and successful labors will have the effect of engaging for Spenser a new and a strong phalanx of readers. He will insinuate more of the gentle virtues of refinement, courtesy, delicacy, and purity into the hearts of his true students than any other of the poets.

Elements of Physical and Political Geography. Designed as a Text-Book for Schools and Academies, and intended to convey just Ideas of the Form and Structure of the Earth, the Principal Phenomena affecting its Outer Crust, the Distribution of Plants, Animals, and Man upon its Surface; together with its Present Political Divisions. By CORNELIUS S. CARTER, A.M., Principal of Harvard School, Charlestown, Mass. Illustrated by Wood Engravings. Boston: Hickling, Swan, and Brown. 1855. 12mo. pp. 342.

WHEN a series of maps, copied from those of Johnston, or conformed to his plan, shall have been prepared as an accompaniment to this school manual, we shall look for a new interest on the part of pupils in the study of geography. The plan of this volume is admirable: indeed, we see not that it could in any respect have been modified to advantage. A schoolboy is never at a loss to understand the physical features of his own playground, as the dust or the mud, the grass or the snow, the sand, clay, or available pebble-stones, fix his interest; and a bright boy, if bright only for play, has a pretty good knowledge of the localities of his own native town or village, for the woods, meadows, marshes, and bogs, the hills, valleys, brooks, and ponds, the creatures likely to be found in each, and the specimens of his own human race presented in the different neighborhoods, are matters which engage one at least of his senses, as well as the curiosity of his mind.

When the whole earth is presented to a school pupil with somewhat of the same vividness of interest, he will learn geography out of a book; but on any other condition he cannot be expected to learn it. Something more than an approximation to this result is realized in the new manual before us. It is evidently the fruit of a long experience in the office of teaching, and is wrought out on a plan which the actual difficulties of conveying instruction by any other method, and an ingenious exercise of the author's own faculties, have suggested to his mind. A

clearly defined method, well analyzed and gradually expanding from generalities into details, with the introduction of illustrative matter concerning the elements or the physical processes of the globe, and an association of facts connected with human life, with the arrangements and furnishings of the scenes amid which it is passed, — these are the peculiar excellences of the work. Within the last few years, there have been great additions made to each of the departments of science and knowledge from which the author has drawn his materials. We believe he has been diligent in seeking information from the most recent and reliable sources, and faithful in the use of it. We therefore commend this work to teachers and committees, as most admirably adapted to convey instruction, and also to interest pupils in the result by making the process attractive.

The Holy Gospels illustrated in Forty Original Designs. By
FREDERICK OVERBECK. New York: D. Appleton & Co.
1846.

THIS volume surely at first sight vindicates the publishers' claim, that it is the most magnificent illustrated gift-book of a religious kind that has yet gone forth from our press. It is a quarto, beautifully bound, with forty plates, and exquisite paper and type. As to the contents of the book, there will be various opinions probably, according to the critics' ideas of art, poetry, and religion. We propose now to do little more than set forth the main features of the artist's designs, and the apparent scope of the poetical illustrations selected by the Editor, whose initials at the close of the Preface indicate the name of the Rev. Dr. Osgood, in whom, as our readers need not to be informed, there is no lack of competency for the accomplishment of the task.

Overbeck, as an artist, must be judged from his own point of view, not from ours. He belongs to the Pre-Raphaelite school of painters, who have tried to revive the spirit of the Middle Ages upon canvas, as so many theologians and poets have tried to revive it in dogmas, vestments, and verses. At the same time he is a modern man, and, like all leaders of a *renaissance*, he brings up the old fashion quite in a new-fashioned way. The spirit of the nineteenth century peeps out everywhere from designs evidently suggested by the ghostly beauty of Fra Angelico's pencillings more than four hundred years ago.

To understand Overbeck's peculiar manner, we must review the history of Art as a working power in Christendom. The leading doctrine of the old Roman Catholic Church utterly denied the fair claims of the body with its proportions and senses,

and undertook to save the soul by the mortification of the physical man. The mediæval art was therefore unearthly and spectral, without being eminently spiritual or heavenly. The skin-and-bone figures of the old saints are far removed from our ideas of true humanity on earth or in heaven. But the spirit of beauty that God put into the human soul could not be kept buried, and poetry and art, by the revival of the beautiful in form and feeling, did a work of emancipation that charmed and astonished the artists and poets themselves. The free and glowing piety of some of the early writers of hymns did more to check papal tyranny, than the bold speculations of Abelard, or the daring measures of Arnold of Brescia. Fra Angelico, with all his monkish severity, threw upon his pictures a light that shone far beyond his own vision, and the mild fire that glows upon his thin and prostrate Madonnas lighted up an enthusiasm not to be pent within monastic gratings. He was unconsciously one of the precursors of the Reformation, by awakening the love of the beautiful in the human form and bringing on the new art and letters of the new ages. Raphael was the great radical who really carried out what the Pre-Raphaelites unconsciously prepared, and there is quite as much of the freedom of Protestantism in the full figures and graceful position of his saints, Madonnas, children, and angels, as in Luther's marriage and abjuration of monkery, his version of the Scriptures, or his burning the Pope's bull. Consistent Catholics now see this fact, and mourn over Raphael's later style as a return from Christian severity to the old Grecian freedom. Surely enough, much of our modern art has justified this apprehension, and Raphael's beauties have stolen away from chapel niches and church walls to figure in quite different scenes in theatres and ball-rooms. Overbeck and his whole school of devotees, who have returned to the ancient Church, have tried to chasten the spirit of beauty into the rule of faith, and lead back the graces, like penitents, to their ancient allegiance. Their art is, therefore, a kind of compromise between modern taste and ancient faith, and they try to make their saints as pleasing as they can, consistently with their dogmas of the crucifixion of the flesh and the saving power of fasting, prayer, and the sacraments. As specimens of our meaning, we refer to those two beautiful plates, the Annunciation and the Presentation in the Temple, as showing this attempt to unite the severity of Catholic faith with the freedom and refinement of modern artistic taste. In the illustrations more directly historical or less connected with Romish ritualism, as in the Calling of Matthew and the Denunciation of the Pharisees, there is less of the artist's mannerism, and a far bolder touch and freer invention, whilst in those designs that treat symbolically of human life, as

in the illustrations of the Sower and the Ten Virgins, there is a vivacity and breadth that reveal the full culture of a man of the age. In the treatment of topics peculiarly connected with the miraculous character of Christ, the artist is very unequal. The Resurrection and Ascension are very inadequately handled, as perhaps the majesty of the subjects compels; whilst the Raising of Lazarus and the Appearing to Thomas are treated with a masterly hand, so as to startle and awe by the display of power and pathos. On the whole, we consider these illustrations as superior to any that have aimed at so great an extent. Scriptural pictures never wholly satisfy, but we are sure that no eye can look upon these forty prints without some new suggestions of the meaning and power of the Gospels.

The Editor in his Preface sets forth his purpose to accompany the text with suitable poetical selections. He has used great freedom alike in his range of authors and subjects, going without scruple from the *Stabat Mater* to Tennyson's *In Memoriam*, and taking at pleasure either an old monastic hymn that aims to describe the scene itself, or a modern poem of sentiment that touches the idea of the text. In some cases he may have stretched his liberty quite far enough, as in the verses that follow the Massacre of the Innocents, yet there is an obvious connection between the murder of children by an ancient tyrant, and the murderous neglect of children by Mammon, the modern tyrant, and Mrs. Browning had that idea when she wrote the verses quoted, "*The Cry of the Children*":—

"Our blood splashes upward, O our tyrants,
And your purple shows your path;
But the child's sob curseth deeper in the silence
Than the strong man in his wrath!"

We presume that the necessity of observing a certain limit of space in the selections, led in some cases to the preference of pieces of less merit than others more to the editor's taste. We regret to note a few somewhat gross typographical errors in a volume of such beauty. They occur in those passages which were printed not from manuscript, but from books, and were not probably submitted to the editor for revision. Printers should be more careful, and not venture to send forth any pages which have not been carefully revised by a competent editor.

We observe with satisfaction the names of cherished brethren of our own, such as Hedge, Norton, Frothingham, Longfellow, and Pierpont, on the list of poets chosen to illustrate the pictures.

Oakfield; or Fellowship in the East. By W. D. ARNOLD, Lieut. Fifty-eighth Regiment, B. N. I. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1855. 12mo. pp. 444.

WE must confess that we were at first a good deal puzzled and not much attracted by *Oakfield*, and had it not been for the author's intimate association with a most honored name, we should hardly have held on our way through its pages. Our readers scarcely need to be told, we presume, that W. D. Arnold is son of the late distinguished Master of Rugby: bearing this in mind, our patience held out a little longer than common, and in this instance had its reward. For there really is a vast deal in the book which will repay a perusal. It throws much light upon English army life in India, and at the same time is a valuable practical, and, so to speak, concrete contribution to our religious and ethical literature. What perplexed us at the outset, however, perplexes us still, and indeed seems to have perplexed *Oakfield* himself and all his friends. We cannot understand how one who could find no real, and satisfactory, and possible work in England, should have been left to imagine that such work would offer itself to him in the Anglo-Indian army. Perhaps Arnold means to teach that establishments of all sorts, clerical or lay, sacred or secular, are about the same things, equally perilous to the individual Christian conscience; that a man is no farther off from the kingdom of Christ who is hunting Sikhs in India, being a soldier, than he would be hunting foxes in England, being a minister of the Gospel. On the whole, we heartily commend the book to our readers, believing that it will prove at least suggestive and tonical. If any one finds his indignation aroused by the picture of English life in India, we beg that he will study the delineation of native Indian life, given in the "*Private Life of an Eastern King*," a notice of which we should like to have given in this number of our journal. He will realize, we are persuaded, that the East Indians have nothing to lose by coming under English rule.

Indian Legends and other Poems. By MARY GARDINER HORSFORD. New York: J. C. Derby. 1855. 16mo. pp. 167.

THERE are a great many gems in this modest volume. Sweet and delicate sentiments, utterances of the heart not seeking the strained conceits of elaborate imagery, but content to express themselves with the most direct simplicity, give a true charm to most of these pieces from the pen of Mrs. Horsford. We took up the volume with the cool intent of "skimming it," as the

phrase is; not because we had any reason for thinking that the book was of that lacteal character which admits of being resolved into a little cream and a large residuum of something else, but because we have a limited capacity for modern poetry. We went through the book at a sitting; we did more and better, for we re-read portions of it, and transferred some of its choice stanzas to the best of all our commonplace-books,—our memory. The etymological definition of a poet, as “a maker,” “a creator,” never satisfied us, nor is it really half so applicable to the lyrical writer as to the musical composer, or even to the scientific writer. A poet may create images indeed, but the poet’s noblest office is to *express*, to *utter* what already exists, especially in the realm of pure sentiment and noble truth. The charm of Mrs. Horsford’s *compositions*—for we must use that word to define the construction of lines out of words—lies in the graceful expression of truthful feelings, and in the simple delineation of the scenery which enters into her legends. In two of her poems we meet with a delicate theme which has often employed a female pen in prose and verse,—namely, the feelings of a mother’s heart “when she feels for the first time her first-born’s breath”; but we remember no lines which surpass hers in the tenderness and beauty of their sentiments, or in the appropriateness of the language which sets them forth. We commend this volume to our readers, as one which is sure to win a place in their esteem when they have given a quiet hour to its perusal.

The Annals of San Francisco; containing a Summary of the History of the First Discovery, Settlement, Progress, and Present Condition of California, and a Complete History of all the Important Events connected with its great City: to which are added Biographical Memoirs of some Prominent Citizens. By FRANK SOULÉ, JOHN H. GIBON, M. D., and JAMES NISBET. Illustrated with one hundred and fifty fine Engravings. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1855. 8vo. pp. 824.

A WONDERFUL book, because of its wonderful theme. Only one condition is lacking to fill out the marvellous impression which this volume is calculated to make on the mind of the reader, namely, the condition that the book should have been printed from type cast and on paper made in California; then we should have had in our hands a symbol of what we are reading on the page. This condition might well have been fulfilled, elegant as the volume before us is, for we have seen specimens

of paper and printing from California factories and workshops not one whit behind the productions of our oldest cities. We have been strangely fascinated by the perusal of this work. Even its driest statistical records seem wholly unlike the same details about other places, while the mingling of romance, of wild adventure, of exciting descriptions, and of daring enterprise, in its narrative portions, more than realizes the witchery of some Arabian tales. The joint labors of the three clear-headed men who have united in the preparation of this work contribute to exhaust the record of the facts which contain the history of California. When we consider that all that there is of interest about the country has transpired within the last half-dozen years, it would seem as if we could hardly use the word *history* in connection with it. But there are whole centuries of past ages which do not offer so much material for the annalist. If any of our readers wish to have in their keeping an accurate and complete sketch of the events which have occupied in detail so large a portion of all our newspapers for the last few years, they will possess themselves of this volume.

Early Religious Education considered as the Divinely Appointed Way to the Regenerate Life. By WILLIAM G. ELIOT, Pastor of the Church of the Messiah, St. Louis. "Feed my Lambs." Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1855. 12mo. pp. 128.

DR. ELIOT, never unmindful of those of his own immediate religious household, finds time to serve a larger company by valuable contributions to our Christian literature. His books are plain, direct, earnest, and as thoroughly Christian in their spirit as they are wholly unpretending in their style. They are not ponderous theological treatises, they do not aim at any niceness of logical statement or argument, but they present practical Gospel truths in such forms as are best fitted to bear them into the minds and hearts of the multitude of Christians. The book before us is a very clear and sensible plea for early religious education as the best means for working the needed change in the heart. Of course the author's plan leads him to bring forward the human rather than the divine side in the great process. God is faithful. It is he who waiteth for us, not we for him, and it is his pleasure to work through human instrumentalities. The contents of the book are well distributed into six chapters, under the topics of "The Regenerate Life," "Religious Instruction," "The Parent's Duty," "School Education," "The Divine Method," and "Parental Responsibility"; and in all these chapters

we are kept close to the great aim of the author, which is to show that the change from spiritual death to life should begin with the earliest days of youth, as soon as a sense of dependence upon God and responsibility to him can be awakened, and that they who so begin are in the best condition to grow to the stature of perfect Christian men. We have been especially delighted with what is said upon the relative importance of the education which the child *ought* to receive at home compared with that which is imparted in the Sunday School. "A Christian mother is worth more to her children in their religious and moral, that is to say, their Christian training, than all Sunday schools and churches, preachers and libraries, put together."

First Lessons in Geometry. By THOMAS HILL.

THE author of this little volume of one hundred and forty-four pages, is nearly as well known in the community for his warm and successful interest in educational matters, and for his mathematical attainments, as for his professional assiduity and success. Mr. Hill reasons, therefore, from what he has seen and noted, as well as abstractly, to his conclusion that geometry belongs to the early part of school study. So he says in the Preface, that "it will be found that children of this age (five to eight years) are quicker at comprehending first lessons in geometry than those of fifteen."

Knowing Mr. Hill's aptness for such study, we were still not quite prepared to find him so successful in his attempt to come down to a child's reasoning powers in treating such a subject. But a perusal of a few chapters convinced us, not only of the practicability of the plan, but of the success of the author in carrying it out. In reading on, we found some gaps in the order, which the teacher may very properly be expected to fill. A little more pains might well have been taken to let the pupil know the derivation of some of the terms which he is expected to learn and accept only as signs. On page 112 we read, "Oval means egg-shaped." That is plain enough, and the pupil will remember not only what an exact oval is, but also the appended statement that a wider use is allowed in geometry for the term. The same method invariably pursued with other similar words, with "ellipse," for instance, would have been of decided advantage. It will take something more than their geometrical use to fix in a pupil's mind such words as "directrix," "hyperbola," "parabola," "hypocycloid," "caustics," &c., all on one page. But the book is a very valuable one, — a desideratum in the common school, — and none the worse, on the whole, that it will bear the assistance of a good teacher.

In meeting with so good a manual, we are at once reminded of the scores of text-books which have come into being within a dozen years, many of them entirely worthless, and yet not on that account kept out of the schools. The Legislature of Massachusetts took a step in the right direction, in authorizing the several towns to furnish books to their schools at public expense. But to give the highest practical advantage to this new statute, another, not more arbitrary than that which requires the examination of teachers, is needed, that all books before passing into the hands of the pupils should be properly approved by competent persons. *The text-books need looking after.* Made, as many of them are, only as pecuniary speculations, they are sometimes crowded upon committees, not always competent and seldom willing to examine them thoroughly, by book agents, by inducements which are disgraceful. We have heard of a single agent who persuaded one committee to reject a series of reading-books for another, and passed into the next town to reverse the arrangement there, where the second series was already in use! A series of manuals upon the topics required to be taught in the schools prepared under State sanction, would not only probably be the best, but would also have the effect to crowd out all others which were not suitable. And the State could afford to bring authors who are not quite willing to enter into such peddling competition into the service of the schools in preparing just what may be needed for them. We hope something of this kind may yet be matured by the proper persons.

INTELLIGENCE.

OBITUARY.

REV. GEORGE FREDERICK SIMMONS was the second son of William Simmons, a Judge of the Police Court of Boston. He was born in 1814, entered the Latin School in 1823, and Harvard College in 1828. Whilst in College he was a faithful although not a very laborious student, and preferred the attractive studies that appeal to the taste, to the severer studies that more task the memory and analytic powers. He was an admirable scholar in the English department, eminent for his perception of the artistic niceties of the Greek and Latin classics, yet somewhat impatient of philological research, not especially distinguished in mathematics, nor as eager for metaphysical investigation as his turn of mind would seem to promise. It was as a writer and speaker that he was pre-eminent, and this pre-eminence gave him of course a peculiar felicity in appreciating the worth of the gems of literature and eloquence that were so often under discussion. His gift of composition

matured more slowly than his oratory, and it was not until the senior year that his pen showed its remarkable power.

In college he was not social, and he placed himself for some time in strong contrast with the gregarious habits of students by *boarding himself*, as the phrase was, in his own room, a task which he achieved much to his own satisfaction, both in point of dietetics and economics. Yet he was no recluse, but was an earnest observer of all that transpired in our little world; and when any thing displeased him he had a power of sarcasm both in his tongue and drawing-pencil that few offenders were willing to brave. There was an imperious and not seldom a sarcastic vein in his favorite selections for declamation, quite in keeping with his manner. He gave, with a scathing power that is as fresh as yesterday in our mind, Timon's terrible curse upon Athens, and we remember with equal distinctness the mingling of delicate pathos and flaming denunciation with which he claimed the speech of Marino Faliero from Byron. His voice now rings like a bell in our ears, as we read the words:—

“Doubt not, Saint Mark's great bell shall wake all Venice,
Except her slaughtered Senate: ere the sun
Be broad upon the Adriatic, there
Shall be a voice of weeping, which shall drown
The roar of waters in the cry of blood!
I am resolved,—come on!”

In the senior year a feeling that had for some time been silently working in his class very distinctly pronounced itself, and a considerable number of them were known to each other as cherishing decided religious convictions. Simmons shared heartily in the feeling, and perhaps the main topic of his conversation was the Sunday service in the College Chapel. Henry Ware was a great help to him. He was especially an admirer of Palfrey's acute thought and nicely studied expression, and not one of the course of sermons on the Christian virtues, 2 Peter i. 5–7, was permitted to pass without a somewhat elaborate discussion on his part. His reading took a very decidedly religious turn, and the same exquisite taste that before revelled in Byron and Spenser and Shakespeare now found food in the choice sentences of the classic divines of England and America. In Jeremy Taylor he took especial delight, and when he found a congenial ear, he would read or recite rich passages from this precious father in sacred letters, with equal delight to his intellect and his affections. In leaving college he gave to one of his classmates who roomed opposite him a copy of Taylor's Holy Living and Dying, which for years he has sacredly kept within reach as he studies or writes at his table.

On graduating in 1832 he had the fourth part in the exercises, the salutatory oration, and vindicated his reputation for oratory in spite of the difficulties of speaking in the Latin language. Receiving a tempting invitation to be private tutor in the family of Mr. David Sears, he did not join several of his intimate associates who at once entered the Divinity School, but went to Mr. Sears's country-house at Longwood, Maine, and the next year, 1833, he accompanied the family to Europe. How full of privilege a residence in Europe under such favorable auspices must be to a nature so gifted with choice tastes, and so strong in self-control, need not be argued. It helped to make him what he be-

came, one of the most accomplished men of our day, simple as were his manners and retiring his habits. In July, 1835, he returned and entered the Divinity School at Cambridge, from which four of his college class had just graduated, and five more were then in the School. Among the latter was his friend Bellows, with whom he has ever been upon terms of peculiar intimacy, and who preached his ordination sermon at Dr. Channing's church in 1838. He was ordained as an evangelist immediately after leaving the School, and directly began his ministry at Mobile, where he remained until the summer of 1840. His ministry was successful both in the pulpit and the pastoral sphere, until its sudden conclusion, under circumstances so well known to our circle of readers, and so closely connected with the agitations between North and South at the present time. Mr. Simmons's sermons that led to the outbreak were manly, yet very mild and cautious. Indeed, if tested by the present rhetorical standard on the exciting question, they do not reveal a single incendiary spark, and would not stir the ire of the most conservative congregation among us. He certainly did not anticipate any commotion, although fully aware that he was attacking the most inveterate prejudice of the community. He expected remonstrance, but not outrage; he was willing to be a confessor of liberty in the house of bondage, but was not ready to be a martyr at the hands of a mob whose rage endangered his friends in threatening his life. In the summer of 1840 he returned to Massachusetts, and preached in various pulpits. In April, 1841, he began to preach regularly at Waltham, and was installed as minister of the Unitarian church in that town in November, 1841. The installation sermon was given by Rev. James Freeman Clarke. His ministry at Waltham was most laborious, and full of good fruits. His sermons impressed the people deeply, and his pastoral labors were perhaps beyond the limit of prudential effort. This excessive devotedness to pastoral visiting so trenchanted upon his time for study, that it probably entered largely into his reasons for leaving Waltham to go to Germany. He undoubtedly desired to settle to his satisfaction some grave questions in theology, and his mind was deeply moved upon the questions of the inspiration of the Scriptures and the nature of Christ. But for his laborious pastoral care, he might probably have pursued his studies in Waltham. Yet his conscience would not allow him to abate his zeal so long as he remained, in his charge. He went to Europe in the spring of 1843, and there remained, mostly at the University of Berlin, till the summer of 1845. Upon his return, in October, 1845, he married Mary, daughter of Rev. Samuel Ripley, senior pastor of the church at Waltham, who now is the widowed mother of his four children.

After his return he preached in various pulpits in Boston and vicinity, and in New York, till February, 1848, when he took charge of the Unitarian church in Springfield, which was vacated by the decease of Rev. Dr. Peabody. In Springfield his success was of a mingled nature. He had most enthusiastic friends, and not a few lukewarm parishioners, whilst the whole congregation were ready to grant that their minister was a most gifted and spiritually-minded teacher and exemplary man. Here, as in Mobile, the one exciting question led to a fatal feud, and a sermon preached after the assault upon George Thompson, the English Abolitionist, so alienated a portion of his people as to lead him to quit his post. He retired to Concord, Massachu-

setts, with health much shattered and feelings not a little wounded, for his labors had been great and his attachment strong. At Concord he busied himself much with gardening, lived as far he could in the open air, and was gradually restored to comparative health. He preached at various times in the interval at Groton, Woburn, Lexington, and Plymouth, and in November, 1850, went to Albany, New York, where he was installed in January, 1854. In Albany he labored faithfully, composing sermons in his most careful style of thought and diction for the little company of worshippers, yet unwilling to swerve a jot from his characteristic self-respect in order to attract hearers, or even to inform the public of his services and his subjects. The most gifted and accomplished man probably in the whole city, lived there as a stranger to the people at large, and was pained by the effort of friends to call attention to his worth.

Early last summer he was seized with typhus fever, which left him after about six weeks in extreme weakness, and terminated in rapid consumption, September 5, 1855. Never within our remembrance has death snatched away such a casket of undisplayed gems as when Simmons died. His life has been full of good uses, indeed, and we have heard excellent persons speak of his power over them with an enthusiasm extended, so far as we know, to no other of our contemporaries. At the same time, the feeling is almost universal that he died without making his due mark upon the world, and all his rich stores of learning and his various gifts and his faithful discipline seemed to have been the preparation for a work which he was never allowed to finish.

Yet there is nothing very mysterious or unaccountable in his peculiar development, if we consider his characteristic temperament. He had all talents except the one talent of moving among men and making himself one with them. His best friends have often confessed that whilst in their company he was actually absent from them, and it was only upon rare occasions that the true social magnetism seemed to seize his large nature and join it to theirs. His virtues had something of the anchorite's severity. He was kind yet not social, benevolent yet not sympathetic, a pattern of personal economy without professional prudence, and of mechanical ingenuity and artistic skill without practical tact. He sometimes pleased people without meaning it, and not seldom offended them deeply without the least intention. The sympathetic power which gives most men so much of their insight and their tact was in him very dull, and it cost him much effort sometimes to reason out a matter of social bearing which many a mediocre mind would divine at a glance. This deficiency, in our judgment, helps to account for the most marked characteristic of his professional life, — the absence in his pulpit oratory of the flaming eloquence that so distinguished his earlier years. He had tenderness, beauty, and emotion in the pulpit, but not much of the glow of feeling and expression that seizes on the hearts of the people, and kindles them into flame. His hearers speak of occasional gleams of this fire, but it was the rare exception, and generally his manner had a silken smoothness, and not seldom a meditative and secluded tone. The fact seems to have been that he distrusted the impassioned impulses that entered so largely into his youthful eloquence, and instead of subduing them to his high purpose, set them aside as unfit for the sanctuary. The wild steed which, as Plato hints, should be tamed into the soul's service, he dismissed as an unprofitable servant,

and preferred to go on foot rather than to ride with such assistance. In taking this course he has not followed the method of the masters of sacred eloquence, from St. Paul to Martin Luther, Wesley, and even our own Channing, who have aimed rather to consecrate than to destroy their passions, and who have put the Gospel armor upon the wild horse and enlisted all his militant speed and courage in the service of the Prince of Peace. The two parts of his nature, the propensities and the intellectual and moral faculties, did not seem to connect with each other. He could probably less easily make this connection from the absence of that ready sympathy which so mediates between the mind and its circumstances, and so powerfully harmonizes the man with himself by harmonizing all the faculties of his nature in genial fellowship. Because he was by nature so much of a son of thunder, he parted with his thunderbolts, and generally in the pulpit he who had been noted as the impassioned declaimer became the quietist. His caustic and somewhat irascible temper made him distrustful of his impulses, and he appears systematically and painfully to have tried to leave them out of his array of forces. He left them far behind him in the valley whilst he climbed the mount of spiritual vision, like the prophet of old, who went from the idolaters of the plains to the heights of Carmel to hold communion with God.

His habitual studies were not much in the line of popular sympathy or social feeling. He spent much time and very severe labor upon the nice philological questions connected with the origin and relation of the four Gospels, whilst he speculated earnestly upon the nature of the divine manifestation in Christ. He was fearless in maintaining his conclusions, and was quite as brave in the school of criticism as in the arena of moral reform. He was as ready to throw down the gauntlet to a powerful scholar like Norton, as to take up the cudgels for an abused Abolitionist like Thompson, in face of all the titled respectability of the town. He appeared most earnest to have his critical researches known and appreciated, and has left manuscripts that embody the patient study of years in New Testament criticism. He was a bold yet reverent critic, and whilst using all the freedom of the boasted Rationalism, he accepted devoutly the miraculous works and spiritual sanctions of Jesus Christ as teacher, exemplar, and redeemer. He has not printed many sermons, but the few that have been printed show great delicacy of sentiment, a fastidious care in the choice of words, a bold and uncompromising moral standard, and a spirituality that may appear to more timid worshippers to border upon mystical pietism, — a pietism quite as marked as appears in any writings of his friend and teacher, Neander, of whose worth and eccentricities he was so fond of telling. If we were to name any man of recent times, however, who reminds us of Mr. Simmons's career in respect to professional success and religious experience, it would be John Sterling. Simmons had Sterling's delicate æsthetic sensibility, his punctilious conscience, his devout affections, his subjective intellect, and his little aptitude for dealing with men and the world. Yet he had, if a less genial temper, a more mature and settled faith than the English latitudinarian, and brought to his toils and sacrifices a more persistent heroism. In fact, we can conceive of two biographies of Simmons quite as different and truthful as Hare's and Carlyle's Lives of Sterling. As a moralist and theologian he furnishes a richer theme than the disheartened Rector of Hertsmonceux, and as a

wit and satirist, sometimes overflowing with fun and anecdote, a critic of art, and a keen sketcher of character, he is not wholly unlike Carlyle's boon companion who gave his name to the Sterling Club. His friends will be more ready than strangers to apply to him something of Carlyle's remark on his hero's keenness: "In short, a flash as of clear-glancing, sharp-cutting steel lay in the whole nature of the man, in his heart and in his intellect, marking alike the excellence and the limit of them both."

There are passages of his career which, in self-sustained dignity and uncomplaining truthfulness to principle, deserve a place on the record of historic deeds. Among our American scholars, in his self-poise and fortitude, he is worthy of being named with the brave philosopher Fichte, whom Germany places at the head of her recent literary heroes. Like him, Simmons could live with God alone and not mourn at his loneliness. Like him, he was willing to contemplate God first as the Eternal Truth and the Infinite Spirit, to find him at last as the Present Helper and the Heavenly Father.

The death of Mr. Simmons has made an impression upon his circle of friends as profound as it is peculiar. It has brought him near to them with singular distinctness, as if death had parted the veil of reserve that hung before the shrine of his thoughts. They see him now as a spiritual presence, his trials over, his pains soothed, his rest secure, his fellowship tender, his victory won after a life full of labor not without many anxieties, but without a single stain upon his purity. He deprecated all public ceremonial upon the occasion of his burial, but his classmates have felt themselves at liberty to pay their tribute to his worth. The noble obituary notice in the *Christian Inquirer* was from his most intimate friend. Another classmate preached an occasional sermon upon his death in the Church of the Messiah, New York, where Simmons had not long since preached with rare beauty and unction. These poor words now penned but faintly record the impression left by the marked mind and the cherished brother, who for twenty-seven years has been to us a familiar name. We look for a volume of his sermons bearing upon the interior life, and doubt not that this treasure, with the legacy of his spotless and faithful life, will put the crown of success upon a career that has always borne the palm of merit.

His last days were full of light and peace. One who met him six weeks before his death on his way home to Concord, and received his "God bless you!" as the two classmates parted, never to meet again on earth, can say that his mild and kindly eye was a benediction never to be forgotten, as lovely as an October sunset where warm summer seems smiling out of the serious eye of autumn upon the sere and yellow leaf.

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